VANITY FAIR

a record of current achievements in all the arts and
a mirror of the progress and promise of American life

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July-December 1929

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VANITY FAIR
July, 1929

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Vol. No. 32, No. 5

B. ALTMAN & CO.

GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTERS

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

One of the most notable collections of Summer Sports Apparel ever assembled stresses these new notes . . . .

SPORT JACKETS of royal blue flannel or sand-coloured wool gabardine.

FLANNEL TROUSERS in pastel shades of blue and brown to wear with these jackets.

BEACH ROBES of terry in light solid colours cut and tailored like polo coats.

BATHING SUITS in a smart variety of simple, two-tone designs — light shirts for darker shorts.

SPORTSWEAR — FIRST and SIXTH FLOORS

Pronounced Jay-Dee

DJEDI... Le parfum moderne

A century ago Pierre Francois Pascal Guerlain began to make perfumes in the shadow of the Arc de Triomphe... Today, Gabriel Guerlain, his sons and his grandsons create perfumes for the smart international set who mirror the mode of 1929.

The sweetness of those flower odeurs the Empress Eugenie loved... the sorcery of the Orient that swept Europe with the advent of Jicky... a new era heralded in gorgeous Shalimar... thus Guerlain, supreme interpreter, poured the soul of each succeeding age into his crystal flacons.

Today and tomorrow... there is DJEDI, le parfum de l'esprit moderne. Disturbing as the new art. Subtle as the restless modern mind. Created by Guerlain for women who are essentially of the period.

GUERLAIN

PARIS • 68 CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES — MONTREAL • 60 CRAIG ST. W. — NEW YORK • 578 MADISON AVE

GUERLAIN PERFUMES ARE BLENDED AND SEALED IN PARIS AND SOLD ONLY IN THE ORIGINAL BOTTLES

CAMPAIGNERS!

It is because these shoes ask for so little care that they get so much. The man who owns them takes a pride in their muscle and sinew.

He does not spare them, but he stands them extra polishings and he stables them in comfort when they're not in use. And then Time notices them and begins to take that fatherly interest in them which he also takes in wines and fiddles, and pipes which are good in the grain. So Time joins in too, and year after year he goes on improving, beautifying them.

An untouched photograph showing the famous Lotus Veldtschoen which are emphatically guaranteed waterproof.

★

Some of the Leading Retailers who stock

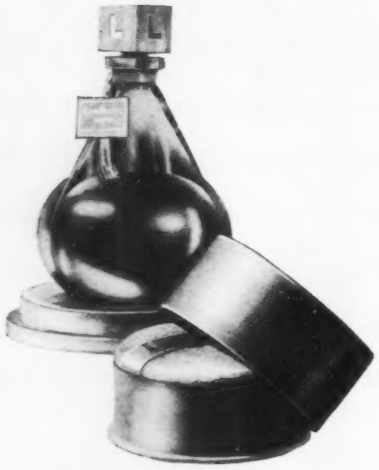
LOTUS SHOES

NEW YORK
Abercrombie & Fitch Co.
★ ★
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
A. H. Geuting Company
★ ★
BALTIMORE, MD.
N. Hess' Sons, Inc.
★ ★
BOSTON, MASS.
Jordan Marsh Company
★ ★
DETROIT, MICHIGAN
R. H. Fyfe & Co.
★ ★
PORTLAND, OREGON
Armishaw's
★ ★
CINCINNATI, OHIO
The Smith-Kasson Co.
★ ★
BUFFALO, N. Y.
Wm. Eastwood & Son Co.
★ ★
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Wm. Eastwood & Son Co.
★ ★
PORTLAND, MAINE
A. H. Benoit & Co.
★ ★
BERKELEY, CALIF.
Garwood's Boot Shop
Telegraph and Durant Aves.
★ ★
BERKELEY, CALIF.
Garwood's Booterie
Shattuck Ave. at Kittridge

LOTUS SHOES

LOTUS SHOES FOR MEN ARE MADE IN NORTHAMPTON, ENGLAND

Sole Wholesale Distributors for U. S. A., Lotus Shoes Inc., Bush Building, 130 West 42nd Street, New York City



MONSIEUR LENTHÉRIC — amid the gay, glittering pageant of the Second Empire, a man, distinguished—his name spoken reverently in the silken-draped boudoirs of all Europe—*Lenthéric*, Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur, with whose creations royal ladies conquered hearts and kingdoms. Today, the house of *Lenthéric* is new in inspiration—old in wisdom—poignantly expressing the more delicate nuances of the modern personality, yet the secret of this success is old. Again *Lenthéric* casts the ancient spell, creating perfumes,—seductive, alluring—powders and lip rouges which charm the most fastidious. . . . . .

At 245 Rue Saint-Honoré, Paris, France
and the Lenthéric Salon at
Fifth Avenue and 58th Street, New York
Also at all Houses of Fashion

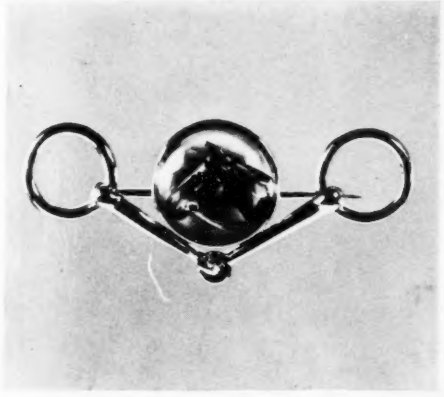
IN THE SPORTING MANNER FOR THE SPORTSWOMAN

THE very jewels that seem most becoming with certain informal costumes have a way of looking rather at odds with casual tweeds or linens. And knowing this, women often have denied themselves the happy accent of appropriate jewelry, rather than risk appearing overdressed for sports.

But in these modern sporting crystals, smart women have found jewelry in the sporting manner, designed distinctly for the sportswoman. Ornaments quite correct in the paddock, on the green, by the shore and even in the Canadian woods.

You will find them bearing subjects reflecting the fairway, the shoot and other sporting scenes . . . amazingly lifelike golfers, hunters and polo players very much in action, or striking images of furred and winged and finny members of the animal kingdom.

All are carved and painted in the hearts of clearest crystal domes, and these are mounted in unusual brooches, sleeve links, hat ornaments, bracelets and pendants for sporting wear. Special commissions for this jewelry, depicting particular animals or sports, can always be arranged through this house.



A crystal holding the carved and painted image of a horse's head is the central feature of this attractive brooch. The price is $75.

An interesting brooch in the form of a hunter's bugle. A pink-coated hunter and his mount are shown taking a sporty jump. The price is $100.

This unusually large crystal, in which is carved the head of a handsome horse, forms a pendant, striking for its simplicity. The price is $250.

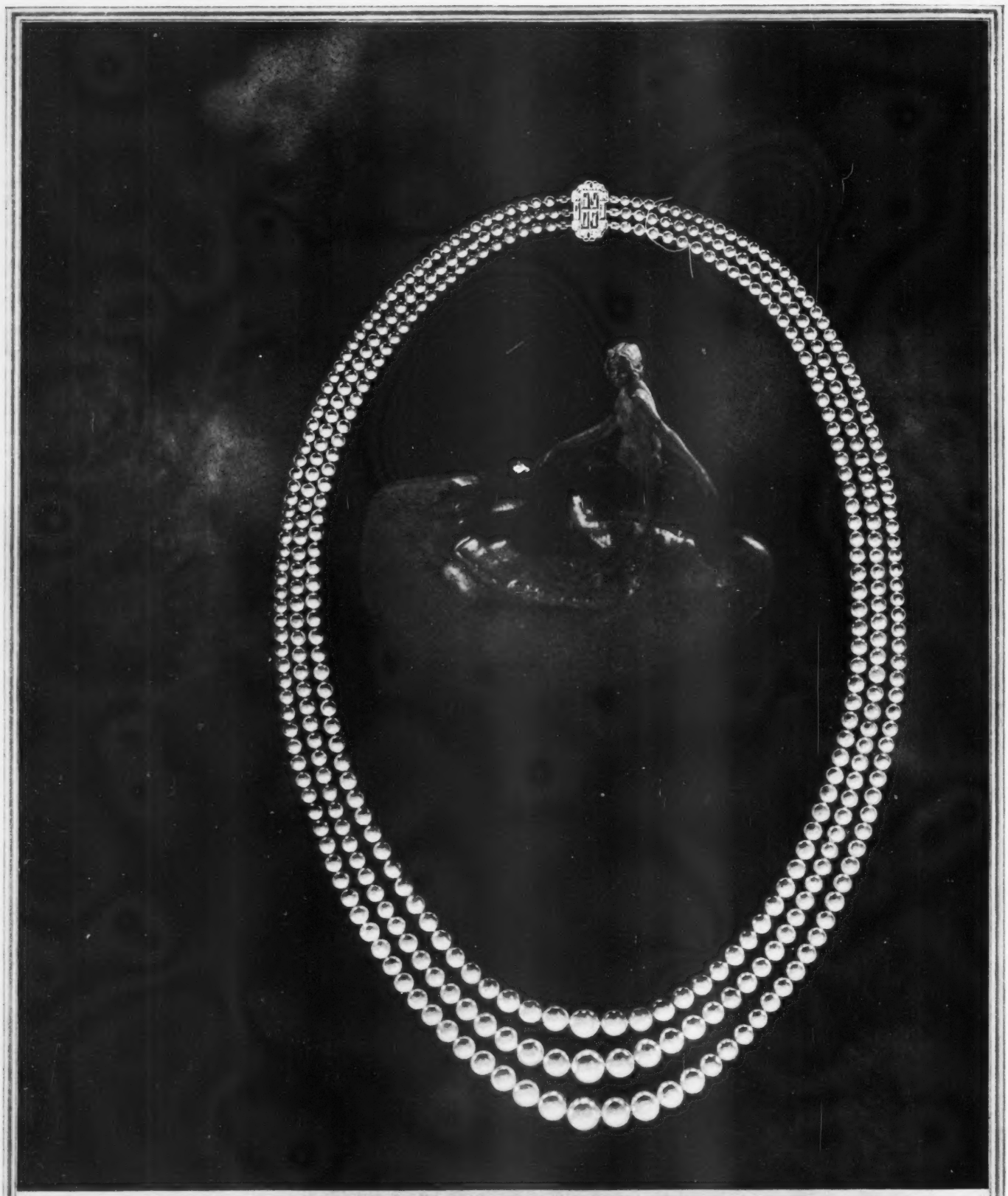
The bracelet of gold links is mounted with five exquisite crystals bearing images of a beagle hound, two fox heads and two horse heads. The price is $450.

WM. ELDER MARCUS, JR. JEWELERS CHAPIN MARCUS

MARCUS & COMPANY

© 1929

Fifth Avenue at Forty-fifth Street, New York; London; Paris; Palm Beach; Bombay



A necklace of fine, roseate Oriental pearls of beautiful texture. The clasp is of baguette and round diamonds and is separable in a novel way, allowing the necklace to be worn in single or double strand or as a three-strand ensemble.

J. E. CALDWELL & CO.

Philadelphia

The whole country has awakened to the fact that the difference between FISHER BODY cars and others is so marked you cannot possibly escape it

CADILLAC • LA SALLE • BUICK
VIKING • OAKLAND • MARQUETTE
OLDSMOBILE • PONTIAC • CHEVROLET

One quick glance reveals the vast difference in favor of the Fisher Body car. That difference is present in the better quality of Fisher Body upholstery cloth, carpets, plate glass; in the painstaking perfection of details, both inside and outside; in the artistry of the appointments and in the lustrous, lasting finish which adorns the finely made, smooth steel panels of the exterior. ¶ It is as clear as sunlight that body value comparable with that built into any car in the Fisher Body group, is found *outside* that group only in cars which are far higher in price. ¶ The sum of all these Fisher Body superiorities creates in the mind all the delight with which one views a genuinely comfortable, perfectly appointed living room—and which, compared with any ordinary room, leaves one disappointed. ¶ This plain-to-be-seen value and luxury of Fisher Body leads tens of thousands of men and women to accept it as the final, determining factor in their selection of a car—to purchase their automobiles, in other words, from the Fisher Body group of cars which are listed at left.

BODY by FISHER

GENERAL MOTORS

Charming Queensware

ONE of the most delightful—and interesting—of the new services in Queensware is *The Torbay* pattern on Patrician. The decoration, in a warm tone of green, depicts Old World scenes, and takes one back to foreign lands, recalling delightful holidays abroad. *The Torbay,* which may be had in the stores in open stock, offers an exquisite dinner service for the hostess of discriminating and cultured taste. × ××× Queensware, although often imitated, is an exclusive product of the Wedgwood Potteries at Etruria. Before buying, one should always take the precaution to look for the trade mark on the bottom of each piece.

We shall be pleased to send you a copy of our illustrated booklet upon request.

Mark on China

Josiah Wedgwood & Sons, Inc.
OF AMERICA
255 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK
WHOLESALE ONLY
Potteries: Etruria, Stoke-on-Trent, England

Mark on Jasper, Basalt, Queen's Ware, Etc.
WEDGWOOD

WEDGWOOD

The homes of Presidents and Kings are served by *Frigidaire*

IN THE executive mansions of presidents, governors and kings, and in the residences of great engineers and architects and business leaders everywhere, the predominant majority of electric refrigerators today are Frigidaires. There are definite reasons for this choice.

Frigidaire is the only automatic refrigerator in the world equipped with the Frigidaire Cold Control. . . a simple patented device that gives you ice cubes quickly and enables you to freeze delicious desserts that require extreme cold.

It is the automatic refrigerator with the extra powerful compressor which keeps the food compartment always below 50 degrees . . . the temperature so vital to health . . . regardless of how hot the weather may become.

Frigidaire is the quiet refrigerator. You don't hear it start, or stop, or run. Frigidaire is the automatic refrigerator of outstanding beauty. There is no exposed machinery to catch dust or dirt. The food shelves are elevated to make stooping unnecessary. It can be placed anywhere for it requires no connections except for electric current.

Because Frigidaire alone offers this combination of essential features it is the choice of the majority, and the economies of quantity production make prices lower.

New models are now being shown at display rooms everywhere. A catalog and a copy of our new recipe book will be mailed on request. Frigidaire Corporation, Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation, Dayton, Ohio.

The Cold Control . . . lets *you* regulate the time required to freeze ice cubes.

Frigidaire Corporation,
Department Y-401, Dayton, Ohio.

Please send me a free copy of the Frigidaire catalog and the recipe book of frozen delicacies.

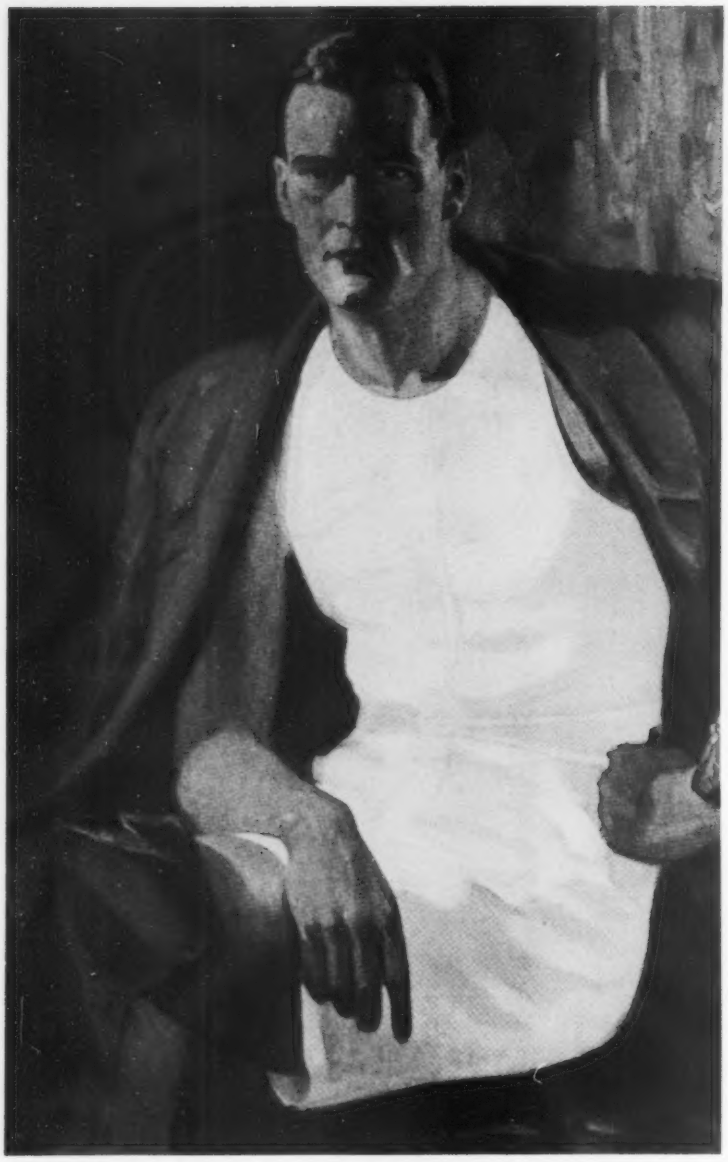
Name .....

Address .....

If you live in Canada, address Frigidaire Corporation, 1604 Sterling Towers, Toronto, Ontario.

FRIGIDAIRE

The QUIET *Automatic Refrigerator*



B.V.D.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

—the Underwear of Quality

The illustration shows the famous B. V. D. UNION SUIT. $1.35 the suit

MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE

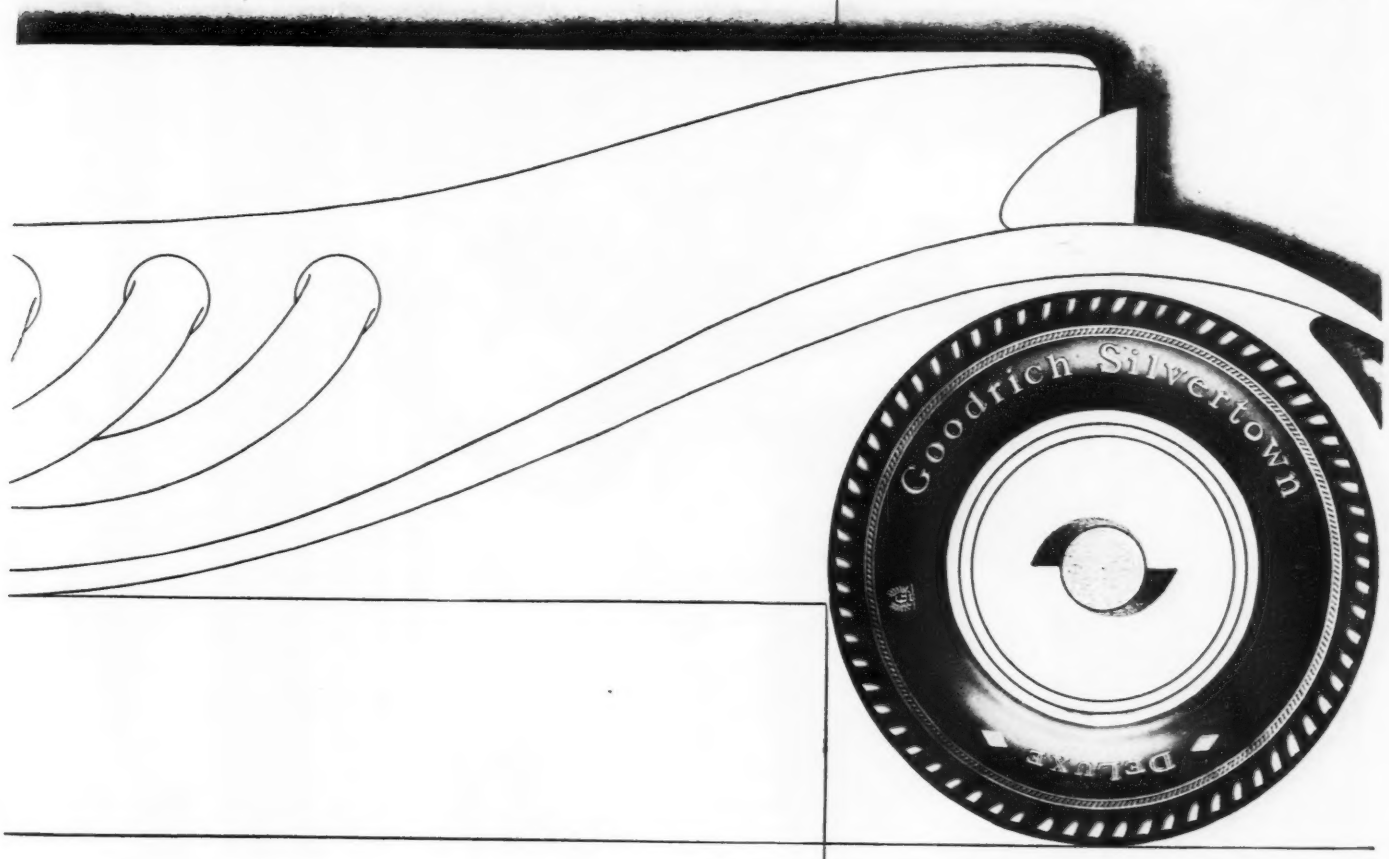
Men differ in their preference for different kinds of underwear, but they agree in wanting all the comfort, wear and style their money can buy. That is why so many have learned to look for the letters B. V. D. when buying their underwear. ▲ The illustration shows the B. V. D. Union Suit. Its famous one-piece construction insures comfort at the waist-line—at the shoulders—at the crotch. It is tailored to fit the body—at rest or in motion. There is a size for every build. ▲ For those men who prefer their underwear in two pieces, B. V. D. offers a wide selection. The B. V. D. Coat Shirt is made of B. V. D. nainsook, the same material used in the B. V. D. Union Suit—a cloth combining light weight with long wear. Like all products of the B. V. D. Co., Inc., B. V. D. Knit Pull-Over Shirts are made in our mills, where exacting manufacturing standards prevail. ▲ B. V. D. Knee Drawers, also made of B. V. D. nainsook, are growing in popularity—may be worn with either Coat Shirt or Knit Shirt. B. V. D. Shorts are made in whites, solid colors, neat stripes and colorful patterns. The colors are fast. ▲ Take your choice—but make sure of two things—(1) ASK for and (2) LOOK for B. V. D.

B.V.D.

The three letters B. V. D. on the label of a garment identify it as a product of The B. V. D. Co., Inc. It will pay you to look for them.

B. V. D. PRODUCTS: UNION SUITS COAT SHIRTS PULL-OVER SHIRTS KNEE DRAWERS SHORTS YOUTHS' UNION SUITS CHILDREN'S WAIST SUITS

TRADITION



There is an extra measure of security in buying from those who are accustomed to making fine things, whether they be delicate trinkets of porcelain or such prosaic articles as motor-car tires. In the latter case, the informed motorist looks no further than the name Goodrich. To make sure of tires to match the finest car, it is sufficient to say "Silvertowns, de luxe."

Goodrich de luxe Silvertowns

"travelo" SwimSuits

THE ARISTOCRAT OF WATER WEAR

Every child deserves the extra freedom and healthfulness, the superb quality and quick-drying comfort of a "travelo" SwimSuit. Perfectly cut and carefully sized to conform easily and smoothly to the juvenile figure. A wonderful variety of attractive and becoming new styles to choose from.

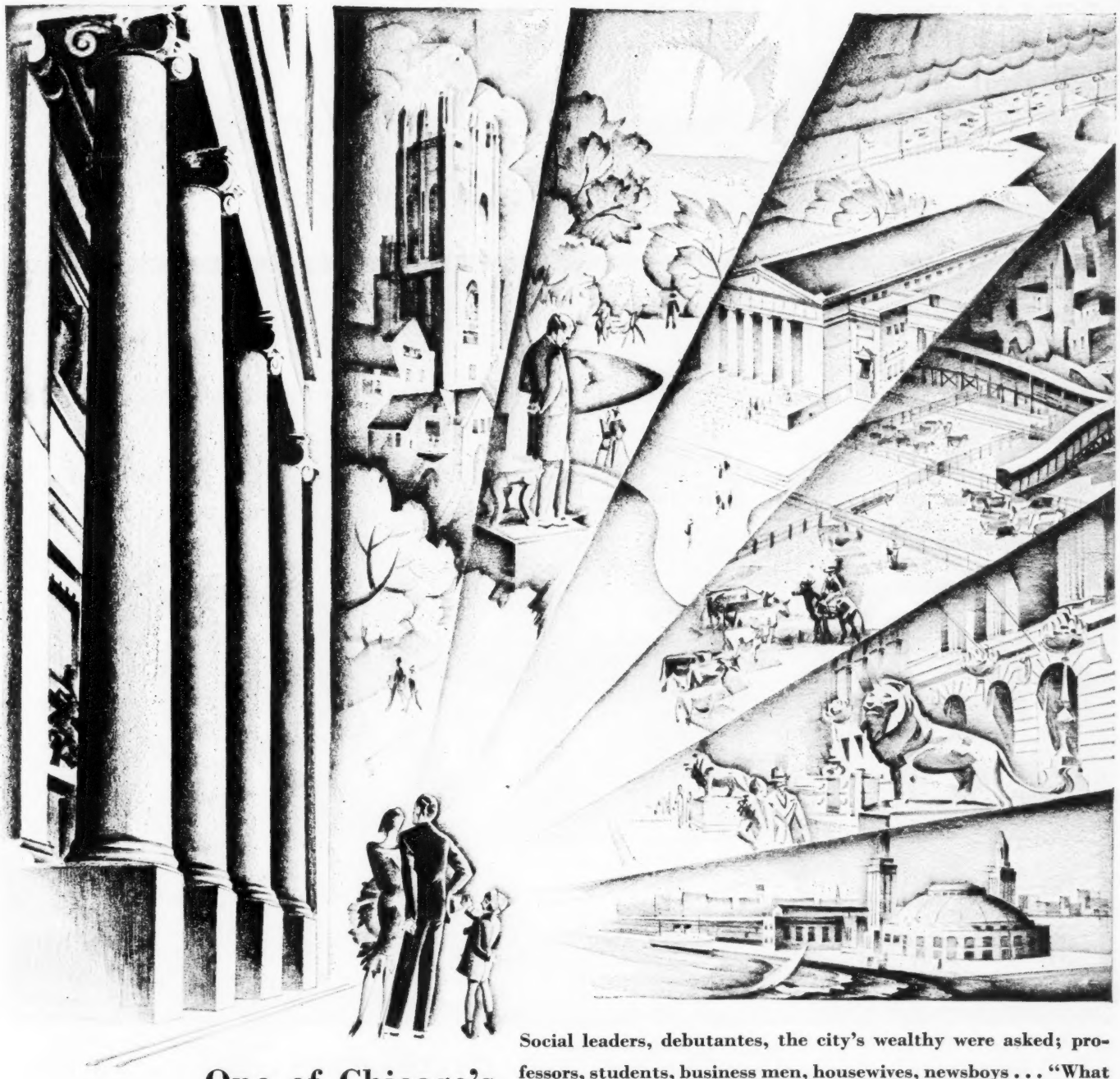
A PECKHAM-FOREMAN PRODUCT

YOU can be as smartly exclusive at the beach club as at the country club. For "travelo" SwimSuits make it totally unnecessary to look like everyone else. Here is the charming audacity of Parisian *haut couture;* the daring of new color harmonies and contrasts; the feel, freedom and comfort of superb materials and flawless tailoring.

It is never correct to be commonplace. This season step ahead of the crowd—swim and sun yourself in this supreme combination of water-wear excellence: "travelo" SwimSuits. Note, however, that "travelo," the aristocrat of water-wear, costs scarcely more than an ordinary made-by-the-mile bathing suit! Rib-knit and tailored for men, women and children. Enthusiastically recommended by most of the smartest stores.

Write Peckham-Foreman, Inc., 1907–1913 Park Ave., New York, for "A Portfolio of Styles," showing people *you know* in "travelo" SwimSuits! It's free.

The man who wears a "travelo" SwimSuit enjoys all the ease and comfort of perfect athletic freedom, plus the same excellence of style and tailoring that distinguishes his golfing and riding clothes. Many styles and color combinations—all of them new and distinctly individual.



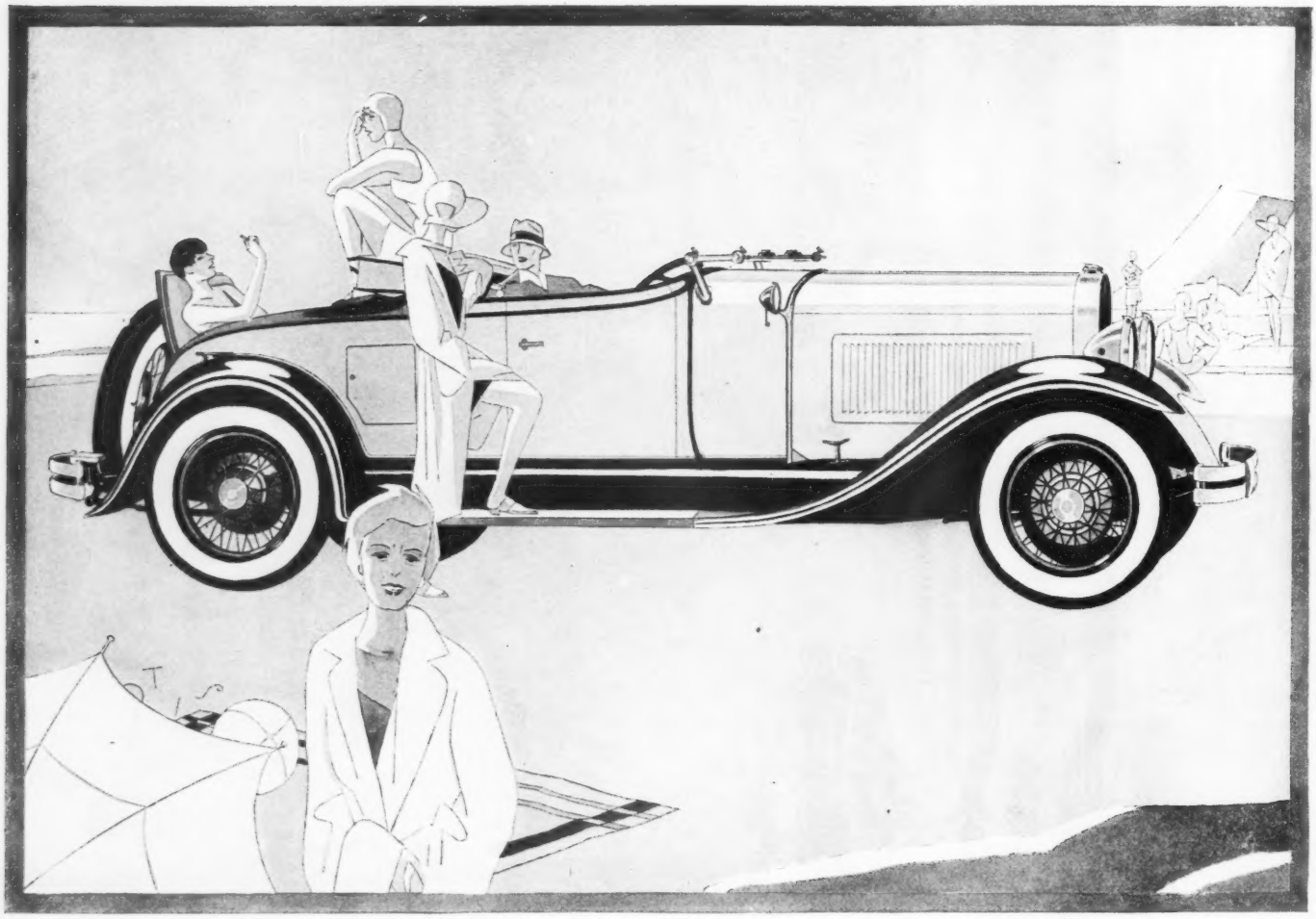
One of Chicago's "Seven Wonders"

Social leaders, debutantes, the city's wealthy were asked; professors, students, business men, housewives, newsboys . . . "What are the seven wonders of Chicago?" •• And when the answers were counted, a commercial institution was among the chosen. •• A giant of business, yet Chicago has larger businesses. Its building appears comely in the skyline, yet there are more beautiful buildings. Something within that institution must have been responsible. •• Perhaps the centering there of the world's fashions, in apparel, in accessories, in home equipment, may have been an influencing factor. Perhaps the breadth of choice. Perhaps the satisfaction assured with every purchase. Or the enriching of age. Or the imagination of abiding youth. •• Perhaps, rather, the sum of all these things has won the tribute, a total that might be expressed in the motto of the Prince of Wales, *"Ich dien,"* I serve. We like to think so. We like to believe this the reason for according a place among the seven wonders of Chicago to Marshall Field and Company.

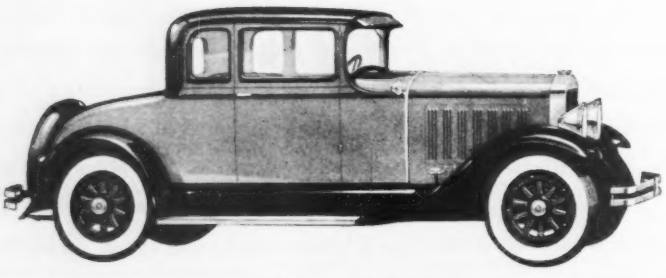
marshall field & company
RETAIL CHICAGO

STYLE ···· INTERPRETIVE ···· INSPIRED

Expressing in line, and curve, and color, the very spirit of these champion motor cars



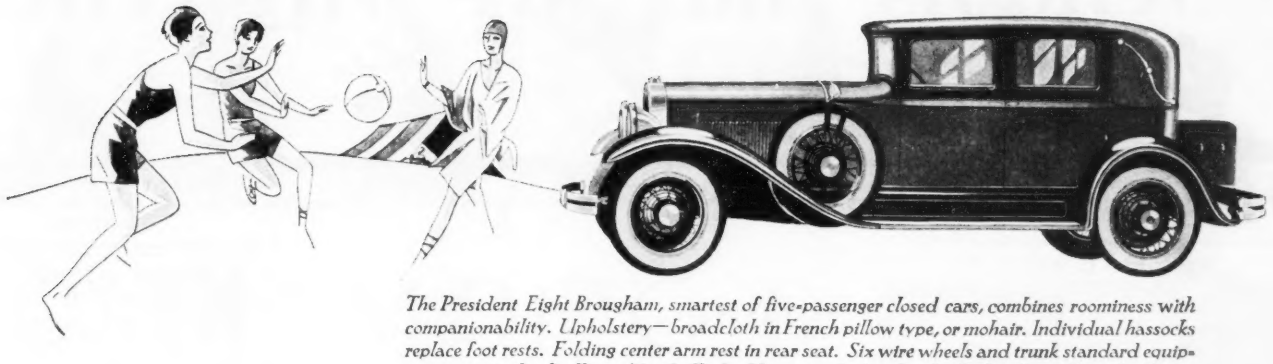
The Commander Eight Roadster splendidly interprets the speed and stamina of its magnificent chassis. Restful comfort for four—two in the spacious lounge seat and two in the commodious rumble. Ball bearing spring shackles, powerful hydraulic shock absorbers, non-shatterable windshield, steel-core safety steering wheel. Priced $1595, with five wire wheels.



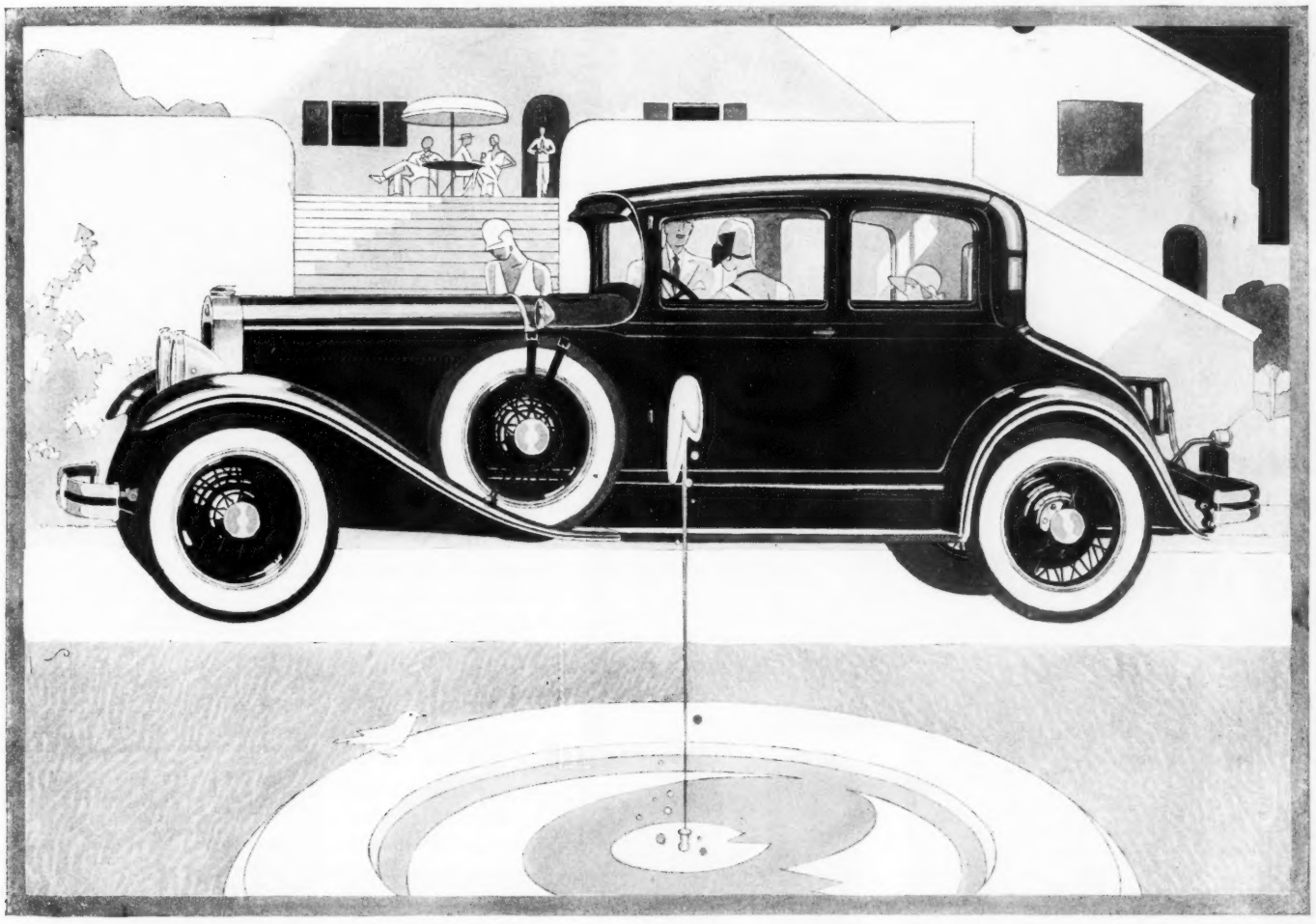
The Dictator Coupe, available either as a straight eight or six, offers a choice of two body types—for four or two passengers. Exceptional economy. 115-in. wheelbase. Hydraulic shock absorbers. The Dictator Six Coupe for Two is $995, the Eight $1185. The Six-cylinder Coupe for Four is $1045 and the Eight $1235.

STUDEBAKER'S artists in coachcraft, with world champion fleetness and staying power as their inspiration, have expressed these very qualities as skillfully and as unmistakably as words could do it—and far more beautifully.

Studebaker style is thus art in its truest sense, an interpretation of qualities. And America's keen appreciation of finer, lovelier things has accorded to Studebaker the greatest tribute possible . . . Studebaker now sells more eight-cylinder motor cars than any maker in the world.



The President Eight Brougham, smartest of five-passenger closed cars, combines roominess with companionability. Upholstery—broadcloth in French pillow type, or mohair. Individual hassocks replace foot rests. Folding center arm rest in rear seat. Six wire wheels and trunk standard equipment. 135-inch wheelbase. Houdaille double-acting hydraulic shock absorbers. Priced at $2350.



Studebaker meets every measure of costly car excellence. Travel ease unknown until Studebaker introduced ball bearing spring suspension . . . power suavity lulling in its smoothness and instant in its response . . . obedience to control that makes driving truly restful. Yet Studebaker's One-Profit manufacture achieves all of this at remarkably low prices.

The President Eight State Victoria seats four in comfort. A popular car for social or business use. Low-swung on its costlier double-drop frame. Six wire wheels and trunk rack are standard equipment. Priced at $1895. The Commander Eight Victoria is $1525, The Commander Six, $1375.

All prices at the factory, bumpers and spare tires extra.

STUDEBAKER

Builder of Champions

Schools that are Different

CHILDREN'S SCHOOL

ROSEMONT

For tiny tots from infancy up to 10 years, summer or all year. Nestled in the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains. Three hundred acres of ideal and safe play ground. Registered nurse, dietitian and home mother. Affectionate parental care and training. *Write for booklet.*
Mrs. Rose G. Moss, Harris, N. C.

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SCOVILLE SCHOOL
1006 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Opposite Central Park and the Museum of Art
Resident and Day Departments. Academic and Advanced Finishing Courses. Intensive College Preparation. Music, Art, Languages, Dramatic Art. Rosa B. Chapman, Principal

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College Preparatory and Junior College
Music, Art, Secretarial, Journalism Courses. Lake and Mountain Region. All Sports. Moderate Cost
H. Leslie Sawyer, Prin., Box 12, New London, N. H.

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Music, Dancing, Dramatic Art, Languages, Fine & Applied Art. Residential. Address: 1739 New Hampshire Ave., Wash. D.C.

Penn Hall for GIRLS
Accredited college preparatory. H. S. Special courses. **Junior college.** Conservatory. Month of May at Ocean City. 25 acre campus. Riding. Rooms have connecting baths. **Catalog.** Box D, **Chambersburg, Pa.**

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ROXBURY
Complete attention to the needs of the individual boy insures a thorough College Preparation.
A. F. Sheriff, Headmaster, Cheshire, Conn.

STEARNS FOR BOYS
Preparation for Colleges and Scientific Schools. Rapid Advancement. In New Hampshire Hills. Year-round sports. Lower School. Catalog.
Arthur F. Stearns, Box 67, Mont Vernon, N. H.

JUDSON SCHOOL For Boys 12 to 15
Healthful, outdoor ranch life. Alt. 1,300 ft. Modern buildings, boys live in cottages. 7th, 8th grades and first two years high school. Master to every 5 boys. Riding, swimming pool, tennis. Camping trips.
George A. Judson, A.M., Phoenix, Arizona

SUMMER CAMP

MANHATTAN THEATRE CAMP
Eight weeks' study in the New Hampshire Hills. Professional faculty. Staging, Directing, Playwriting and the allied branches of Dramatic Art. For professionals or non-professionals.
Walter Hartwig, Gen. Dir., 152 W. 46th St., N. Y. C.

WHEN writing to the School or Camp Directors whose announcements appear in these pages, identify yourself as a reader of VANITY FAIR. You will receive special consideration.

EXCEPTIONAL CHILDREN

THE WOODS' SCHOOL
For Exceptional Children Three Separate Schools
GIRLS BOYS LITTLE FOLKS
Booklet Box 180, Langhorne, Pa.
Mrs. Mollie Woods Hare, Principal

THE MARY E. POGUE SCHOOL & SANITARIUM
Wheaton, Ill.
For children and young people needing individual attention, special training and medical supervision. College-trained faculty. Special instruction in articulation, hand-work. Gratifying results; many students become normal. **Further information upon request.**

A Successful Summer?

WHY play away your entire summer? . . . and then feel in September that you haven't accomplished a thing!

No matter what you do during the winter months, you will save time . . . money, perhaps . . . and will certainly gain a great deal of pleasure by devoting a few weeks this summer to study. There are excellent schools in most of the larger cities that offer just the summer courses you want . . . music, art, writing, drama, teaching!

Why not be clever this summer . . . combine study with vacation . . . and be that much nearer your goal in the fall? You will find that you have learned much . . . met interesting people . . . made charming friends . . . and come in contact with some of the most intelligent and stimulating minds in the country! You will have a fresh viewpoint and much satisfaction . . . to start the fall right!

Look through these pages for some of the best summer schools in the country. When writing to them, identify yourself as a reader of Vanity Fair. You will find it a tremendous help. If you don't see just the thing you are looking for, write to us. We can give you first-hand information.

THE CONDÉ NAST
EDUCATIONAL
BUREAU

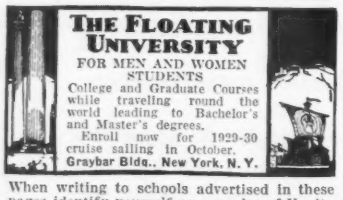
1929 GRAYBAR BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY

FINE ARTS

CALIFORNIA SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS, *San Francisco*
Affiliated with the University of California
FALL TERM OPENS AUGUST NINETEENTH
Professional courses in fine and applied arts.
Write for catalogue
LEE F. RANDOLPH, *Director*

The ART STUDENTS' LEAGUE
Summer Term: June 3-Aug. 30.
215 W. 57th St., New York
CLASSES—In Drawing, Painting, Sculpture, Composition, Landscape, Illustration, Etching and Wood Block Color Printing.
Send for Catalog V.

FLOATING UNIVERSITY



THE FLOATING UNIVERSITY
FOR MEN AND WOMEN STUDENTS
College and Graduate Courses while traveling round the world leading to Bachelor's and Master's degrees.
Enroll now for 1929-30 cruise sailing in October.
Graybar Bldg., New York, N. Y.

When writing to schools advertised in these pages identify yourself as a reader of Vanity Fair.

FINE & APPLIED ARTS

DESIGNERS ART
School for Professional Training in Fine Arts and Design.
Exhibition of Students' Work, June 1-10.
Catalog F, 376 Boylston Street, Boston

DANCING

MORRIS SCHOOL OF RHYTHM AND NATURAL DANCE INC.
Staff of well known instructors
Body control thru fundamental rhythmic movement. Natural dance—technique and original composition. Folk, period, and national dance. Music study thru Dalcroze eurythmics. Voice control and diction. Practical work in color, costume and lighting.
Normal course and Recreational classes
Now Enrolling 1929-30 Classes
LOUISE REVERE MORRIS, Director
66 Fifth Ave., New York Algonquin 7787 or 2489

35th YEAR **Alviene** EVERY TYPE OF **STAGE DANCING**
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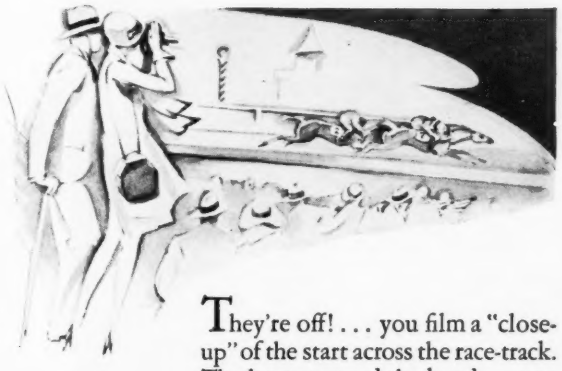

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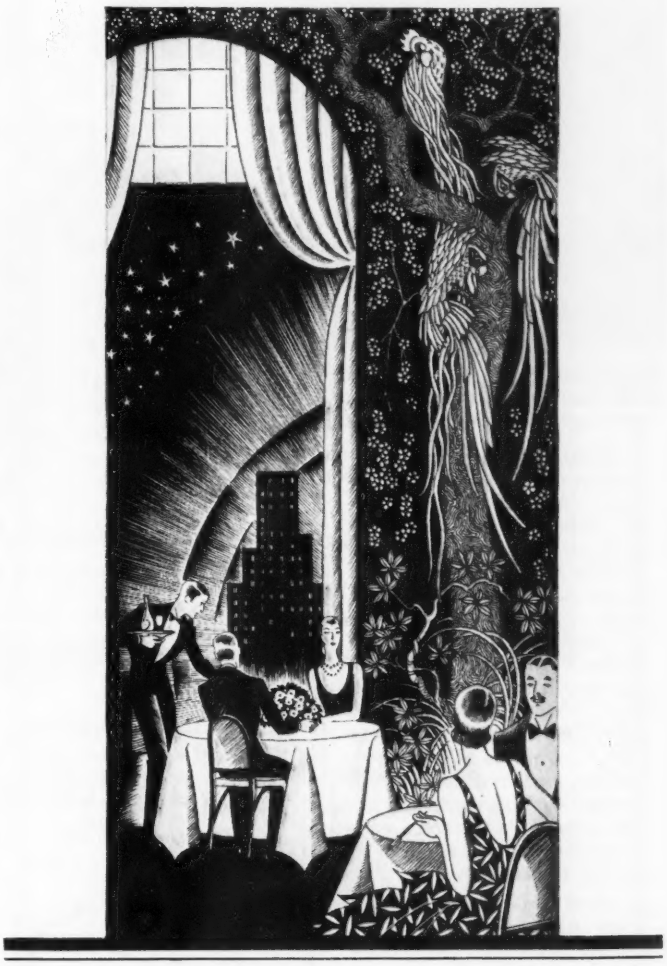

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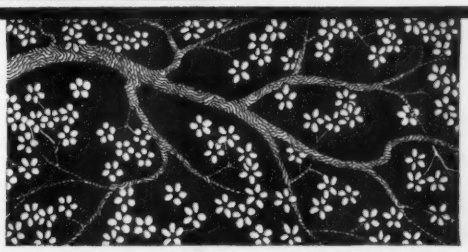

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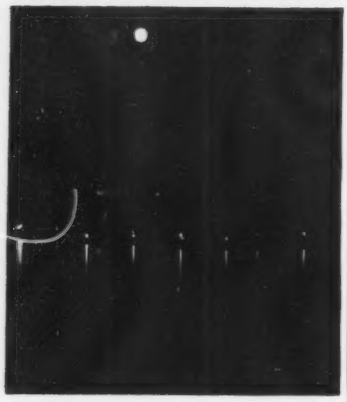

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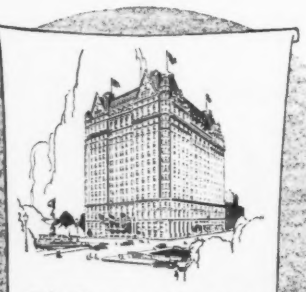

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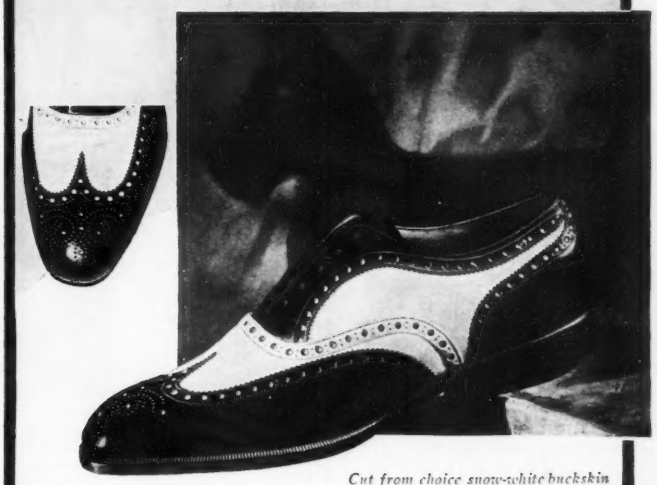

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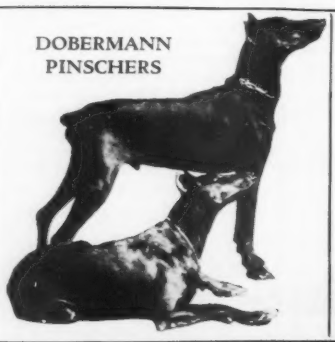

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Whitman's Sampler

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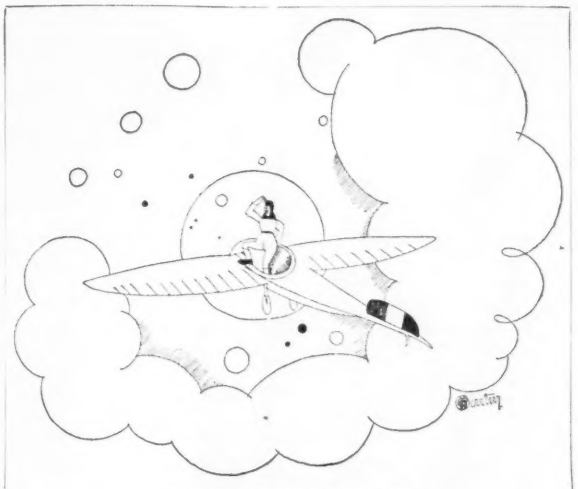
IN VANITY FAIR

Red Sky at Evening

How an Odd Dove of Peace Flew to Laura Carson and Brought Her an Olive Branch

IT was late in the afternoon of August, 2037. Though the sky still showed red and flickering in the North, and an occasional burst of machine-gun fire split the air miles away, the streets in the mid-town section were beginning to fill with people. The hideous tension of a few hours before was gone. The firing grew ever more distant and infrequent. Suddenly, with a shattering roar, a 12-motored crude-oil bomber swooped overhead, a brazen voice issuing from its amplifier: "New York is now considered saved from the hands of the Fanatisti. They have surrendered. The attempt upon the life of Whaler Groven III was foiled by the quick action of his guards, who detonated the assassin with their penultra-Z ray rods. Our dictator is safe. Our republic is safe. The Fanatisti are defeated!" For a moment there was silence. Then a woman in a gilt peplum appeared at the edge of a 100th story ramp, and sang, her heroic contralto audible in the packed street, "East Side, West Side, All around the Town." At the close of the old anthem, a thunderous cheer went up. The lights of the vast speakeasy on the corner, "Ye Olde Mabelle Walkerbrandt", flashed up and the doors swung wide. Soon all was carnival. So ended the revolution of 2037.



THE DEPARTING HUSBAND

Intrepid Gerald Carson is here shown peering down upon the spires of Yonkers which thrust their pointed heads through the surrounding cloud-drifts

IF young Gerald Carson, now soaring over the Catskills, had heard the announcement, his heart would have been gladdened, but it is to be doubted if even then he would have put off his trip to the city. He revelled in action. It would be hard to die, painful to end a distinguished and active life so suddenly, but he must ascertain the truth, whatever the danger.

His story is this: About a year before the Fanatist *coup d'état*, he had been called by the Personnel Board of the United Banks of New York to come to the City Republic and assume his duties as 37th Vice-president in the Foreign Loans department. He had answered the summons, bringing with him his bride, a lovely little creature from a small Southern town. They had established themselves in a suburban mansion in Utica; Gerald planed in to 110th Street every day, and Louisa had a little Model T Fokker for marketing. They had been very happy together, but there was a definite cloud on their marital horizon. Louisa was somewhat provincial; a fact to be faced. Her country upbringing, her lack of common conversational ground with the wives of Gerald's business friends was an obstacle to their happiness. Her ignorance of the world of art and letters caused the cosmopolitan, sophisticated women of the Utica financial colony to smile behind their hands. The poor child was aware of this, and it made her pathetically miserable. Steps had been taken to remedy this situation; Louisa was making splendid progress, was in fact on the verge of complete acceptance by these proud women, when revolution raised its ugly head and communication with the city was cut off. To make matters worse, Gerald was away at the time, in Oslo on business. He came home to a terror-stricken household. Day after day went by. Every morning at the time when the postman's plane formerly dropped into the yard, Louisa would look skyward, shading anxious eyes with her hand. A week—no radio, no mail; the televisor remained a blank, staring metallic screen. Louisa's spirits, though she was brave, drooped perceptibly. She no longer dared invite women friends to the house. On the eighth day Gerald could stand it no longer, so he and a robot wheeled his Chrysler plane from the hangar. As he put a packet of sandwiches in his pocket he remembered his grandfather telling him how the pioneer Lindbergh, on his incredible flight across the Atlantic in a petrol-driven fabric "monoplane" had taken no other provisions with him.

He peered down, and discerned the spires of Yonkers thrusting their heads through the cloud-drift. He was over the city, then. Manipulating the helicopter switch he dropped slowly, and grounded on the roof of a large public teledramatorium. He alighted, and slid down the emergency-ramp into the street. Next, he made his way toward the heart of the city, dogged by a constant apprehension of Fanatist radio-sensitized zones. Should he enter one of these, his location would instantly flash to the map-screen of the nearest Fanatist picket, and he would be caught like a steer in a stockrun. By four o'clock he had reached 130th Street, the heart of the fashionable shopping district.

He was congratulating himself on getting through unscathed when mishap befell him. As he entered a pedestrian tunnel to cross Broadway something struck him on the head. An unseen Fanatist!

When he regained consciousness, it took him several minutes to persuade himself of his sanity. He was lying on the sidewalk on an improvised bed of overcoats, and all about him was bedlam. Men, women, and children danced, sang and caroused. He seized one of the dancers.

"What's happened? What's all this about?" he rasped.

"Whoopee!" replied the man. "Don't y'know? Revolutionsh all over!"

THE rest of the story is Carson family history. It took him two hours, with aching head, to struggle through the carousing populace toward the historic Grand Central district and an old thirty story building on Lexington Avenue near 44th St. At last, the nineteenth floor. No bedlam here! Clerks and stenographers bustled to and fro. With a sigh of relief, almost a sob, he took his place in line.

Some three hours later he stepped from his Chrysler and staggered, heavily laden, to his doorway. Louisa rushed out to greet him. Her haggard expression changed to one of surpassing joy when her gaze fell on his burden.

"Louisa, darling!" he gasped. "The revolution's over! The Fanat—"

"Gerald, my sweetheart, my knight! Never mind about that. Come inside and let me kiss you before I begin to read those back numbers of VANITY FAIR!"

—FREDERICK PACKARD

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VANITY FAIR

FRANK CROWNINSHIELD—*Editor* DONALD FREEMAN—*Managing Editor*

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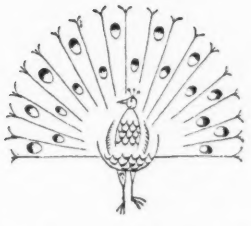
STEICHEN—ALBANY

Franklin D. Roosevelt, Governor of New York

A New Portrait of the Heir to a Great Family Tradition and a Man Among the Demagogues

THE Roosevelt dynasty, already notable for its contribution of gentlemen to politics, has sent, in Governor Roosevelt of New York, another prophet into the wilderness of professional politicians and glad-handers that generally crowd the political scene. It is an increasing embarrassment to the State that character and intelligence are at such a premium in its governmental councils, and of increasing importance that responsible and ethical men such as Mr. Roosevelt do occasionally choose to find their career in the service of the people. Mr. Roosevelt is notoriously not a product of any party machine; he is a man of stubborn independence, with somewhat the temperament, if not the genius for showmanship, of his famous relative. His first engagement with the Republican Legislature of New York, opening with promises of coöperation and concluding in an open breach, may have instructed Mr. Roosevelt in the exigencies of practical politics. His public career—before his nomination for Governor of New York—included membership in the New York State Senate from 1910 to 1913, his appointment by President Wilson to the Assistant Secretaryship of the Navy in 1913, and, finally, the Democratic nomination for the Vice-Presidency in 1920

Vanity Fair



The Adventure Racket

A Casual Inquiry Into Publishers' Ethics in General, and Several Recent Travel-Books in Particular

By COREY FORD

AFRICA! India! China! Borneo! Timbuctoo! How oft have I thrilled at these magic names! How oft, as I turned the well-worn pages of my school geography, have I stared fascinated at those tiny spots of colour that spelt for me thrills—travel—romance! How oft, as my teeth sank into a Persian date-bar or a bowl of Chinese chop suey, have I dreamed of the day when I should visit those far-off lands myself! The siren Adventure was calling me! I was drunken with the love of life, splendid with freedom of spirit, passionate with nostalgia! I, too, would go—do—dare—

With what pity I stared at the prosaic people who hurried past me, blind to the romance of living, chained forever to the grindstone of civilization! Poor worms! They could never have my own poetic appreciation, my boyish eagerness, my bubbling spirits! Let them stay home and earn money to buy their travel-books; but I—I would *write* their travel-books!

At last I could stand it no longer! My blood pumped with the mad ecstasy of young Youth! I left friends and family behind me, and with nothing in my pocket but twenty cents and a stout upper lip, I sallied forth to the waterfront. Adventure was in my veins! I felt the divine zest of impetuosity! I must away! away! away!

"ADVENTURE is in my veins!" I cried, in fact, to the Captain of a tramp-steamer whom I button-holed upon the wharf. "I feel the divine zest of impetuosity! I must away! away! away!"

"Ho, for glorious youth!" replied the understanding old Captain. "Ho, nonino! for warm blood, tense muscles, and a brave heart! Take the wheel of my ship, you glorious youth, you. *You* shall be Captain!"

Never shall I forget my thrill as I took command of the *Narcissus*. Although I had never been on a boat in my life, I steered her out of New York Harbour alone. Single-handed I quelled a fierce mutiny in the fo'c's'le. When all the rest of the sailors were seasick down below, I alone handled the ship safely through a terrific storm. It was I to whom they all came for advice on questions of navigation. It was I for whom they called when in doubt about their course. It was I who taught them to weigh an anchor, splice a rope, or reef a gaff tops'l. I even showed the Captain himself a trick or two at the wheel. Day after day I sailed the *Narcissus* toward the horizon—toward the beyond the horizon—toward the beyond the beyond—toward the domes and minarets, the glittering towers, the bazaars and marts of the East—toward, in fact, the whole vast panorama of first serial rights, second serial rights, foreign rights, dramatic rights, motion picture rights, a nice juicy lecture tour in the fall, advertising testimonials, and, looming in the distance, more travel-books to follow—more—more—more—

Toward the Romantic Road to Royalties—

AND how they eat it up! On New England back-porches, in comfortable Middle-West sitting rooms, or in Brooklyn two-room apartments, the girls hug it to their bosoms. The rocking-chairs creak with it along the verandahs of the summer hotels. The Ladies Clubs buzz with it over the green felt bridge tables. Impressionable critics from the *Boston Transcript* swoon over their typewriters. A dowager with three hairs growing out of a mole on her right cheek reads it aloud to a slim unmarried daughter. A pale ribbon-clerk takes off his shirt and brandishes his fists before the mirror as he repels tigers, bandits, or a marauding tribe of Borneo head-hunters. Hardened explorers, who have done nothing themselves but shoot a lion or two and discover a couple of countries, envy the young author his rare experiences. Starved old ladies long secretly for a son like him. College Juniors who have been thwarted in love or the Senior Society elections plan to leave Dartmouth and ship to sea when the semester is over. In the hands of the romantic stenographer the subway strap becomes a halyard in a gale, the swaying car rocks like a ship at sea, and the roar of the wheels is the booming of surf on a distant shore, as she spits her chewing-gum gallantly in a curve into the wind. Everywhere in our romance-hungry land, swaddled in steamer chairs with cups of bouillon balanced on their knees, or leaning across tenement-courts, or crouched with tense expression at a Thursday literary tea, the poor, deluded, trusting public swallows it all avidly, word for word and line for line, page for page, fiction for fact.

And far in the background the publisher sits with a complacent smile, ordering new editions, adding up royalties, taking another page of advertising in the *Times*, grasping the telephone to assure an inquiring critic that "every word of it is as true as I'm sitting here, so God is my judge!" holding his moneybags wide open to catch shekels while the sun shines, so that if his profitable venture is exposed and the outraged public turns on him and his brother-publishers at last, he will have enough money saved up to open a bucket-shop, peddle gold-bricks in Times Square, or start selling patents in a perpetual motion machine.

Month after month the public craze for Adventure continues. Travel-books follow travel-books with incredible rapidity; authors vie desperately with each other—once the "I" key jams on their typewriters, they are out of the race—to describe adventures each more incredible than the last; and still the gullible readers swallow it all. Exposures of flagrant errors in *The Cradle of the Deep* and *The Great Horn Spoon* have not deterred them yet; they only cry for more. No one knows where the current craze had its inception.

DOUBTLESS that hardy perennial, Mr. Halliburton, was responsible first for bringing the gospel of impetuous youth to the hinterlands. Doubtless the vogue of *Trader Horn* gave the whole business an impetus. From a modest beginning the national appetite for Adventure has grown to such proportions that today the travel-book is as standard to the American scene as corn-flakes, radios, or Bishop Cannon; and in and out amid this summer harvest the publishers scurry eagerly, grabbing up what windfalls they may find, offering travel-books and more travel-books without pause to investigate whether they are true or not, stirring up a lather of excitement like an insect whipping up its own spittle, swearing their heads off, never casting a weather eye to the future, never realising that even the great American public can be stampeded once too often.

I can remember the time when all publishers had a sense of honour. That was before the field had extended to Parlour Games and Newspaper Puzzles; and publishers in those days still wore white goatees, spoke English, and

took a certain pride in the imprint of their house. They had a universal standard of morals then; they only said what was strictly true; and their simple code of ethics did not allow preconceived and cold-blooded swindles, advertising that lied deliberately in the face of proven facts, or publicity stunts that cheapened and degraded their profession. Those were the days before the current craze for travel-books had come into its own.

And personally I think it is high time we went back to those innocent old days again. This Circus Publishing is making the whole profession look a little silly. Someone should corral these wayward sheep and bring them back within the fold and teach them to curb their enthusiasms within the limits of truth; or else they should be banned by the critics and ostracised by their decent associates in the profession until they have learned to behave like gentlemen again. I do not happen to see the difference between selling a fraudulent book, and selling a fraudulent oil-stock. It is high time that certain gentlemen got back their sense of honour again.

To be sure, I do not mean to insinuate that all publishers are frauds; nor do I intimate that every travel-book, once it has been proven erroneous, immediately establishes its publisher as a co-partner in crime. I do not want to hint for a moment that the publishers of books mentioned in this article were guilty of conscious duplicity. But even the publisher's own innocence does not quite excuse him. It is equally deplorable when a reputable editor, either through criminal mendacity or even more criminal ignorance, uses the reputation of his house as a cloak to foist upon the public a book that is a falsehood. A publisher's statements to the public should be as irreproachable and unimpeachable as those of a Bank President. For his own sake, it is his sober business to see that they are true.

FOR there is no doubt whatsoever that the recent travel-book exposures have injured the entire public attitude toward publishers. Our naïve loyalty has been shaken. We have caught a trusted profession in a dubious position; and we will not trust it quite so readily again. Forgiveness does not breed forgetfulness. No doubt the publishers of *The Cradle of the Deep* were the most innocent victims in the world; but the fact remains that the charges against Miss Joan Lowell have created a lasting suspicion in the book-buyers' minds which not only reacts against the house itself, but actively militates against all sensitive and honest travel-writers who desire to tell the truth.

Take for an example William Seabrook's *The Magic Island*: a true and important piece of work which deals in mystic subjects so vague and unreal in themselves that his own ring of sincerity is the only true guarantee of their authenticity. In the opinion of Harrison Smith, who published his book, if this work had been issued a few months *after* the appearance of *The Cradle of the Deep*, instead of a few months *before*, it would have been generally discredited by a skeptical public that has learned to dread the fire.

Take the recent case of another publisher who was forced against his will to reject a fascinating and well-authenticated story of a girl's adventures on a windjammer in the South Seas, which was backed up by indisputable documents and papers establishing its integrity, but which he simply could not publish at this time because of its unfortunate parallel with the notorious adventures of Miss Joan Lowell.

Take also Seabrook's *Adventures in Arabia*, a sensitive and accurate study by a man who spent a full year in the country he describes; and compare its comparatively minor sale with the vast audience that bought *The Great Horn Spoon* and read therein a lurid account of Arabian desert sheiks by an author whose actual visit to the country was limited to a little less than two hours. Compare, for that matter, the restricted sale of Roerich's superb travel-philosophy *Altai-Himalaya* with the enthusiastic multitude which purchased another account of the same country by an old Indian sage and philosopher named Richard Halliburton.

MYSELF, I should like to see a sort of Pure Food Law for books: not a censorship, God knows, but a moral obligation upon the publisher hereafter to accept full responsibility for the authenticity of the book that he publishes, and a requirement that he must state clearly upon the jacket the percentage of fictional matter that has been added to colour and preserve the facts. A clever fraud would be punishable by fine, or imprisonment, or both. A bungling fraud would be punishable by death.

I confess I grow a little weary of the old argument: "If it is a good story, what difference does it make if it is true or not?" It seems to me that that argument works both ways. If it is a good story, then why do the author and the publisher make such an effort to convince people it is true? Why are they not content to let it go as a good story, and nothing more? The answer lies in the obvious fact that this aura of reality is just what makes it "a good story"; the feeling that these adventures really happened, that these brave feats of courage actually took place, that the author is just such an effervescent and irrepressible boy as he describes, lends the extra glamour that lifts it above the common run of fiction and makes it appeal. How many copies, I wonder, would Miss Joan Lowell have sold of her *Cradle of the Deep* if that much-discussed "story of a child's life at sea" had been offered as a novel and not as an autobiography?

TO be sure, *The Cradle of the Deep* is the most-discussed offender in the field of travel-books; but I do not desire to swell any further the formidable ranks arrayed against this particular opus. Whole forests of trees have already been felled to make the paper whereon the endless controversy about this book has been printed, stating the proof and the rebuttal, the charges and the retorts, the insinuations and the epithets concerning this most famous of the recent literary hoaxes. Armies of deep-sea experts have battled to the death over the problem of reefing gaff tops'ls, scientists have exchanged a barrage of nasty looks upon the question of whether sharks are mammals, and a small battalion of expert accountants have combed the San Francisco waterfront for evidence pro and con regarding Miss Lowell's actual nautical experience, as well as that of her father and the entire crew of the *Minnie A. Caine*, if any. And while the entire literary world circles around this spanked and sulking girl, licking their chops eagerly for a chance with the paddle, it seems only fair to Miss Lowell to consider at this time a few other adventurer-writers who are prominent in the public eye.

Next to *The Cradle of the Deep*, probably the best known of the travel books is that other Simon and Schuster masterpiece, *Trader Horn*, a rambling account of early days in Africa told with genuine charm and humour and a real literary flavour. *Trader Horn* has met the charge of hokum most cleverly of all. There really was a Mrs. Ethelreda Lewis; she really had a front-porch in Johannesburg; and a tin-peddler named Smith actually came to her door. Furthermore, it may be added, Mrs. Lewis could write. He talked; she took down everything that he said, embellished his remarks here and there, filled in the nuances, hammered his chance wise-cracks into tight epigrams, suggested a love interest, and followed with incredible skill the erratic train of thought that flashed like a bright tropical bird through the tangled foliage of his mind; and so she produced one of the best of all the travel autobiographies. The book itself made no claims of being strictly authentic. Granted that I could go similarly to one of the padded cells in the State Insane Asylum tomorrow, and, if I was lucky enough to discover an inmate there who was labouring under the firm impression that he was Napoleon Bonaparte, and if I could write as well as Mrs. Lewis, I could doubtless throw some fairly startling sidelights on the whole history of France. If our man has enough imagination, and he rambles sufficiently, Mrs. Lewis or I would not be concerned in such a report with whether the things he says are true.

UNFORTUNATELY her publishers were not so tactful. They were not content to let sleeping dogs lie in Africa; they must wake their dogs and bring them here to New York. Consequently they fetched the old Trader out of the comfortable mists of obscurity, toasted him at literary luncheons, set him talking to the critics, put him through his paces like a trick horse, and deliberately fostered an inevitable controversy over the accuracy of the facts in his book, a controversy which doubtless stimulated immediate sales but which, in the long run, has inevitably hurt their product and incidentally added one more stick of fuel to the growing fire of public skepticism toward all travel-books.

On the other hand, the leading candidate of the Bobbs-Merrill Company is that irrepressible Peter Pan of the travel-books, Mr. Richard Halliburton, who has kept his place on all the best-seller lists more consistently than any other of the adventurers. Year after year he pops up, like the first crocus, peering around him with eager eyes for a new World to Conquer; year after year he manages to summon all his old boyish enthusiasm again and gallop off with impetuous haste upon another Glorious Adventure, from which he sends back ecstatic reports of his experiences to the *Ladies Home Journal* for a consideration of fifty thousand dollars or so to help defray expenses. Not once does he lose his quality of breathless youth, his ebullient joy at the never-failing miracle of Adventure, the romantic clasp of the hands and juvenile back-kick

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LADIES' DAY IN ARCADY

Hélène Perdriat paints a world analogous to Mr. Cabell's fabulous Poictesme; this is almost an illustration for a legend of adventures behind the moon. One hears the harsh neurotic screaming of gulls; the waves hurling themselves on shore; and the princesses play with eternal detachment on the beach of a northern inland sea

Invitations

Wherein the Exigencies of Modern Life Bring About the Postponement of an Intended Romance

By HENRI DUVERNOIS

ROBERT TAVERNON clasped Marceline Visnage to his heart.

"Marceline," he said, "my happiness, my darling, you are going—no, I'm not laughing, the feathers on your hat are tickling me! You know what's decided? I'll repeat it. On Wednesday morning you'll go into your husband's study and say: 'August, your life is a public scandal. I'm ready, now, this moment, to make my life over. I'm going away. My lawyer will arrange the details of our separation with yours. Good-bye.' Do you understand, Marceline?"

"I think I do. . . . I'm always a little confused when you take me in your arms. . . ."

"Don't weaken, my treasure! Three minutes' effort and we shall be happy. Wednesday, at ten in the morning, you will let the—the other know that you've had enough of it. You won't wait for his answer, and you will come straight here."

"Wednesday?"

"Yes."

"The trouble is, darling, that on Wednesday noon *M.* and *Mme.* Prey and *M.* and *Mme.* Bourgène and my old uncle Alexis are coming to lunch at the house. I'd rather they heard about this in some other way, if possible."

"All right. Let it go until the next day."

"Thursday? Don't be cross, dearest. Do you know the Stibies? They're newlyweds, as poor as they can be, and so charming that you'll adore them. They live in a tiny apartment, and they never stop kissing one another. I've christened them the love birds. Well, the Stibies have asked me to dinner Thursday evening. It's an event for them—you must realize that. And a great expense, too. I can't break my word to them; they're so sensitive it would hurt them terribly!"

"Well, then—Friday?"

"That's my day at home—the last, Robert darling, the last! Next week people will be forewarned, but I can't bear the idea of having the butler send my friends away on some pretext or other. I'm sensitive, you know—don't upset me."

"You're a fraud!"

"Wait, wait. Isn't anticipation delightful? After all, it's a little like being engaged!"

"You'll see! Oh, you'll see! I'll have to be the one to talk to August!"

With this threat, in bad taste though it was, Robert escorted his mistress to the door, kissed her gloved hand and, shutting the door, went back to sit down on his sofa and smoke a cigar that seemed to him at that moment to be made of rope.

The household of Marceline, who, to him, was like a lily, and of August, whom he saw as a walking money bag, was abominable, but it was well organized. The husband maintained an apartment for a young woman in town more or less secretly, though he appeared with her openly in all the night-clubs. He was fickle, egotistical, a gambler and lazy, but he excelled in the difficult art of keeping his wife busy. He saw to it that he was never open to reproach. There were balls, dinners, suppers; she went from a dancing lesson to a month's visit at a *château*, from a formal ball to a picnic with a group of artists. Involved in this endless round of activity Marceline had the utmost difficulty in keeping twenty-five minutes free to devote each week to the most delightful of consolers.

"I will speak to him myself—to August!" the consoler finally decided, hurling his cigar away. "At least, I'll have the advantage, then, of knowing the man. In the two years I've loved Marceline and that she has loved me I've withdrawn from the world. No one ever asks me anywhere any more! When she isn't

(Continued on page 100)

The New Hegira

Concerning New York City's Artistic Emigrés and What It Is That Makes Them Emigrate

By DEEMS TAYLOR

I WRITE this in a second-story room of an aged and somewhat careworn house on Hunting Ridge, Connecticut. The district is a rural one, and the day is profoundly silent save for the wind and the remarks of the birds, and the sounds produced by several citizens who are pursuing their various vocations within my gates. At the rear of the house Mr. H. I. Dann is laying the cement floor of a garage that Messrs. Sears, Roebuck and Company obligingly left there last week. Mr. Herman Arnow, having removed large numbers of shingles from the side of the house, is now busy replacing them with a nursery porch. In the cellar Mr. John Marcel is connecting a maze of obviously reluctant steam pipes, while in an adjoining room Mr. Charles Bloomer raises his voice to request a second helping of plaster from some distant person named Jim. Inaudible in the middle distance is Mr. Lowell Burow, spraying apple trees with a mysterious chemical warranted to make several thousand small caterpillars wish they hadn't come. What time I weary of literature I can, by having recourse to mathematics, figure out that these professional friends of mine are costing me just 13.333 cents a minute.

SOME two miles away, in North Stamford are Miss Peggy Wood, Miss Violet Heming, and Miss Mary Servoss. Westward, by the Hudson, is Miss Katharine Cornell; to the north, in the Berkshires, is Miss Edna St. Vincent Millay. Southward, on Long Island, are Miss June Walker, Mr. Geoffrey Kerr, and Mr. Ring Lardner. Eastward, out Westport way, are Messrs. John Held, Jr., Webb Waldron, Henry James Forman, Lucian Cary, and Franklin P. Adams. All these, and dozens of others, are at this moment doubtless on their more or less recently acquired ancestral estates, ostensibly at work and in reality bossing workmen, reading seed and mail-order catalogues, and wondering whether the old car is going to last another season.

For five or six years past, New York's practitioners of the *beaux arts* have steadily been emigrating, and in such numbers that their centrifugal movement has by now assumed the characteristics of a stampede. Scores of her writers, painters, playwrights, and actors have bought houses as far away from the city as conditions permit. Some are on Long Island; others are on the right and left banks of the Hudson. They are scattered all over Connecticut, and a few have gone as far north as Massachusetts. These people have not merely bought summer homes. Most of them live in the country the year round, coming into the city only when their business affairs make it absolutely necessary to do so. Even the actors, who must of necessity be in town every night, frequently ride fifty or sixty miles after the theatre in order to spend a few hours of daylight away from the sight and sound of taxicabs.

It is not altogether easy to arrive at the causes of this hegira. Ask one of the *émigrés* why he did what he did, and he is likely to produce no better explanation than a vague, "Oh, I wanted a place in the country." But why did he want a place in the country? And why now, rather than ten years ago?

His first cause is, I think, largely economic. Generally speaking, the practitioner of the arts in America must, particularly while his career is in the making, be in or near New York. For New York is—and the fact is neither for New York's nor the country's good—the artistic market-place of America. It is in New York that the plays are produced, that the magazines are edited, that music and books are published, that pictures and sculpture are bought and sold. Try to imagine an actor achieving a successful career in Cleveland, Ohio, or a composer selling operas in Denver, Colorado, and you will have an idea of the extraordinary centralization of the commercial side of art in America. The movies alone have their origin outside of New York.

On the other hand, the artist, even a moderately successful one, is beginning to discover the alarming fact that it is virtually impossible for him to live in New York. It is too uncomfortable, for one thing. A few of his fellows achieve a certain measure of quiet by living along the recently reclaimed regions of the far East Side or in the inaccessible fastnesses of Riverside Drive. But as a type he is an extremist, and when he is not communing with nature is likely to be an incorrigible cockney, with a strong aversion to living where he cannot walk to his work. So he settles down, as a rule, in the so-called heart of things, in the midtown forties and fifties, where he can lie awake nights listening to the roar of the elevated, the squawk of unnumbered taxis, and the crash and rattle of the provision trucks coming in from the Long Island truck farms. He spends his days answering the scores of telephone calls that the New York Telephone Company relays to him with pitiless efficiency, and in imbibing the smells and coal dust of what must be by now one of the six dirtiest cities in the world. In time, of course, his nerves begin to go, and he flees.

EVEN the iron-nerved have, sooner or later, to flee, in any case. For while New York may very well be a gold-mine for the actor, author, or playwright, its prices are likewise those of any other mining-camp. Just how many millionaires actually live in the metropolis, nobody, outside the Income Tax Bureau, can estimate. Whatever the number, it must be infinitely smaller than what New York shopkeepers seem to think it is. It takes only a few years to convince the practitioner of the arts that he will be wise to make his money in New York and spend it elsewhere. Otherwise, unless he hides his loot in some safely distant spot, it will be taken from him faster than he can accumulate it.

There is another, less obvious reason why the artist finds New York a difficult place in which to pursue a career. The American skyscraper has much to recommend it, both practically and aesthetically; but no one who has not lived in a skyscraper city can possibly realize the literally crushing spiritual effect of these monstrous buildings in the mass. Actors and musicians and painters are not noted for excessive modesty and diffidence—naturally enough, since a healthy amount of egotism is indispensable in anyone who would successfully practice any art. But it is impossible to feel even reasonably indispensable to society, or even useful, when one's days are spent at the bottom of a canyon. Our famous zoning laws do succeed in letting enough air into the streets to keep the inhabitants from suffocating; but otherwise they do not help much. The fact that a canyon's walls slope back at an angle of twenty-five degrees instead of being perpendicular may be important to a geometrician. To the man at the bottom it is none the less a canyon. Nor do the architectural beauties of the skyscrapers on, say, Fifth Avenue, do much to mitigate their depressing effect. A man in jail may derive some initial comfort from the fact that his cell has an exquisite cornice; but after a few days he finds that he is still in a cell.

The artist who settles in New York, therefore, has a hard time keeping up the pretence that he is a devil of a fellow. The loud boastings that you hear in Gotham's actor—and writer—clubs are in reality only the frantic struggles of artists who are fighting off an inferiority complex. In the end they either succumb, and go to Hollywood, or go to the country and save their souls.

IN the last analysis, soul-saving is probably the chief motive—even if an unconscious one—of our country-bound *intelligentsia*. The bohemian proclivities of artists are really largely mythical. Bohemia is a country largely inhabited either by the very young and self-distrustful or the old and discouraged. Artist-colonies, as a rule, are a result of the huddle-instinct, the gathering together of people who are starving for mutual encouragement.

A youngster starts out to be, say, a painter or a poet. Naturally, unless he is a megalomaniac (in which case he is not likely to go very far), he is more than a little daunted by the magnitude of the task that he has undertaken. So, just as naturally, he frequents the haunts of other neophytes, in whose company he can—if he is good at interrupting—talk freely about himself without being laughed at and derive reassurance from the realization that he is not alone in his struggles. New York's Greenwich Village was not, as popularly assumed, a colony of conceited and immoral lunatics. It was an aggregation of frightened young mid-Westerners who wanted to be artists and who were afraid to go home in the dark. However ridiculous may be the antics and posturings of the inhabitants of the Latin Quarter, in Paris or no matter where, the instinct that created it is as unreasoning and right as the instinct that makes sheep huddle together in a snowstorm.

(Continued on page 82)

FREDERICK KEPPEL

Study of a Dancer—By Laura Knight

A Recent Example of the Distinguished Englishwoman's Studies of Backstage Life in the Theatre

THE lithograph reproduced here is one of the most interesting of Laura Knight's notable series of studies of the theatre. She has taken over from Degas a preoccupation with life backstage, but her presentation of it is obviously her own. She is foremostly interested in the human body as mass rather than as line; her use of rhythms is modified in the notation of the body in its unguarded and relaxed states. Most conspicuous of all is probably her generous handling of light and shade, her mastery of emphasis without ever lapsing into the melodramatic. Yet her figures, though themselves unbeautiful, are seen in beauty and this is the triumph that her art achieves. Laura Knight is today an important figure in the art of England and was elected in 1927 to the Royal Academy

In Philanderers' Fields

A Pastiche in Verse Rendering a Midnight in Chicago in the Seven Colours of the Poetical Spectrum

By J. BRYAN, III, & D. L. SUTRO

EDITOR'S NOTE: Although the year is still adolescent and there has been no contest, *Vanity Fair* makes no bones about entitling this its Prize Poem for 1929. The super-civilized scorn and esoteric paraphrases of Mr. T. S. Eliot and his followers have for long been the last word in delicate and desolated mockery, but these two gentlemen out of Chicago, U. S. A., presume to add a postscript. It is always a good and pleasant thing to see the biter bitten, particularly so superb a nipper as Mr. Eliot. *Vanity Fair* therefore commends *In Philanderers' Fields* to the world and especially to the contemporary school of poets.

I

Prelude to Misadventure

Opera-hatted and muffled in white,
black cravatted, malacca stick.
Port and starboard traffic light;
rush . . . crush . . . Michigan's thick.
Right dress down the rank!
Booted by Brooks and socked by Frank.
The moon sleeps sweet on yonder bank;

This is the House
Of Straus:
Hush!

Upon my *chapeau méchanique!*
Look at the furniture: *Dynamique!*
(*autres temps, autres meubles*)
Body-by-Fisher perambulator . . .

Keep cool
With a Calvinator.

Up the avenue
two by two;
Wacker Drive—
do wacker do!
Singular me,
pleural you.

Where is escape from solitude?
In damsel capably endued
For grain or grape discreetly brewed...

Luck located Quigley's
hospice near to Wrigley's
lividly illuminant
monument to ruminant
millions . . . billions . . .

Bear with me a little while,
a block and yet a block.
Sanctuary! sanctuary!
Give the double knock;
see the door unlock.

Ouvrez!
J'ouvrais
Vouvray
ou vrai
Trecate.
Lasciate
ogni speranza voi ch'entrate . . .

II

The Bar Sinister

Magi from the East, Chicago wise,
mistrust the triple star of Hennessey,
aware its ignis fatuus must lead
them unpredictably to Bethlehem
or Bedlam. Whiskey is Polaris, just,
true-fixt, and points a certain course to
sweet
incertitude. There is a pleasure, sure,
in being tight, which none but Titans
know.
Seneschal! Tapster! Tommy! Bring me
a whiskey
and soda cracker yourself-made man's
a man delighteth
me not so hot and cold running wild duck
and drake hotel me gentle maid in japan-
handle state street called straight from fac-
tory to you're another whiskey and soda
bed-fellowships that pass the buck in the
snowbirds of a feather your nestlé's food
and drink to me only a stableman's daugh-
ter fair thee welcome to our city of dreadful
night-watch the birdie three quick tricks to
double whiskey and soda.
When I imbibe liquor
das Ewig-Weibliche
wird mehr als goethische Mode.
Nur dass . . . wait a bit:
treasure trove!
a Danaë deserted or forgot
by Jove!
A Honey in
the honey-comb.
Kypris risen
from the foam.
Eve, Yseult
la Bretonne,
Ruby Keeler,
all in one.

Copper hair,
cleanly minted.
Lips, cheeks,
tulip-tinted.
Drowsy eyes.
Saucy nose.
louisebou-
langer clothes.
Topp, Du, Mitzerl? Ou Marie? No:
Ave Stella Maraschino!

She lifts the bubbles to her lips,
and smiles, and nods, and sips.

III

In Congress Assembled

Give me a June room,
Balloon Room, and you;
disarmingly charming—
alarmingly, too.
Look, quick! The Squandering Jew!
Gaudeamus, Isidore:
Unpolished on the polished floor.

This is no dancing floor, this savage place,
but some enchanted grove whose priestesses
invoke an ancient god with psalmodies
and sullen pulse of drums. On fierce embrace
and furious pursuit, the torches lace
their tresses in untissued tapestries.
Now summoned hooves crash through
the cypresses,
and fig leaves toss above a mocking face.

The trombones choke. Bulbs burst in sudden
bloom:
walls, mirorrs, tables, bottles recondense.
A match spurts saffron; paunchy men resume
their lush cigars and lusher blandishments.
(My nostrils flare to what capricious fume,
resurgent here above the frailer scents?)

You're the sleeve in my coffee,
sleeve in my *café au lait.*
Café au lait, au lit, au lay-ee!
(*tout aux tavernes est au fait*)
Come away, my *jolie, jolie fille:*
come away, come away . . .

Loveliest of knees my chérie now
deliver to the door.
I could not love thee, dear, so much
loved I not Ostermoor . . .

IV

Habeas Corpus

Will I respect you just as much?
Just as much! Twice as much!
Twice?
Thrice!
That's nice . . .
The night has a thousand ayes . . .

High Spots in a New York Season

An English Visitor Takes Back Some Metropolitan Memories to Suffice Him in His Dotage

By LOUIS GOLDING

THIS is to be a rosary, almost in the manner of the celebrated Mrs. Barclay. Each hour a pearl, each pearl a prayer. . . . It is in some such pious spirit that I wish to collocate upon a single string the most memorable hours or moments I have experienced during my four or five months of a New York visit which now draws to a close for me. I permit myself the indulgence because I shall very probably spend a season or two in Kurdistan, or Mombasa, before I am back again at the Crillon, having a *crêpe suzette* prepared at my elbow in a smother of blue flame; before I am back again at my favourite Automat, devilishly inserting a dime for a corned-beef sandwich. And by that time Eighth Avenue will be as smooth as the *Champs-Elysées* and Texas Guinan and John S. Sumner will have joined hands in the supervision of the public decencies and Mr. Walter Winchell of the *Graphic* will occupy the chair in the American Language at Columbia and . . .

But I do not wish to engage in prophecies. I want rather to go forth after *le temps perdu*, even so recently. I desire to string this rosary, so that when a nostalgia for the most brilliant of cities befalls me in Angora or Golder's Green, I shall be able to pass the beads through my fingers, saying:

This bead is Hope Williams, when she stalks forth masterfully from the green plush sofas in the last act of *Holiday*. "And try to stop me, someone!" she says, clenching her fists. "Oh please—someone try to stop me!" Her head juts forth from her shoulders like a football player going into a tackle.

THIS bead is a wet moment on Park Avenue at 3 A. M. when a car rounding the kerb puts on its brakes with such fury that it turns a complete somersault and the two lovers inside it become part of the tyres and the tanks.

This bead is a raid of the Federal Agents upon a party which is being celebrated aboard the *Ile de France*. There is such an air of stage management, of waiting for the cue, of the switching on of limelight, about the proceedings, that to the stranger it seems that he has misunderstood the whole situation. In a moment it all becomes clear to him. Prohibition is the new First National sport, and we're all in it. But Messrs. Volstead and Jones and Madame Willebrandt are its "Babe" Ruths and Peggy Joyces.

This bead is a moment in Brooklyn, when, facing the Manhattan skyline . . . (No, perhaps the closed season has arrived for the raptures of the visiting Englishman on the subject of the skyline; even though, each time he returns to it, it seems to him more preposterously magnificent, and something he has never seen before and cannot truly be seeing now. No, I promise no skyline moments).

At all events it may be deduced from these specimens that there is no sort of organic coherence or philosophical significance in the high spots I wish to record. What suspicious appetites for my maternal grand-aunt a really accomplished psycho-analyst would deduce from the series I am not competent, of course, to suggest. Why do these moments stand out in the fellow's consciousness, he might ask—these and not others? Why does he not recall the editorials in the New York *Times*, and the sermons of Dr. S. Parkes Cadman? If he did not read or hear them, why did he not?

Well, that is another matter, and a grave one. Here follow, at all events, the high spots

ALINE FRUHAUF

LOUIS GOLDING

An impression of Louis Golding, English writer, adventurer, and recent visitor to America. Mr. Golding has recently forsaken New York for relaxation in darkest Africa, coincident with but not necessitated by the publication of his latest novel, *The Prince or Somebody* in America

of my sojourn in New York, not arranged in order of moral value or in any sort of order at all, but as the nostrils of my mind scent them twitching tremulously.

Who is this that stands upon the rostrum, his hand upon his waist, his elbow inclined rather stylishly towards the first violin? And what are these strains that his wand evokes? We have heard them before? But this is the overture to *William Tell* by a certain Rossini. I assure you, good friends, you have *never* heard them before. Yes, this is Toscanini. This is *William Tell*. But the gentleman is thaumaturgic and converts those jaded strains into something so much more modern than Respighi or Honegger that those gentlemen sprout Early Victorian side-whiskers. It is as if Eddington and Einstein joined hands in a planetary gavotte, tumultuous with abstract thunders.

Here follows a high spot at Madison Square Garden. I am sitting, like the angel Israfel, in the remotest balcony. The crowd about me is as Sicilian as the dionysiac hordes which roared about me one night some years ago in the *fiera di pasqua* at Palermo. There is just such a roaring now, rhythmical and desperate, until the very fabric of the building seems to dilate and contract like a sea-valve. This is the night of the "Golden Gloves Inter-City Tourney" between the amateur boxers of New York and Chicago. It is almost as if a viewless Toscanini were directing another and more fearful music—short-arm jab like a plucking at the strings, right-arm swing like a triumphant movement on the 'cello, a swift uppercut like a sudden swirl on the oboe. Surely these two are badly matched, the huge Northman overtowering his Mediterranean rival by a whole grim head. Homer Maddux, we learn, is the crafty heavyweight from the gymnasium of Dave Barry and protégé of "Chicago" Mullen. The other, Signor Ficucello, is an Italian tractor mechanic with a heart bigger than his body, and a wallop. The omens are not favorable, O brother Sicilians! The bell rings. They advance to meet each other. Glove rests in glove. They are at each other, jaw and solar plexus. It is as if Goliath had the craft as well as the girth. And then at the white heart of the enormous violet darkness, a brown Sicilian arm shoots forward serene and deadly as a piston. Down goes Goliath and all the blonde hubris of the Norse races. Goliath rises. He goes down again. And then—so stout of heart he is—he rises again. And then Ficucello thrusts all the ardent and rocky heart of Sicily into one knock-out blow as classical as the temple at Segesta.

FOR a moment "Chicago" Mullen's protégé, lifted from his feet by the cataclysm which hurled itself up against the left point of his jaw, seems to float suspended. Then he falls, crumpled, as if it were the corpse of Hippolytus trampled by the wild white horses. Only half of the first round has gone by. Sicily seethes like the lava in Etna's craters.

Here follows a moment over in the prison at Sing Sing. (I know that Sing Sing is an hour's journey from New York. But I am forced to place a certain Sing Sing moment in this series, for the tabloid press has made us feel, despite all our awe and terror, that Sing Sing is properly to be considered as an annex to the amenities of Broadway. It made us feel that those miserable ones, Snyder and Gray, had put a stunt across, like the little boy hiding in the Zeppelin or a diver diving in flames into the East River; that the murder and execution had all been an extremely expensive frame-up designed for purposes of publicity and advertisement revenue.) Wherefore I record a moment at Sing Sing, queerly compounded of sweet sentiment and delicate humour. A prisoner behind his bars was cooing to a tiny moulting canary which he had been permitted to watch over. The canary's cage was always open; all day he flew about the great iron-grilled spaces and at night returned to his cage. That itself seemed food for an irony obvious but pretty. But the prisoner was more of a humourist than the canary. He was the vastest and most un-

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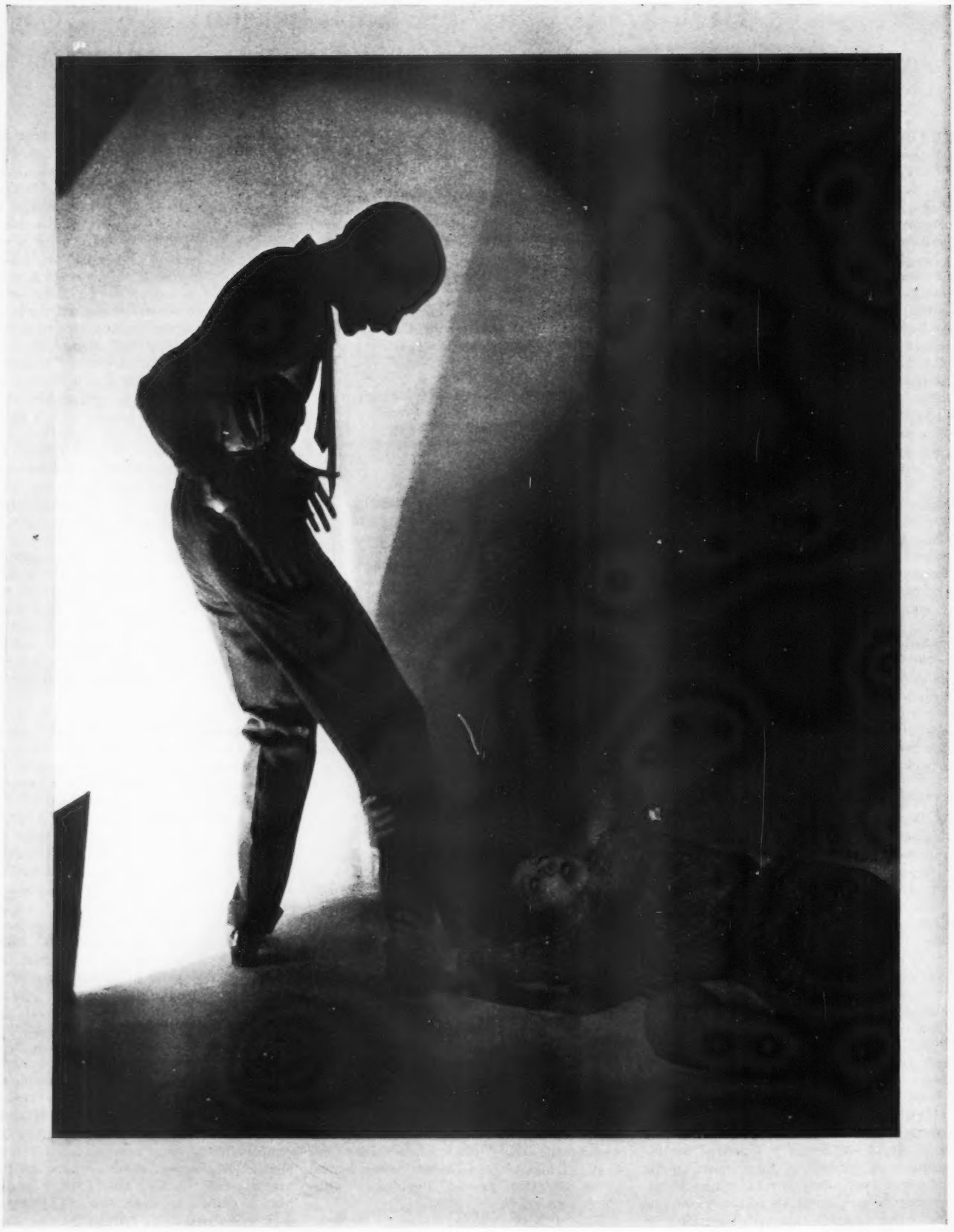

HOYNINGEN-HUENE

"Moanin' Low" in "The Little Show"

Clifton Webb and Libby Holman Interpret a Fantastic Blues in New York's New Intimate Revue

All the King's Chorus Girls

A Last Look at Some of the Musical Shows Which Have Graced the New York Stage This Season

By GILBERT W. GABRIEL

IT seems to be time for someone to cast benignly back among this year's musical comedies, revues, romantic operettas and song-circuses, and to pull out an occasional reflection on the present state of the lightly lyric drama. I have read lately that this task should not be undertaken by the drama critic; that it belongs, instead, to the consecrated expert in music. Nevertheless, I am drafted and must serve. I have collected collateral opinions from poetasters, ballet masters, beauty contest judges, grease-paint artists and stage carpenters, not to speak of several world renowned symphonists. I trust our quorum will be able to do justice to all the hips, quips and rhythmics essentially involved in a typical American Night's Entertainment.

Something like ten musical comedies have gone well in New York this season. Going well means going on for at least long enough to pay back their producers a half, say, of their outlay. Just why anybody bothers to produce a modern musical show in the lavish, brutally expensive way that modern musical shows seem to need to be produced, is a secret I fail to ferret. The matter of theatre-owners, backers, managers, brokers, is a bit too involved for present explanation—and too disheartening, too. We shall cling to the dream and let them worry about the business.

BUT how badly are they spoiling our dreams? One has to have attended a musical comedy in Paris, in Berlin or Vienna, to know. The New Yorker grunts and snickers when he goes to a Messager or Léhar piece at one of the complacent little folk theatres over there. He sees a small cast of undistinguished, over-avoirdupoised, usually over-aged principals, a bevy of at most eight broad-beamed chorus girls in costumes which Fourteenth Street would long ago have snubbed, scenery which has been apparently saved over from the Magdeburg or Toulons or Novgorod Fair of 1892 . . . and yet he has a good time. He'll seldom admit it, but he does.

Because for all that, he has usually heard excellent singing of excellent music by a species of artists which has made a life-long study of the ways, means and dictates of musical comedy. Artists who give their strict attention to each other, and to their lines and their co-operative merriment, and to the music they must put across for all the wit and grace and seductiveness there may be in it. Artists who never find it necessary to ogle the boxes or leer their asides at someone in Row A or air their stormy torsos toward the gallery. Something complete, something gracious, inhabits these poor little performances which simply will not come to roost in the vasty flesh-pots of musical comedy over here.

Go ahead and accuse me of talking through my trans-Atlantic yachting-cap. But we had an example of what I am mumbling for right here this past winter. A so-called Modern French Musical Comedy Company barnstormed us for a fortnight. They stayed on for more than twice that time, so well were they liked in a city notoriously cold to the general run of such foreign troupes. They certainly were not a great troupe, either. Every member among them had a touch of provincial venerability about him or her. Every backdrop they employed wore that patient look which only years of dusty sojourn in the warehouse can bestow.

But they did charming works for us; did them simply, shabbily, a little grimly—but all the while charmingly. Did them with spirit, instead of with a large orchestra. Did them with fine sense of the merry meanings of their solos, instead of with any chorus at all.

IN thanks for such economy, we all wrote reams about a possible return to chamber operetta, to *Cosi Fan Tutte* and its delightful old fellows. We certainly made a virtue of their necessity. We found ourselves wondering—for the first or the fifteenth time, depending on our capacity for wonder—just why things like *Fioretta* have to cost a quarter-million dollars to produce and then be so overpoweringly dull and ugly, have to play the royal elephant in comparison with this French fawn.

Fioretta, in case the tidings have not yet reached you, is Earl Carroll's coronation entry into the field of romantic musical comedy. There has been much of a reaction to these romantic musical comedies in the last few seasons. Arthur Hammerstein started it with *Rose-Marie*, *Golden Dawn* and the like. Ziegfeld came in with *Rosalie* and *The Three Musketeers* and—best of the best—*Show Boat*. The Shuberts are here with *The Red Robe*. But *Fioretta* out-romances them all. It is even more sumptuous and more sentimental than *The New Moon*. It is, to my lone way of thinking and growling, the biggest waste of somebody's money and everybody's time I have ever seen.

Sometimes they have the poor sense to call these heavily laden galleons "operettas". Sometimes they let them out as "music dramas"—shades of Richard of Bayreuth! Under any other identification most of them would be as hybrid. The current theory seems to be that one male drinking chorus and twenty fencing-foils make a laugh-tight operetta. Whereupon it is considered fitting and jolly to insert a couple of Broadway black-bottoms for the Illyrian peasant-girls and a snappy tap-dance for Cardinal Richelieu. In eighteenth-century Venice Fannie Brice gargled a gorgeous lot of Yiddish dialect about how "she can do all de t'ings vot Cleopatra dit" . . . and Fannie Brice being Fannie Brice, Got pless 'er, it was all right with me, if rather rough on Venice. By now even Fannie has fled from *Fioretta*.

We haven't sufficient self-sustainment to let romantic enough alone. *The New Moon* and *The Red Robe* are about as genuinely romantic as our musical comedies will come—and about as good, too. Cinderelephantine things like *Good Boy* come under the head of romance, too—but help themselves out mainly with the baby-talk tootlings of such favourites as Helen Kane and her successors.

No, thank you, it is the athletic element, not the romantic, that makes our musical comedy day. Ziegfeld was probably the first to realize this when he produced a golf extravaganza called *Kid Boots*. But since then the newcomers have laid their best bets on it.

One season Schwab and Mandel give us *Good News*, all about college football. The next they smash home again with *Follow Thru*, all to do with a country club tournament. Aarons and Freedley, having wasted their powers on anything so social as a treasure hunt, make riot with a musical comedy plot anent the ungentle art of prizefighting.

Thus do they satisfy the Frank Merriwell yearnings in us all. We can't quite see ourselves as *D'Artagnans*. But it's gloriously possible and easy (and infinitely more satisfying, too) to see ourselves as Bobby Joneses.

The plots are only half their schemes. The dialogues of these gridiron and golf-course libretti tear along crazily, cutting wide circles across the green, tumbling the story and the musical score and all in their haste to be boisterous, funny and terribly young again. They succeed. They catch their mood and hold it and make their audiences share it infinitely better than the so-called romances do. They are jolly at the top of their lungs. Before long you find you are the same.

IN England, where the rugby field is supposed to be a training-ground for future generals, some of the critics stopped their delicate ears against the fierce young hullabaloo of *Good News*. The fortissimo of our youth offended them. They echoed Max Beerbohm's famous caution to Huneker: "There, there, James, you're perfectly right, but you don't have to shout so loudly." Yet they shouted along.

Spring Is Here, a larkish sort of suburban pastoral with Rodgers-Hart songs and a lot of necking and ankling by the younger set, belongs in that class, too. It is not the best ever, but it works. Owen Davis made it up and over as a libretto. He did the same for *Lady Fingers* and lent *The Nervous Wreck* to *Whoopee*. Dramatic authors have been going over in squads to musical comedy construction. So, in whole regiments, have dramatic actors. Between the talkies and the musicals, it's a lame bird that stays at home nowadays among the plainly spoken plays.

Glenn Hunter, José Ruben, Reginald Owen, Effie Shannon, Lionel Atwell, any number of other artists long since established in the more or less serious drama, have been coaxed over to play stalkers among the chorus girls, reciters of songs in which they seem to want to confess from the start that they have no singing voices; rather ghostly and left-handed about how they should or shouldn't act in this strange land of lyrics

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Swords and Poses

A Story of Modern Hungary, Dealing With Echoes of Chivalry and Intimations of Immortality

By SANDOR VOROS

AN unexpected inheritance was its beginning; like an artichoke it concealed beneath its primary layer of good fortune an evil, and that in turn disguised another good, and that good an evil, and that evil a good: there was no end to it. How can one have the impudence to set the final period even at the end of this anecdote? The inheritance came to three thousand *kronen* (pre-war) and was the direct consequence of a tax-claim the Treasury had against the uncle of our hero, Lajos Horvath, enrolled in the census under the dubious epithet of "artist".

The uncle had come up to Budapest to settle the claim and, remembering his nephew, had decided to pay him a flying visit. He was past sixty then, a widower of about fifteen years' standing who, upon his wife's death, had turned religious and willed everything to the Church. When he arrived, his nephew was (for once) at work painting a nude. Though at first shocked and dismayed, the uncle would not permit his strong sense of the majesty of work to falter. He insisted that Lajos continue. When the painting had been finished, the old man heartily commended his nephew on his industry. His religious sense, he explained, had rarely received such a heartening as on beholding the pure abstractness with which Lajos had treated that unclad woman: certainly this was a sign of reform. The city seemed to have purified, rather than corrupted, Lajos, for well he remembered the time when . . .

Lajos blushed and offered up a silent thanksgiving that this visit had not taken place four months earlier, when Sari had first posed for him. Four months are a powerful inducement to the development of any desired degree of nonchalance.

THE uncle, however, returned home and made known to his neighbours the very natural pride he had come to take in his nephew. Innocent as this pastime seemed, it proved extremely unhealthy for the old man. To impress his listeners the more vividly with the saint-like spirituality of Lajos, he introduced a degree of colouring into his account, gradually pyramiding the number of lovely female nudes his nephew customarily painted all at once and simultaneously. The figure had reached fifty-seven and the uncle was limning the abstractness with which Lajos moved among them when a neighbour flatly contradicted him. The neighbour had no fault to find with the number, but he took exception to the abstractness. He knew Lajos. His opinion, so tactlessly expressed, found supporters. It seemed that others too knew Lajos. The uncle suffered a stroke in consequence and died—but not before he had changed his will in his nephew's favour.

Now Lajos was stricken with remorse and regret. Not on account of his uncle's death ("we all must go when our time comes"), but because he had had no previous intimation of the existence of the will. "How now will I ever know how it feels to be an heir-expectant?"

But the great problem lay in what disposition to make of his legacy. Had the amount been smaller, the problem would have solved itself. The money would simply have vanished in due course without any particular plan or attention. But three thousand *kronen* was (at that time) capital: it had to be treated with deference and consideration; one must plan for its future. Lajos had been a free-lance artist long enough to bear a scar or two. He was aware of the protracted struggle, the desperate uphill fight, the apparently insuperable obstacles, that lay in the path of the unknown artist. But what an impetus might not three thousand *kronen* give him and his fame? But does it pay to remain an artist? Would it not be wiser to go into business and become a millionaire? The more he thought of this, the more appealing the idea became. Yes, he concluded, a millionaire he would be; and forthwith he repaired to the Ritz, partly to celebrate this ingenious decision and partly to anticipate what his everyday life would be in future.

The opulence of this milieu, the excellence of the dinner and the wine, had their effect. He was about to congratulate himself on his wisdom in choosing the profession of millionaire when a depressing thought entered his mind. "Five years from today," he thought, "I shall be bored with all this," and the pathos of this eventuality brought tears to his eyes.

IT was at this moment that Zerghe noticed him and approached his table. Zerghe was an actor who had entered journalism and, being the only man on his paper with a wardrobe, he was made Society Editor. According to the owner of the paper, Zerghe was the highest paid man in Hungarian journalism, a distinction that comforted him noticeably in his struggle to survive on what he actually received. Zerghe, however, was not rancorous: he enjoyed being in society and simply shifted the hours of his meals: afternoon teas were his breakfasts, dinners his luncheons, and suppers his dinners. "What are you doing here?" Zerghe asked faintly. It was Lent and parties were scarce, so that his system had temporarily collapsed. Without waiting for an answer, he said, "Mind if I join you? I make it a rule never to eat alone," thinking it unimportant to mention the cause that gave rise to the rule.

Lajos did not mind. "Sit down," he said. Zerghe did so with alacrity. "Just bring me the duplicate of what this gentleman has ordered," he said quickly to the waiter. He did not even look at the proffered menu; he was far beyond caring about details. Not until he had finished eating, almost two hours later, did he betray any interest in conversation. When Lajos told him of the career he was about to engage in, Zerghe said, "Don't be a fool. You were born an artist, what you need is a patron. An artist without a patron is like a middle-aged married woman without a lover: unappreciated. Think of Szalay, Denes and Kuruca; they are no more talented than you, yet they are rich and famous because they belong to society. You must follow their example. Social life pays; see what it has done for me."

Lajos looked and saw that Zerghe appeared extremely well-fed; material well-being fairly irradiated from him. He was convinced and at once put himself in Zerghe's hands. His début was well timed. Art was again becoming fashionable and he was well received. Hardly a month had passed when he received the patronage of Mme. Chillagh *née* Juczy de Kalnay, who consented to have her portrait painted. Depending only on the success of that, there were other orders in view and Lajos was fairly on the high road to fame when he made the mistake of falling in love with his subject.

Mme. Chillagh *née* Juczy de Kalnay came from an old aristocratic family. To come from an old aristocratic family does not necessarily indicate a strict observance of the moral code; unfortunately in her case it did. At the age of twenty-two her aristocratic and, by the usual corollary, impoverished family had married her off to Chillagh, an industrial magnate twenty-five years her senior, whose parvenu birth was not a liability sufficient to cancel his awe-inspiring bank account. Mme. Chillagh was all that her husband had bargained for. She entertained often and the best people were not above coming to her affairs. She was respectability incarnate, and she was merely bewildered by Lajos' ardour.

Lajos knew women well enough to realize the impossibility of the situation. One effort he made nevertheless, an effort quite unpremeditated and altogether unaccountable. On her last sitting, the canvas being nearly finished, Juczy came without the heavy brocaded robe she usually wore, dressed instead in a light summer dress. Lajos found himself unable to concentrate on his work. Juczy's mind was wandering too; she fell out of her pose. Lajos did the unforgivable: he kissed her. Juczy in turn did the unimaginable: she let him. The moment was so innocent, so unstaged and pastoral, that Lajos had no opportunity to take even the most rudimentary precautions. The door was not locked and doom came marching through it less than a minute later. It appeared in the person of Major de Kalnay, Juczy's brother, and was not unassisted: her husband was with him.

THE Major had come to town for the races and called for his brother-in-law. Chillagh loathed sports in any form but he knew that to confess a lack of the sporting spirit predicated social ostracism. On their way they passed Lajos' studio and the Major thought it would be pleasant to bring Juczy along. They came in without knocking; this too was the Major's idea—for a Hussar he was full of ideas—he had wanted to surprise her. He succeeded admirably.

In love, as in everything else, it is all a matter of experience. When Juczy saw her husband and brother entering the room in the wake of her surrender to temptation, she was convinced

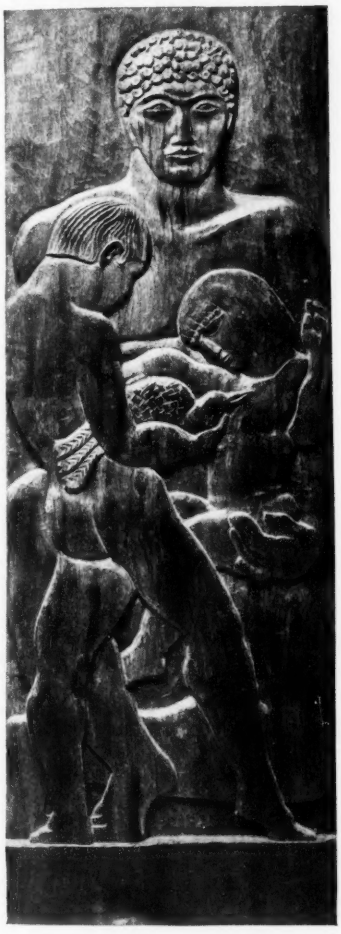
(Continued on page 98)

(Left)
HEAD OF A GIRL

This example of William Zorach's art is in marble and life size. In his work in wood Zorach has taken over an ancient device of wood-carvers: working in *lignum vitae*, a wood with a black core or heart and an outer part of a light oak colour, he has perfected the utilization of the black center to form an illusion of a dress on the figure

(Below)
TWO CHILDREN

Zorach's omniferous versatility leads him to work in every conceivable kind of material. This group is in mahogany and is about half life size. Zorach held an exhibition last year at the Kraushaar Gallery and this year his works have been on display at the Downtown Gallery



(Above)
PANEL RELIEF I

This wooden panel in high relief is carved from Brazilian Walnut. The head of the man and the treatment of the figures of the two children are reminiscent of the austerity of Egyptian art. In this, as in all his work, William Zorach presents his subjects not in attitudes of listless grace, but of absorbed intentness

(Above)
PANEL RELIEF II

This high relief in wood of a woman and child forms, with the other on the page, the two sides of a door, and suggests a tenet of William Zorach's craftsmanship: to functionalize art whenever possible. He treats the surfaces of his works in wood so that, unlike metal, they acquire a glowing tactile beauty

Sculptures by William Zorach

Some Recent Examples of the Russo-American's Work in Marble, Mahogany and Walnut

THE archaic tones in the sculptures of William Zorach suggest this artist's primary striving for the opulence of a direct experience. His works are emotionally and sensuously conceived, they are plastic organizations of vitalized flesh. It is indicative of much in his approach to his subjects that he prefers to work directly on the final material, on stone or on wood, rather than to surrender a model to the foundry for reproduction in bronze. His exuberant sensuality transforms everything he touches into the rich patterns of a passionate craftsman pre-occupied with the forms of living things and the business of translating them into sculpture. Born forty years ago in Russia, Zorach came to America when he was four years old and has studied at the National Academy in New York and in Paris. He began as a painter but turned in mid-career to the art of sculpture, a medium in which he has discovered his real power and authority. His work is notable for its avoidance of the pretty and sentimental, as well as for the artist's choice of beautiful materials, almost exclusively of the varieties of wood and stone

The Perfect Mask

A Disconcerting Episode in an Evening of Polite Make-Believe Arranged by Two Strangers

By MICHEL CORDAY

IT was indubitable that the host and hostess, the manufacturer Dinval and his wife, had gone to a great deal of trouble in arranging their party.

Certainly it was no mean task to transform the most sumptuous salon into a sordid drinking den. But they had had a clever idea, and all these changes were necessary for the kind of entertainment which they had planned for: an apache evening.

All the men were to be disguised as gunmen, prowlers, street loafers, and all the women dressed in keeping. And they were to dance in a room fitted out like a questionable cabaret.

The plan had been followed down to the last detail. The furniture, pictures, chandeliers, carpets and curtains had been removed. The rich tapestries had given place to a miserable wallpaper which was covered in turn with coloured pictures and torn advertisements. On the floor, sawdust. In the windows, the bare glass. The classic "zinc" gleamed at the end of the room. Rude benches and straw stools were placed around narrow, heavy tables. The servants were disguised in the appropriate uniforms of the waiters in a wine shop.

Since ten o'clock autos had been filing past the charming *hôtel* which the Dinvals occupied near their factory at Vaugirard. Figures muffled in cloaks descended from the carriages, crossed the pavement rapidly, and were swallowed up in the shadows of the porch.

IN the realistic setting of the den, under the sour, dim light of three gas jets, there was soon a jumble of greasy caps and glistening *chignons*. It is hard to imagine with what ease a gentleman is transformed into a tough, and a woman of the *haut monde* into a streetwalker.

The mugs of mulled wine went to the people's heads. Some men were smoking pipes to be more in keeping with the scene. Groups formed around rollicking quadrilles and men dancing alone vertiginously. And in particular, the guests were on the watch for new arrivals, greeting them with laughter and bravos.

They were like so many living charades. Who was that? Everyone would try to guess the real personalities beneath the rags, the wigs, the clayish pallor of the men and the excessive rouge of the women. There would be a moment of reflection, of partial silence. Then someone would find the right name, and there would be a new explosion of merriment.

Some guests who had not been able to disguise themselves, or had not cared to, appeared in evening dress. But they were hooted copiously. Yet they contributed to the picturesqueness. The trim tie, the white shirt-front with pearl buttons, served to emphasize the drabness and ugliness of the predominant part of the company.

Certain entries met with frank success. The company gave an ovation to three street singers, two men and a woman, who were as shabby as could be desired, and who reeled off the stanzas of their ballads in languid voices. *Sous* and silver pieces rained into the dingy felt hat, stiff with dirt, which was held out by the oldest of the three pitiable artists, an aged, unsteady man with a yellowish beard.

And the amusement redoubled when they recognized a young and very wealthy banker beneath these cheap ornaments and false wrinkles.

But the really great triumph went to two apaches who entered with a victim, on the stroke of midnight.

These two young men had attained perfection. They had been so conscientious in their make-up as to go without shaving for over a week, and to trim down their moustaches until nothing was left but two little commas under the nose. Avoiding too obvious glitter and exaggeration in colour, they had got their effect by sheer simplicity of means.

They literally oozed crime. They were the incarnation of vice.

Hard-faced, catlike in their movements, they were dragging a kind of loose-jointed manikin, each of them holding a hand under one of his arms. He was wrapped in an overcoat which was tightly buttoned, with its collar turned up. The high hat, shaped like an accordion, was pulled down over his eyes. His head fell forward on his breast. His arms were limp, and his feet scraped along the ground.

At first this gloomy apparition was wildly acclaimed.

Then came the moment of reflection when the usual question went about: "Who are they? Who are they?" The question elicited no answer. But the same thing had happened before in the course of the evening. The number of guests was known only to the host. Some people who were curious turned to him and asked:

"Who are they?"

Knitting his brows, Dinval examined the newcomers attentively. He tried to pierce their disguise. Then he shook his head doubtfully and declared in an irritated and irresolute voice:

"No, no . . . I cannot tell."

Nevertheless, the frightful group was making its way through the crowd, who instinctively stood aside as they passed. The sight was too arresting, even a bit disconcerting. The two young men maintained their mute impassiveness. From time to time the hat threatened to fall from the manikin's dangling head, and one of them would knock it back into place. Someone said:

"Their hands. . . . Have you seen their hands?"

Many of the guests, it is true, had reddened or soiled their hands to heighten the realism of their disguise, but in shape and dimensions they remained the same respectable hands. Whereas these mysterious apaches were brandishing monstrous deformed claws with short broad fingers.

THEN the rumour spread that Dinval himself did not recognize them.

The question, "Who are they?" now assumed a tone which was subdued but resonant with uneasiness. Eyes grew round. The faces of the women paled beneath their paints. The atmosphere, thickened by the pipe smoke and the fumes of the mulled wine, became oppressive. An ominous silence settled over the entire hall.

Then Dinval, leaning against the counter, declared in a loud voice:

"I am going to ask them their names."

At the other end of the hall, the two apaches had now finished their march. They had carefully placed their victim on a chair. The manikin, his arms hanging, his chin on his chest, his hat over his eyes, and his stomach protruding, had slumped into the posture of a man asleep.

Then the two young men stood back to admire their handiwork, mingling with the others who were pressing closely around the "dupe."

Then one of the guests, bolder and more inquisitive than the others, a bit drunk perhaps, knocked off the accordion hat. Immediately a hundred voices cried out in horror. The face of a corpse had been revealed. . . . Someone unbuttoned his coat. The shirt was stained with blood. . . .

When they looked for the two apaches, they had disappeared.

RESURRECTION

By HELEN CHOATE

WHEN Gabriel's final clarion
Pronounces resurrection,
And dead men roll aside their stones
And grope their way into the air,
The new flesh awkward on old bones,—
For all the fine angelic strains
I think there will be pains to bear:
The bright blood tunneling numb veins,
The brain assaulted by a flood
Of beauty to be understood,
The heart—a thousand years at rest—
Battering the brittle breast.

I see them looking back a scant
Puzzled moment, hesitant,
Under the never-setting sun
Remembering oblivion,
Wishing—happy risen men—
The quick might be the dead again;

As I, beloved, yesterday
Wished you had not passed my way.

HOYNINGEN-HUENE

Rudy Vallée Raises His Voice

The Young Orchestra Leader Has Rapidly Become the Jazz Idol of the Current Season

ANOTHER college boy who could play the saxophone, Rudy Vallée, and his Yale Collegians were, a few years ago, the pride of the campus. But it was not one of the successes which stretch on after the baccalaureate. A college student coming to New York was lucky to get a job with Vincent Lopez and later with Ben Bernie. But the amateur spirit prevailed and Mr. Vallée gathered his band from its post-graduate activities and became orchestra leader, singer, saxophonist and clarinet player extraordinary to Don Dickerman at the Heigh-Ho Club. Rudy Vallée is an unusual figure among popular idols. He has none of the dash or rhythm of the usual jazz player. His voice is gentle and crooning. He makes no attempts to "put over" a song in the accepted fashion—a reaction, perhaps, to the concentrated pep which we have grown to expect of jazz leaders. Rudy Vallée is the talk of the town. He has been appearing at the Palace and Paramount theatres, and the radio and gramophone have so broadcast his efforts, that he has gathered enough fame to satisfy even a male cinema star

Small Town Notes

Thoughts on the Seasons, and the Moods of Spring—All of Which Accounts for a Story

By SHERWOOD ANDERSON

SPRING'S coming does something to people in small towns. It is a little hard to define. In some years Spring, in all the central parts of America, breaks cold, raw and wet. We all live in a violent climate.

It grows warm about the middle of April. The warm sun comes out and there are a few warm rains.

As I write this the wild flowers are coming out in the woods. I will not attempt to list them, being no naturalist.

There are white ones that nod in the wind; others cling to stones on hillsides; others thrive in the deep wood.

Now also the fruit trees are putting forth blossoms. Farmers are plowing and town people are going fishing.

Everyone wants to be outdoors. It is wonderful now to be young and to be in love. What is lovely in nature, in the Spring, is ten times more lovely if felt through another.

Now lovers who go out in automobiles do not talk much.

A young boy sits beside a girl dumbly. They hold hands and look out across the country. I am taking it for granted they have driven up to some high hill. The hill may be above the very town in which they live.

WELL, we are making this picture—let us go on with it. I like to think there is also a cemetery on the hill. There are new graves there. In a town a good many old people seem to like to die just before the Spring comes.

There will be no deaths for weeks and then, suddenly, many deaths. You may well fancy it is like this. A lot of older people have just been holding onto life for a long time. Disease is eating at them. They hold on and hold on.

Then suddenly they let go. They die.

There are new graves scattered over the hill. You see little mounds of fresh earth.

To the left, around a hill from the town, a valley opens out. An apple orchard is in the valley and climbs up a hillside.

A road goes down the valley and winds and twists out of sight among distant hills. Many of the hills are wooded and now show a faint flush of green—the Spring coming up there too.

Along the valley road there are houses. Working people must live down there. The houses are small, poor little things but they look nice and comfortable from this distant spot.

On the hillsides open plowed fields—houses far away up along the valley, clinging to hillsides. How nice houses are thus clinging to hillsides.

We were speaking of young people in an automobile on such a hill, on such a Spring day. I would rather not have the sun shining. A warm mist-drizzle of rain, grey mist lying far up the valley. In such an atmosphere the colours come out more strongly. The wetness acts like varnish on the fading canvas of a painter.

I see many such couples in the Spring and Summer in my town and on the roads about town and others must see them too.

I know how they talk. People are always speaking of the younger generation, shaking their heads. "They do so and so. Isn't it terrible?"

They can't be doing that all the time.

I am very sure sometimes they are just silent, clinging to each other's hands, dumb, tender-hearted.

Because everything is so lovely sometimes and they are not.

Who can be as lovely as the Spring—or the Autumn, or the Summer, or the Winter?

HUMAN relationships are very difficult. It is hard even to have a friend of your own sex, to get at all close to your own son, or your own daughter.

Or a wife—someone you live all the time with, in a house, eat breakfast with, sit with in the evening.

There are men, and women too, who think such a life isn't respectable. They say, "It can't be done. I have to dull something in myself to pull it off."

And the other one growing dull, too—a person you once thought lovely growing less lovely. Who wants anything to grow less lovely?

Do they think of such things, all these people you see in a town? What do people feel, young people, sitting out on hillsides as I have described them—in Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter days?

Ralph Richardson has just been in here, in my room, talking to me. He is a young man. He clerks in a hardware store.

Sometimes people begin talking strangely. I do not know this man so well.

Yesterday it rained. Ralph says he went, in the afternoon, to deliver some goods to a farmer, four miles from town. I am writing now in early Summer. A moment ago I was writing of Spring. I presume that what I am trying to convey is a sense of the effect of nature on people.

Moods, in the Spring, in the Autumn, in the Summer, in the Winter—moods in nature, in everything, carried into people.

Ralph came home from delivering these goods, he says, in the early evening. It kept on raining—softly, quietly. He put his truck away.

He said it was an open truck and he was wet through. On the way home he had stopped on a hill.

A valley had opened out before his eyes.

Our town lies at the foot of the valley.

So he came on in, got on dry clothes, had his dinner. He turned the radio on. He read the newspaper.

His children went to bed.

He was sitting alone with his wife. They were about to go to bed. Suddenly he got ashamed.

Why?

It is a puzzling question.

He told his wife he had forgotten something at the store, wanting to get away from her.

You are to understand he has just been telling me all this. I am only writing down what he said. He has been talking to me for thirty minutes perhaps and has just gone out.

He came into this room, where I am sitting now, joked a little, had a cigarette with me and began to talk.

He said, in substance, that last night, suddenly, he was ashamed that he was not finer, in some way more dignified and nice in the eyes of his wife, and that she was not more lovely in his eyes.

He made an excuse and went down-town.

The town was nearly all closed up. There were a few men in the drug store. He went in there. Our druggist does not sell whiskey on doctor's prescriptions. The druggist could get the privilege from the government by applying.

He would make a good deal of money.

Lots of people in town would be sore if he did it. He would lose some trade.

Would he gain or would he lose? They were discussing this question in the drug store. Some of the men in there were advising the druggist to do it while others were advising him to let it alone.

The point is that Ralph Richardson listened a moment and went out feeling queer, he says, feeling lonely, feeling ashamed.

For himself and everyone else.

THE whole of the business part of town was quite dark. He walked about, he says, in several streets.

He was noticing things. There was a porch of a house, about to fall down. There was a lilac bush in a yard. There was a cat creeping along a fence.

And so and so. He got into the lower end of town. There was a light in a window, upstairs in a building.

It was a lawyer's office. Ralph said he knew the man. He went up there.

The lawyer was making out papers for a divorce.

That was all of that.

The lawyer was making out papers and he talked a little about the case.

A man had been up to something. He had gone creeping into another man's house and had got caught.

The woman in the other man's house was about to have a child.

Her husband asked her—"Is it my child or is it his?"

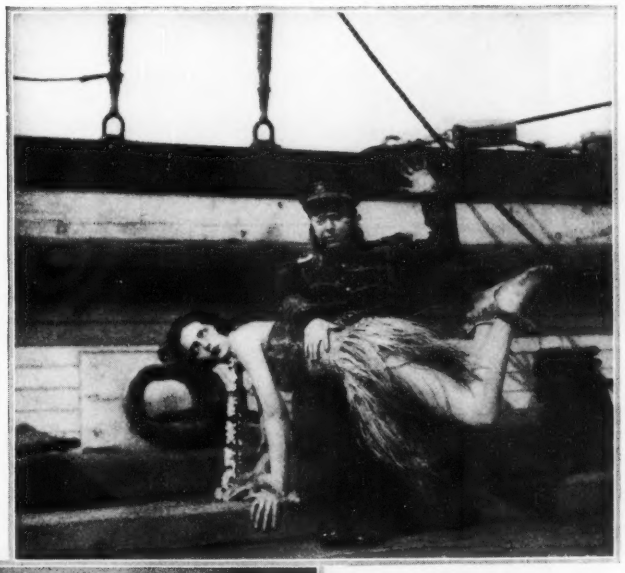
She was defiant. "It is his child and I will have other children by him if I please. I will have as many children by him as I want to have. I love him, not you."

Just that—Ralph Richardson, who told me all this, and the lawyer, a man I do not know, speaking of it.

Ralph says they got to talking. "A lot of

(Continued on page 110)

CAP'N'S DAUGHTER
"Just stick to your desk," Capt. Ezra Triplett (Heywood Broun) instructs his attentive daughter June, who is seated at the wheel of her father's boat, "and never go to sea, and *you'll* write an autobiographee . . ."



OUT OF THE PAST
Dr. Walter E. Traprock (George Chappell), famous owner of the *Kawa*, Capt. Triplett's first command, is discovered still living blissfully on the Virgin Isles. "Kawa me back to old Virgin-ny," sings Traprock dreamily

HARD ASTERN
Kindly old Britches (in private life none other than Frank Sullivan) has just discovered June in a compromising costume, and is forced against his will to administer maritime punishment

THE FLEET'S IN
In this happy group, Olaf Olsen (Donald Ogden Stewart) and Sedlitz, an old salt from Epsom (Harold Ross) are entertaining two native Virgins (Neysa McMein and Elizabeth Cobb Chapman)

(Right)
"LOOOO-OOOK OUT!"
And high in the mizzen-poop jibs'l our lovely heroine (Miss Annie Laurie) scans the horizon anxiously for the first approach of another hurricane, such as Lincoln Colcord. "Censorship ahoy!" she cries

NAUTICAL BUT NICE
What is a sea-story without romance? Here our hero, Knut Hansom (Reinald Werrenrath) declares his devout, albeit strictly platonic, admiration for the Captain's daughter. "And I," he sighs, "a lowly tar . . ."

Who's Who in "Salt Water Taffy"

A Few of the Characters Who Illustrate Corey Ford's Parody of Joan Lowell's "Cradle of the Deep"

THE photographs on this page advertise an event that would do credit to the genius of Joan Lowell or Baron Munchausen or the *Graphic's* scoop on the adventures of Sindbad the Sailor. For little June Triplett, daughter of that Captain Ezra Triplett immortalized in *The Cruise of the Kawa* many years ago, has sailed into the rotogravure sections and proved for all time that Joan Lowell's cerise yarn of her dream-life at sea is not the last word in literarily latitudinous marine autobiography. Little June Triplett's reminiscences, guaranteed to contain more imaginative embroidery than any other true-story on the market, are now available to the idle and the curious in any bookshop, under the title of *Salt Water Taffy;* or *Twenty Thousand Leagues Away From the Sea*. And on this page *Vanity Fair* is privileged to reproduce for the first time exclusive photographs (the camera cannot lie) of a few members of the distinguished crew. June's book, it may be mentioned in passing, is dedicated with consummate tact "to Corey Ford, who encouraged me by writing this autobiography for me"

MAURICE GOLDBERG

Ruth Page—Première Danseuse at Ravinia

The Young American Ballerina Is Dancing During the Chicago Summer Opera Season

IN a dancing career which has taken her from the Colon Opera in Buenos Aires to the Music Box Revue and from the Metropolitan to the Imperial Theatre in Tokio, Ruth Page has made a reputation as one of the few Americans to achieve success in operatic ballet. She is at the moment in Chicago, as the *première danseuse* of the Ravinia company which, each year under the aegis of Louis Eckstein, publisher and philanthropist, offers a full operatic season out-of-doors. It was in Chicago that Miss Page first became known for her performance in John Alden Carpenter's *The Birthday of the Infanta* and for the last four seasons she has returned there each summer. After two years as solo dancer at the Metropolitan she went last fall to Japan, where she appeared in the special programs to celebrate the coronation of the Emperor, and danced her way through Java, Siam and India before returning to America for the current season

Sex Appeal

An Enlightening Essay Concerning a Phrase Which Everybody Knows and Nobody Understands

By D. H. LAWRENCE

IT is a pity that *sex* is such an ugly little word. An ugly little word, and really almost incomprehensible. What *is* sex, after all? The more we think about it, the less we know.

Science says it is an instinct: but what is an instinct? Apparently an instinct is an old, old habit that has become ingrained. But a habit, however old, has to have a beginning. And there is really no beginning to sex. Where life is, there it is. So sex is no "habit" that has been formed. Again, they talk of sex as an appetite, like hunger. An appetite: but for what? An appetite for propagation? It is rather absurd. They say a peacock puts on all his fine feathers to dazzle the pea-hen into letting him yearn for propagation. But why should the pea-hen not put on fine feathers, to dazzle the peacock, and satisfy *her* desire for propagation? She has surely quite as great a desire for eggs and chickens as he has. We cannot believe that her sex-urge is so weak that she needs all that blue splendour of feathers to rouse her. Not at all. As for me, I never even saw a pea-hen so much as look at her lord's bronze and blue glory. I don't believe she ever sees it. I don't believe, for a moment, that she knows the difference between bronze, blue, brown or green. If I had ever seen a pea-hen gazing with rapt attention on her lord's flamboyancy, I might believe that he had put on all those feathers just to "attract" her. But she never looks at him. Only she seems to get a little perky when he shudders all his quills at her, like a storm in the trees. Then she does seem to notice, just casually, his presence.

THESE theories of sex are amazing. A peacock puts on his glory for the sake of a wall-eyed pea-hen who never looks at him. Imagine a scientist being so naïve as to credit the pea-hen with a profound, dynamic appreciation of a peacock's colour and pattern. Oh, highly aesthetic pea-hen!

And a nightingale sings to attract his female. Which is mighty curious, seeing he sings his best when courtship and honeymoon are over, and the female is no longer concerned with him at all, but with the young. Well then, if he doesn't sing to attract her, he must sing to distract her, and amuse her while she's sitting.

How delightful, how naïve theories are! But there is a hidden will behind them all. There is a hidden will behind all theories of sex; implacable. And that, strangely enough, is the will to deny, to wipe out the mystery of beauty. Because beauty is a mystery. You can neither eat it nor make flannel out of it. Well then, says science, it is just a trick to catch the female and induce her to propagate. How naïve! As if the female needed inducing. She will propagate in the dark, even—so where then is the beauty trick?

Science has a mysterious hatred of beauty, because it doesn't fit in the cause-and-effect chain. And society has a mysterious hatred of sex, because it perpetually interferes with the nice money-making schemes of social man. So the two hatreds made a combine, and sex and beauty are mere propagation-appetite.

Now sex and beauty are one thing, like flame and fire. If you hate sex you hate beauty. If you love *living* beauty, you have a reverence for sex. Of course you can love old dead beauty and hate sex. But to love living beauty you must have a reverence for sex.

Sex and beauty are inseparable, like life and consciousness. And the intelligence which goes with sex and beauty, and arises out of sex and beauty, is intuition. The great disaster of our civilisation is the morbid hatred of sex. What, for example, could show a more poisoned hatred of sex than Freudian psycho-analysis?—which carries with it a morbid fear of beauty, "alive" beauty, and which causes the atrophy of our intuitive faculty and our intuitive self. The deep psychic disease of modern men and women is the diseased, atrophied condition of the intuitive faculties. There is a whole world of life that we might know and enjoy by intuition, and by intuition alone. This is denied us, because we deny sex and beauty, the source of the intuitive life and of the insouciance which is so lovely in free animals and in plants.

SEX is the root of which intuition is the foliage, and beauty the flower. Why is a woman lovely, if ever, in her twenties? It is the time when sex rises softly to her face, as a rose to the top of a rose-bush.

And the appeal is the appeal of beauty. We deny it wherever we can. We try to make the beauty as shallow and trashy as possible. But, first and foremost, sex appeal is the appeal of beauty.

Now beauty is a thing about which we are so uneducated, we can hardly speak of it. We try to pretend it is a fixed arrangement: straight nose, large eyes, etc. We think a lovely woman must look like Lillian Gish, a handsome man must look like Rudolph Valentino. So we *think*. In actual life, we behave quite differently. We say: she's quite beautiful, but I don't care for her. Which shows we are using the word *beautiful* all wrong. We should say: she has the stereotyped attributes of beauty, but she is not beautiful to *me*.

Beauty is an *experience*, nothing else. It is not a fixed pattern or an arrangement of features. It is something *felt*, a glow, or a communicated sense of fineness. What ails us is that our sense of beauty is so bruised and blunted, we miss all the best. But to stick to the films—there is a greater essential beauty in Charlie Chaplin's odd face than ever there was in Valentino's. There is a bit of true beauty in Chaplin's brows and eyes, a gleam of something pure. But our sense of beauty is so bruised and clumsy, we don't see it, and don't know it when we do see it. We can only see the blatantly obvious, like the so-called beauty of Rudolph Valentino, which only pleased because it satisfied some ready-made notion of handsomeness.

But the plainest person can look beautiful, can *be* beautiful. It only needs the fire of sex to rise delicately, to change an ugly face to a lovely one. That is really sex appeal: the communicating of a sense of beauty. And in the reverse way, no one can be quite so repellent as a really pretty woman. That is, since beauty is a question of experience, not of concrete form, no one can be as acutely ugly as a really pretty woman. When the sex-glow is missing, and she moves in ugly coldness, how hideous she seems, and all the worse for her externals of prettiness.

What sex is, we don't know, but it must be some sort of fire. For it always communicates a sense of warmth, of glow. And when the glow becomes a pure shine, then we feel the sense of beauty.

We all have the fire of sex slumbering or burning inside us. If we live to be ninety, it is still there. Or, if it dies, we become one of those ghastly living corpses which are unfortunately becoming more numerous in the world. Nothing is more ugly than a human being in whom the fire of sex has gone out. You get a nasty clayey creature whom everybody wants to avoid.

But while we are fully alive, the fire of sex smoulders or burns in us. In youth it flickers and shines, in age it glows softer and stiller, but there it is. We have some control over it; but only partial control. That is why society hates it. While ever it lives, the fire of sex, which is the source of beauty and anger, burns in us beyond our understanding. Like actual fire, while it lives it will burn our fingers if we touch it carelessly. And so social man, who only wants to be "safe", hates the fire of sex.

LUCKILY not many men succeed in being merely social men. The fire of the old Adam smoulders. And one of the qualities of fire is that it calls to fire. Sex-fire here kindles sex-fire there. It may only rouse the smoulder into a soft glow. It may call up a sharp flicker. Or it may rouse a flame: and then flame leans to flame, and starts a blaze.

Whenever the sex-fire glows through, it will kindle an answer somewhere or other. It may only kindle a sense of warmth and optimism. Then you say: I like that girl, she's a real good sort.

It may kindle a glow that makes the world look kindlier, and life feel better. Then you say: She's an attractive woman; by Jove, I like her. Or she may rouse a flame that lights up her own face first, before it lights up the universe. Then you say: She's a lovely woman. She looks lovely to me.

Let's say no more.

It takes a rare woman to rouse a real sense of loveliness. It is not that a woman is born beautiful. We say that to escape our own poor, bruised, clumsy understanding of

(Continued on page 96)

An Inclusive Tour of New York's Restaurants

A Round of Our Popular Eating Places and Some Good Customers

As Seen by
COVARRUBIAS

(Top Right)
IN THE WEST FORTIES

This is in Beppo's speak-easy which has been running, un-padlocked, for five years. Among the clientele we see, at right, Walter Waggle whose girl-friend has failed to appear. Nearby, Mr. Mintz, who offers practical consolation to his companion, threatened with dispossess proceedings, and the editorial board of a publisher's office

AT THE FOUNTAIN

Gladys lunches every day at the soda counter attached to the office building in which she earns her modest stipend. Her regular malted milk and cheese sandwich are dry and tasteless today, due to the absence of Eddie, the red-haired ministrant and arch-kidder of honest working girls. "What," thinks Gladys, "is lunch without love?"

BETWEEN FARES

Hopping from his "Yellow", Jerry, the taxi driver, lumbers into the automat to unlock a simple menu from the glittering storage vaults. His gloomy air is caused by the fact that he has just had to change a tire during a heavy rain, in which operation he has acquired a sore thumb. This makes automatic feeding a difficult, painful process

AT THE COLONY

Marcus and Mildred are making polite whoopee. This consists of dining at nine-thirty in company with twelve waiters and a *maitre d'hôtel*. After coffee they will move on to the Ritz Roof in time for one stately dance. This closes their act for the evening, for, what with entertaining each other, they are too exhausted for words

CHINOISERIE

Gastronomically, our metropolitan chop suey gardens are the last word in Far Eastern Relief. Fred and Hattie often stop in at Ching Foo's gilt and lacquered salon before taking a late subway to the fastnesses of the Bronx. They sup on split bamboo salad, with a cup or two of some pale but potent Oriental beverage on the side which seems to slow up Fred's work at the office, but has little effect on Hattie

TEA ROOMERS

In the dashingly decorated basement inhabited by Ye Pink Parrot Crumpet Shoppe, Mesdames Gruber and Kildare are toying with the microscopic portions of chicken and peas which make a sixty-cent luncheon possible . . or the reverse. The food is terrible but, to be honest, these good ladies patronize the place because the ladylike management is mysteriously able to supply cocktails which brighten them up

The Usual Thing

Wherein an Ambitious Wife Who Loved Luxurious Living Finds Herself in a Perplexing Dilemma

By FRÉDÉRIC BOUTET

HAVING passed her fiftieth year, and having long since abandoned all personal pretensions to love, *Mme.* Lacombe, a childless widow with a comfortable income, had only one aim in life, and this was meddling with the love affairs of others. Her one passion, however, was all-embracing. She liked to make and unmake marriages, to advise young women and to offer the benefits of her experience to her vast circle of acquaintances.

One morning, while she was painting her cheeks, and generally repairing her ravaged features, the maid announced *Mme.* Valier.

"Ask her to come into the bedroom."

In spite of her corpulence, *Mme.* Lacombe rushed nimbly forward to meet her visitor—a dark-haired young woman with a candid, doll-like face.

"It's very nice to see you so early in the morning, my child."

"Dear *Mme.* Lacombe, I know that I'm being presumptuous, but I've come to ask your advice. I come from the provinces you know . . ."

The older woman's face shone.

"My dear Marcelle, you have come to the right person. Just what is your difficulty?"

"WELL, it's really a very simple matter, but so much depends on it. You know that Maurice, my husband—"

"Who is only too lucky to have such an adorable wife."

"—is chief clerk in the Renoir factory. He used to be in charge of a branch office in the Southwest, and that's how we came to marry. Just now, he earns a very good salary, but with the present cost of living. . . ."

"It's nearly impossible to make two ends meet, and you can't afford the gowns and furs you deserve to have. Don't blush. Beauty has its own obligations."

"Well, anyhow, the general manager has resigned, and his place will have to be filled by someone. Maurice really deserves it. But he has two rivals, you understand, and their claims are almost as good as his. The poor fellow is so worried he can hardly sleep. Just think: his salary would be nearly doubled; we should live in comfort. . . . I'd give anything in the world if he could be general manager. But he doesn't know how to put himself forward. I'm sure he'll do nothing at all. . . . Isn't there some way for me to help poor Maurice? Of course, I shouldn't like him to hear about it; he'd only think I was meddling. But tell me, what steps should I take? . . . You know his employer, *M.* Etienne Renoir. . . ."

The older woman had listened in silence. At the moment she was scrutinizing her guest.

"A mere recommendation would have little if any effect," she said at last. "No, something else is needed, my dear Marcelle—something decisive."

She paused for a moment, then said in a solemn voice:

"My child, the success of your husband's future depends on you and on you alone."

Marcelle listened, full of hope and pride. The other continued:

"Etienne Renoir is still a young man. He is very attractive to women; I know that he has had many love affairs. And you, my child . . . well, you dress much too simply and your manners are still somewhat provincial, but nevertheless you are one of the prettiest women in Paris. And so. . . . You understand me, don't you?"

"N-no," stammered Marcelle, turning purple.

"COME, come, you understand perfectly. It's quite usual. . . . Please don't protest, my dear child. You're sophisticated enough so that I needn't beat around the bush. You asked for my advice, and I'm giving it frankly. The end justifies the means. . . . "

"But I couldn't deceive my husband . . . not for mercenary reasons, with a man I've never even met. . . . Oh, you don't know me!"

Mme. Lacombe looked her in the face.

"You needn't think, my child, that you'd be doing anything extraordinary. Don't you remember my introducing you to the beautiful *Mme.* Hutier? Well, how does it come that her husband has such a good position? And wasn't *M.* Le Maillard promoted over the heads of a dozen rivals merely because little *Mme.* Le Maillard had been the mistress of Judge Bervanche for the last ten years? And what about *Mme.* Eluard? . . . Really, dear child, it hurts me to think of you—so pretty, and so badly dressed, and married to a good, hard-working, capable young man who lacks enterprise, and who will spend all his life in subordinate positions unless you help him. . . . Think it over, my dear, and choose for yourself."

"Oh . . . oh, it's horrible," moaned Marcelle, hiding her face in her hands.

"Why is it so horrible? *M.* Etienne Renoir is really a charming fellow. He's quite good looking, and you can rely absolutely on his discretion. Go to see him to-morrow . . . and let everything be understood. . . ."

"But I should die of embarrassment."

"Not at all. And besides, you have already decided to follow my advice, dear child. In any other case, you would have left the room as soon as I mentioned the matter. Life is very complicated, Marcelle, when one is a pretty woman, and likes nice things, and can't really afford them. I'm only advising the usual thing . . . the only sensible thing under the circumstances. And believe me, you will be neither the first nor the last to employ this method of recommendation. . . . But perhaps you really don't care about your husband's future. Perhaps it would be just as well if somebody else was made general manager. After all, you have managed to struggle along in spite of your poverty."

Marcelle reflected. This was just the thing, she felt, that was becoming more and more impossible to her—to struggle along in spite of poverty. Her growing taste for fine clothes and luxuries of every sort was beginning to dominate her life. Already she realized that her decision was made.

She took leave of *Mme.* Lacombe, and the following morning, with a beating heart, she went to the home of *M.* Etienne Renoir, who received her immediately. It was her first sight of the man who was to seal her fate.

"To what do I owe the pleasure of your visit, *Mme.* Valier?" he inquired. In spite of his surprise, he retained his perfect manners.

Hastily, with a look of embarrassment, Marcelle, who had worn her most attractive dress and sprayed herself with an intoxicating perfume, explained that she had taken the liberty of coming to see him about the general managership. She hoped that *M.* Renoir would say nothing to her husband about this visit, which he would have forbidden her to make. She had acted on her own initiative in coming to plead a just cause. . . . She continued, gradually becoming more confident, especially since she thought she could read a look of admiration in the eyes of her host, who indeed found her very pretty. For the rest, he listened in silence. Irritated by his coldness and impassivity, she decided to put the matter bluntly.

"I SHOULD be so very, very grateful," she concluded, holding out her hand, with a gesture of surrender.

"Madam," said Renoir coldly, dropping her hand, "I regard your husband as a man of honour, and I believe that he knows nothing of the step you have taken . . . indiscreetly."

With a mocking smile, he continued:

"I am ingenuous enough, even at my age, to believe that love can neither be bought nor sold, in any fashion whatsoever, without losing all of its value. I am silly enough to insist on choosing my own loves, and I demand some measure of reciprocity. Even the most beautiful woman does not attract me unless she offers at least the semblance of personal affection. . . . I am aware that this sort of . . . recommendation is the usual thing. But you can rest assured that your husband needed no recommendation from anyone else to become my general manager. He received the appointment this morning. And you can rest assured that he will keep it by his own merits. Your visit has not harmed him in the least."

Marcelle stood listening, motionless and overwhelmed. He led her politely to the door. In the street she hailed a taxi, sank back on the seat, and sobbed as if her heart would break.

"Well, my dear Marcelle, I hear that *M.* Valier is the new general manager," said *Mme.* Lacombe a few days later, when they met in the street. "You see, I was right after all. . . . Ah! your husband doesn't know how much he owes to you," she added with a knowing laugh.

Marcelle was ashamed of having offered herself, but she was still more ashamed of having been refused. She blushed deeply and let her silence be taken as assent.

HOYNINGEN-HUENE

A New Career for Ronald Colman

The Popular Film Actor Has Talked Himself Into Cinema Fame With "Bulldog Drummond"

BEFORE the advent of the talking films, Ronald Colman was a favourite leading man, the charming young Englishman, who shared the final close-up with half a dozen fair stars of the screen. But with the growing articulateness of the motion pictures has come a new Ronald Colman, whose voice surmounts the deficiencies of loud speakers, and proves him an accomplished and versatile actor. One of what has now become a formidable group of English actors, who, previously unnoticed in London, have achieved success in America, Mr. Colman came to this country to play a minor part in the company of the late Henry Miller. In support of Mr. Miller, Ruth Chatterton and Fay Bainter, he retained a virtual anonymity until Henry King engaged him for the films, to play opposite Lillian Gish in *The White Sister*. For the last few years he has been co-starred with Vilma Banky, gathering admiration for his tailor and his manners. *Bulldog Drummond*, however, his first talking picture, has changed all this. He is the first member of the film colony to succeed because of his voice rather than in spite of it

KNOEDLER

PAVLOWA

This exquisitely floating portrait of Pavlowa, who never has had any humdrum relation to the law of gravity, is by her costly compatriot Saveley Sorine; if she can afford his prices, the ballet business must still be good

ETHEL BARRYMORE

Reinforcing an old legend that fair ladies ape the portraits men paint of them, Ethel Barrymore has lately resumed the business of resembling with startling fidelity this sketch which Sargent made of her way back in 1903

LENARE-PARIS

LILLIAN GISH

A popular impression that art in Mexico is limited to caricature is belied by this portrait by the painter Best-Maugard, who, by the merest chance, has caught our own Lillian Gish in the act of thinking about nothing at all

MCKILLOP

LILY DAMITA

This French actress, Lily Damita, who has appeared in the film of *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* and other pictures, is here captured on canvas by Kees Van Dongen, a Franco-Dutch modernist whose studio is in Paris

KATHARINE CORNELL

This brilliant portrait by Eugene Speicher, posed in the warm red 1895 gown designed for the memorable last act of *Candida*, was hung (after a struggle) in the Allbright Gallery at Buffalo, the Cornell home town

VALENTINE GALLERIES

A Gallery of Footlight Favourites;

The World's Leading Painters Have Striven to

IN morose moments, all actors weep in their beer over the impermanence of their work, lamenting that the statues they nightly carve are wrought in snow. Such self-pity is occasionally countered with the tart observation that they are lucky not to have their fame re-examined by a later generation. Thus we are sure now that Bulwer-Lytton was a third-rate playwright, but we have to take his contemporaries' word for it that Macready was a fine actor. The fame of actors often

ROBERTS

RUTH DRAPER

This is one of several studies of Ruth Draper made by the late John S. Sargent, who was seemingly fascinated by her infinite variety. Another portrait shows her head hooded in the shabby shawl of a peasant woman

DE GLEHN

OTIS SKINNER

George Luks's flashing portrait preserves the memory of *Colonel Brideau*, the Balzacian hero of *The Honour of the Family*. Mr. Skinner is now embarking (somewhat precociously) in a play, *One Hundred Years Old*

JULIA HOYT

This portrait was made at Zuloaga's Paris studio, shortly after Julia Hoyt had succumbed, somewhat later in life than the authorities consider advisable, to the conviction that the stage was the logical place for her

VALENTINE GALLERIES

ALFRED LUNT

This is the impression made upon Robert W. Chanler by Alfred Lunt's arresting performance as *Mosca* in Ben Jonson's play *Volpone*. Claggett Wilson did a portrait of Mr. Lunt this past season, which was also "in character"

REINHARDT

JOAN BENNETT

Abram Poole's portrait of a fledgling actress—one of the daughters of Richard Bennett and Adrienne Morrison—was recently exhibited at the Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia. Mr. Poole has since painted Ruth Gordon

Characterizations by Noted Artists

Preserve for Posterity the Glamour of the Stage

rests on their preservation by painters, who, as the walls of the Players in New York and the Garrick Club in London loudly testify, have favoured them as subjects ever since Reynolds immortalized Mrs. Siddons as the *Tragic Muse*. Such indirect immortality can be confusing, and it is possible that, in the year 2529, historians will debate as to just which of our contemporary beauties of the stage, or perhaps the screen, was, at the same time, the greatest actress of her era

Emperors

An Intimate Glimpse at the Private Life of Franz-Josef, and Stories of Other Royal Rulers

By FERENC MOLNÁR

THE following little anecdotes about the old Emperor Franz-Josef of Austria are related here without any ultimate aim or motive, without being in any way given a literary flavour. The late Emperor's chief gamekeeper told them to me some fifteen years ago and they have value just as rare objects, antiques, and limited editions have value, for there are really very few anecdotes about Emperor Franz-Josef in circulation. (Which fact is at least as characteristic of a ruler as a good anecdote.)

The old gamekeeper had been a faithful companion to Franz-Josef for decades. Whenever the Emperor went hunting in the huge forests of Gödöllö, the gamekeeper was with him. He was a white-haired, delightful, charming old Hungarian, and he knew more about royal forests and royal game preserves than anybody else in the entire Empire.

This is the first anecdote:

FRANZ-JOSEF and his companion usually started like this: An open victoria would drive up in front of the main entrance to the Gödöllö castle and the old gamekeeper would wait by the side of the carriage, hat in hand, until the Emperor appeared. His Majesty was punctual to the second. The chief gamekeeper would bow. His Majesty would return his greeting by lifting his hand to his hat and then would enter the carriage. The gamekeeper would wait until the Emperor had been seated, then step, with his right foot, onto the hub of the right front wheel of the carriage. He did so in order to lift himself to the driver's seat, to take his place next to the driver. When, on his way to climb to the driver's seat, he would reach a position where his right foot was resting on the hub and his left just off the ground, then when he was thus dangling in mid-air between earth and the driver's seat, His Majesty would speak up:

"Be good enough to take a seat in the carriage."

The old gentleman used then to alight, bow, and thank His Majesty for his gracious invitation, and sit down in the carriage opposite the Emperor on a folding seat.

This procedure was repeated every time the king went a-hunting, year after year, decade after decade. It was repeated so often that the old gamekeeper's act of stepping onto the hub and attempting to climb to the driver's seat mellowed down to a mere pretense. For he was quite sure that his partial ascent would be followed, with absolute certainty, by the invitation:

"Be good enough to take a seat in the carriage."

It was quite natural, therefore, that, in course of years, the old gamekeeper's act of climbing had lost some of its intensity, not to say, some of its sincerity, honesty and enthusiasm. Any keen-eyed observer could have noticed that the old gamekeeper only pretended to ascend, as they say in the theatre, he merely "climbed over".

Then, one day, a curious thing happened. The Emperor sat down in the carriage. The gamekeeper began to make the attempt of climbing but he did *not act it well enough*. Perhaps he was not in the right mood that day. To be sure he did put his right foot on the hub, but he did not pull up his left leg immediately afterwards. He stopped for a second, obviously waiting for the invitation to be extended.

Franz-Josef noticed this. A painful half a minute passed by. Franz-Josef did not say a word. The chief gamekeeper began to sweat; he realized that he had fallen from His Majesty's good graces. When he finally lifted his left leg, it was already too late: the Emperor remained silent. The chief gamekeeper sat down next to the driver and the carriage rolled away.

Never again, until his dying day, did the Emperor invite the gamekeeper to take a seat in the carriage.

And this is the second anecdote: Franz-Josef liked to go boar hunting, but even on these excursions he was accompanied only by the chief gamekeeper. In the vicinity of Gödöllö, the boars came and went as if their movements had been regulated by time-schedules. The gamekeepers put out their food always at the same places and always at the same time. Thus the boars were trained to arrive at these feeding stations with the precision of express trains. The stations were not very far from each other and since His Majesty's boar-hunts began only when the beasts were thoroughly trained and when the chief gamekeeper possessed a complete and punctual time-schedule of their movements, the initiated used to call the boars "the three-twenty", "the four-forty", the "five-fifteen", etc.

SO, when they started out one day—the Emperor and his chief gamekeeper—it was poor "three-twenty's" fate to arrive punctually at his feeding station in the shade of a tree just when the Emperor got there too. Franz-Josef lifted his rifle and fired. But he merely wounded the boar. The beast stopped for a second, then ferociously charged him.

The moment was a serious one; the Emperor's life was in danger. The chief gamekeeper, when he told me the story, remarked: "I swear to you, we were in immediate danger of a royal funeral." Realising this, the gamekeeper, before the Emperor had a chance to shoot for a second time, lifted his gun and fired. He felled the boar with one sure shot.

A moment of deep silence ensued. The chief gamekeeper emitted a sigh of satisfaction and awaited His Majesty's grateful thanks. The Emperor, who had already taken aim, now slowly lowered his gun, turned around, and in a severe tone of voice, emphasizing every word separately, asked the gamekeeper:

"Which one of us is amusing himself here: you or I?"

II

Among the little known anecdotes concerning Napoleon which one can discover only when perusing French memoirs, I like most the one recorded in the memoirs of the Duchess d'Abrantès, the wife of Junot:

During the Restoration, when Napoleon was a prisoner at Elba, Prince Berri, a Bourbon, was commander-in-chief of the Army. One day, the new master inspected Napoleon's old soldiers. As he rode past the troops, an old grenadier shouted:

"Long live the Emperor!"

The royal prince stopped, went to the old soldier, and asked him:

"Why in the devil's name do you cheer the Emperor? Did you have such a good time under him? Why, he still owes you your back pay!"

The old soldier looked darkly at the Prince and with fire in his eyes answered:

"Well, then, I am damn glad to extend credit to him!"

III

THE late Ödön Salamon, known in Budapest as "king of journalists", lived on Margit Island for something like twenty years. He was a *protégé* of the old Archduke Josef and it was the Archduke's special order that the sickly Salamon should have a room in the hotel which differed from all other hotel rooms in all the world: it was unaccompanied by bills. The management—the Island was then the private property of the Archduke—faithfully adhered to Josef's orders throughout the twenty years. It had very nearly become a tradition with them. He, poor fellow, was a gentleman from head to foot and would not accept presents even from an Archduke. He "paid" for the room by writing little announcements which the major domo's office sent once in a great while to the newspapers.

But one Summer, a new clerk came and the manager forgot to tell him that Salamon's room was never billed. The following Saturday morning, Salamon received a bill for forty crowns.

Salamon was shocked. He was poor and what little he earned with his articles he spent on fashionable clothes and on warding off debts. But he did not say a word—he even strictly forbade his friends to interfere or do anything about it—took the ferry, went to the city and by dinner time the bill was paid.

But the matter became annoying. The next Saturday he got another bill and he had to pay another forty crowns. And from then on a bill came every Saturday.

"No," he told us one day, "this can't go on any longer. I am not Rothschild to pay a hundred and sixty crowns a month!"

"What will you do?" we asked him.

"You just wait. I'll fix it up! And without humiliating myself before the management."

"But with whom will you arrange things?"

(Continued on page 92)

Mary Rogers and a Heroine of Fiction

Did Edgar Allan Poe Solve a Real Murder When He Wrote "The Mystery of Marie Rogêt"?

By EDMUND PEARSON

IT is far easier to know the fiction about the death of Mary Cecilia Rogers, than to learn the facts. The fiction is set forth in a long, and, it must be admitted, rather tedious story by Edgar Allan Poe: *The Mystery of Marie Rogêt.*

The facts, as there never was any trial, must be sought in the files of the New York newspapers of the late summer of 1841—when this sensational murder, discussed by everyone, was mentioned perhaps not more than thrice a week, in a paragraph of small type, tucked away on the editorial page. The sight of me, hunting for the news, would be enough to make my optician beam with honest pleasure.

These are the facts. Miss Rogers lived with her mother, who kept a boarding-house at 126 Nassau Street. She was already somewhat celebrated in New York, as "the beautiful cigar girl," because of her career as a clerk in John Anderson's tobacco shop on Broadway. She is said to have been known by Poe, Fenimore Cooper and Washington Irving. Mr. Anderson frankly engaged her with the idea that her good looks and vivacity would attract custom—as they did. She had figured in a mysterious disappearance, when, for no reason ever given out, she was absent from the cigar-shop and from home, for one week. At a later date, the *Commercial Advertiser* unkindly suggested that this was done to attract attention to Mr. Anderson's shop—that it was a humble forerunner of what we call "a publicity stunt."

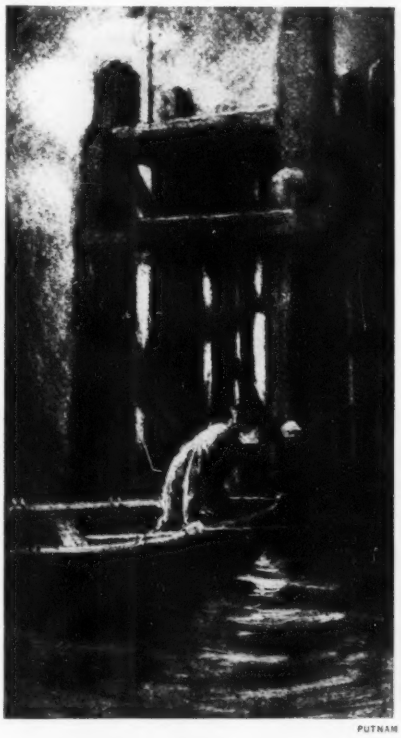
AFTER her return, she soon resigned her position and went home to help her mother. She had had a number of suitors; one of whom was Alfred Crommeline. Her betrothed was now understood to be Daniel Payne, a boarder at her mother's house.

At ten o'clock on Sunday morning, July 25, Miss Rogers knocked at Payne's door, as he was shaving, and told him that she was going to spend the day at the house of a relative, Mrs. Downing, who lived in Jane Street. Payne understood that he was to call for her in the evening, as usual. The girl then set out alone, and disappeared from human knowledge.

She never reached Mrs. Downing's. Payne did not call for her at night, because of a violent thunder storm, which made him think she would prefer to stay indoors. She had not returned on Monday. On Tuesday her friends advertised for her in *The Sun*. On Wednesday, three men in a sailboat, near the "Sybil's Cave" at Castle Point, Hoboken, found the body of a woman floating in the water. They brought it ashore and, although recognition was difficult, it was identified beyond all doubt as the body of Mary Rogers.

Crommeline made the identification and testified at the inquest. He could not account for her presence near Hoboken, and thought she must have been decoyed thither. He gave her a high reputation—as did everyone who had known her—for all the virtues, including truthfulness and modesty and discretion.

Dr. Cook, who performed the autopsy, also testified at the inquest, and later, when the excitement had grown intense, made a long statement to the Mayor of New York. He asserted with much assurance that she had not been drowned; that she was a maiden of spotless character, who had fallen into the hands of a gang of brutal ruffians by whom she had been grossly mistreated and murdered. There were many items in the papers, that summer, about gangsters and toughs who hung about New York, the riverside, the beaches and suburbs, and engaged in savage attacks upon women.



PUTNAM

THE SLAYER'S RETURN

In Poe's story based on the Rogers' case, his detective *Dupin* solves the mystery, finding that the murderer, after disposing of the body in mid-stream, landed his boat on the far side of the river

All Miss Rogers's suitors and men acquaintances fell under suspicion. Payne made a long statement to the magistrates, and furnished a satisfactory alibi. Crommeline easily demonstrated his innocence, although it did come out that there was still some slight *tendresse* betwixt him and the young lady. On the day before the murder, so it appeared in testimony, her name had been written on the slate outside his office door, and a rose had been romantically left in the keyhole.

A sailor, who had rather hastily enlisted on the U. S. S. *North Carolina*, was dragged off that ship and examined. He had formerly lived at Mrs. Rogers's house, and his brother was one of Miss Mary's numerous group of suitors. He was allowed to go aboard the *North Carolina* again, but the process of taking him ashore, and returning him to his ship, was twice repeated.

A man named Morse, who was a wood-engraver, attracted attention to himself by fleeing suddenly to Worcester, Massachusetts. He was a stout person, with black side-whiskers. When the police overtook him, he had, evidently for the purpose of disguise, sacrificed these ornaments. It presently appeared that, on Sunday the 25th, Mr. Morse had taken part in a very indiscreet expedition to Staten Island, with a young lady in black. He had left her, alive and well, but it had occurred to him that perhaps she might have been Mary Rogers—and if so, he would be falsely accused of the murder.

The young lady in black was found, and she corroborated Mr. Morse's story, in every particular—although she was exceedingly annoyed by so much public notice. The expedition to Staten Island, so both of them testified, resulted in no fracture of the law nor of the moral code, but it was a social mistake, and Mr. Morse's side-whiskers and the reputation of the young lady were both, temporarily, at least, in ruins.

NOTHING happened for many weeks; no good came from Governor Seward's proclamation, offering $750. as a reward for information. Early in September some boys found, near Weehawken, what was supposed to be the scene of the crime. Signs of a struggle; bits of torn garments and rails of a fence let down—as if for the purpose of dragging a body—convinced nearly everyone that here Mary Rogers had perished.

The *New York Herald* was making early experiments with illustration, and, emboldened by his success in a striking picture of President Harrison's inauguration the preceding March, its artist now essayed a view of the "fatal spot." The sketch could pass equally for a simoom in the Arabian desert, or twilight in a drunkard's stomach.

But a few days later the *Herald* printed an interesting speculation. It was that Miss Rogers might have been at this place with a man, and that both might have been set upon and killed by "rowdies." Or that the man might have committed the crime alone; afterwards tying a rope, or a piece of the dress, to the body, and dragging it to the river.

Next day, Samuel Adams, a printer missing from New York, was discovered, all boxed up by Mr. John C. Colt, ready for shipment to St. Louis. Thus, a new murder case tended to supplant the interest in Mary Rogers.

Early in October, Daniel Payne was found, dying, near the scene of his sweetheart's murder. An empty bottle, labelled "laudanum," was near him, but the final opinion of the coroner's jury was that "congestion of the

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STEICHEN

Jeanne Eagels in "Jealousy"

Following "The Letter" the Noted Stage Actress Has Made a Talking Film of the Verneuil Play

Hare and Hounds in Hollywood

Being an Eyewitness' Account of the Motion Pictures in Their Search for a New Technique

By RALPH BLOCK

EDITOR'S NOTE: The author of this article, Ralph Block, is a reformed dramatic critic, Heywood Broun's predecessor on the New York *Tribune*, who for the last ten years has been associated with the motion pictures. Going into the film industry in a more or less literary capacity, as Scenario Editor for Famous-Players, he has wandered through the different phases of screen production and is to-day a producer for the Pathé company which—now that the films have become articulate—is not such a far cry for a former member of the Theatre Guild Advisory Board as it was only a few years ago

IN Hollywood, the hare has turned and gobbled up the hounds. For years the films have been chasing the theatre around the woods, nipping off a bit of down here and there, careless, hungry and triumphant. But somewhere these borrowings were put on record; now a stern gamekeeper is at the door to call an accounting.

This is, in effect, the view that any casual visitor to the place where pictures are made might have, in considering the result that the "talkies" have had upon motion pictures. The stage seems to be moving into the old ancestral halls, bag and baggage. Plays, plots and playwrights, dialogue, stage actors and stage directors, are swarming all over the place, staking out their claims. And the poor old motion pictures, glorious and inglorious together, have become more silent in the halls of memory than they were in the temples of Thespis.

To the casual chronicler of social progress, this fact might merely seem to be history taking its course; but human institutions have a strange and sometimes blind way of maintaining the logic of their own development. Even the movies, sprawling, but still organic, may refuse to violate the inner necessity of their existence. They are, in truth, too fundamentally related as a form of expression to the modern mind to surrender their identity. It is more likely that, like the Chinese who absorbed all their conquerors, the movies will assimilate everything the stage has to offer, and become themselves again.

AS usual, the movies have shown no selectivity in their present menu. The good and the bad together in the current American Theatre is passing into the voracious maw of Hollywood. The newest crop of all-dialogue pictures exhibit an interesting inheritance out of the faults of the Broadway stage. Indifferent and stereotyped direction, which has become so widespread in the New York theatre as to become almost an institutional virtue, has become momentarily the Hollywood hall mark of excellence. What had been the finely schooled pantomime of the silent motion picture, has now surrendered to the elocution of the type Broadway actor, and to a kind of pantomime which, in the movies, is known as the "dead pan." And there has as yet been little adaptation of stage movement to the needs of the camera.

Doubtless this inheritance will produce good fruit as well as bad. What the movies may suffer from most deeply is the attitude of inferiority which the conqueror from Broadway will impress upon Hollywood. If this happens, it will only be repayment in kind. For years, motion picture professionals paraded in front of their Temple of Art with a great air of concern over the mysteries which they were guarding behind its portals. Visitors from other fields, who really had something to offer, were welcomed only with great head-shakings and doleful prophecies of the intricacies they would encounter behind the studio gates. That the professionals of the theatre should now arrive with a slight air of condescension, viewing Hollywood somewhat as a kindergarten which must be taught the A B C's of action and expression, is only one of the ironic revenges that Time allows itself.

BUT for all the good intentions of the strangers on the scene, the motion picture of a year from now will have only an academic relation to the elements of the theatre. The starting point of the motion picture will be, in the future, as it always has been in the past, the camera.

There are few forms of expression that are so conditioned by mechanics as the movie. Both what is seen and heard must first pass through a mechanical medium before it becomes a coherent work of expression, and the addition of sound has complicated rather than simplified the laws governing this passage.

The essence of the movie has always been motion. It was the movies' Haroun-Al-Raschid potentialities which delighted and appealed to the hearts of even so-called intelligent people. It was modern in the manner in which it freed audience conceptions of time from the immediate pressures of existence. In the lapse of one hour, the conventional movie roved out into many times and spaces, and seemed thus to destroy the shackles of finite existence.

The talking motion picture, for the most part, at the time that this piece is written, is static. Speed and motion have been exchanged for talk and inertia. The stage play, made into a "talkie," offers little to compensate for its loss of the hypnotic influence of real human presence. In the silent movie, the rhythm of motion offered an effective aesthetic substitute. But most talking motion pictures of this moment conform to the three-sided box necessity of the theatre. People therefore sit or stand and talk at each other. They seldom exhibit powers of locomotion.

This inert quality is partly due to the first crude mechanism devised to tie up sound with vision. Because the sound of the cameras had to be kept from the microphone, cameras were placed in heavy booths faced with plate glass. The elasticity at which the modern camera had arrived in the silent motion picture—a camera which moved and darted and even flew under the necessity of making the motion picture live up to its possibilities of motion, was abandoned and, generally speaking, the visual effects of the early "talkie" have been as elementary as those of the early silent movie. Fortunately this condition is already passing. Cameras are being taken out of their booths and secreted under sound proof hoods, which effectively keep them silent, but in no way hinder their mobility.

So long as the camera was static, the relationships of tempo between what people said and what they did did not differ greatly from that of the speaking stage. It was obvious, of course, at the beginning, that to project the photographed sound and action of a stage play in its entirety would take at least three times as long at the usual movie is allowed to run. A three act play, not counting intermissions, can run slightly under two hours—a movie not much over one. But aside from this difference, mechanical requirements of sound recording have slowed down action on the screen. Silent films run sixteen or eighteen images a second through the camera, whereas now the camera equipped with sound devices records twenty-four images a second. Slow motion pictures run 128 images a second. The greater the number of images, the more celluloid is devoted to the separate parts of action, and the slower the whole action will appear on the screen. The new medium, because it is slow, therefore carries an even heavier burden than the silent movie in its effort to tell its story in the exhibitors' conventional sixty minutes.

THE effect of this forced concentration on dialogue, action and pantomime is obvious. Ideas will certainly have less time for development in speech in the talking motion picture as compared with their development in the theatre. Shaw—unless movie audiences can be lured into the serial form of *Back to Methuselah*—is still ruled out, despite the fact that the movies have discovered speech. Motion picture dialogue, therefore, will have to become more essential, concentrated, retaining all the packed values of the motion picture spoken title, without its stilted qualities. In the motion picture of tomorrow more will be said by each character when he speaks, in a lesser number of speeches, and fewer words.

But the most important changes in this new medium will be in the visualized relation between people, and people and things. In the theatre, all is visible to the eye, and the eye is cunningly guided by direction to select for its attention what is important at the moment. On the motion picture screen, only a small part of the action is visible. An early development of the combination talking vision technique has been to record a voice speaking but to keep the camera on an objective of dialogue rather than on its source. This is undoubtedly the keystone of the new technique, and offers great possibilities for dramatic intensity. If a woman's voice says affectionately, "I have been waiting for you," and the camera shows only a pistol secreted in her hand, the effect is a form of drama. The camera will not sit squarely in front of people who are talking. The eye of the camera will be at one place and the ear of the microphone at another. And the relationship—the net which holds the two together—will be a subjective

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Where Shall We Dance To-Night?

Paris Is Now Host to America, So a Few Suggestions Are Made Concerning the Amusing Places

By PAUL MORAND

THE *Bal Bullier* goes on forever. The oldest dance hall in Paris, it was opened to the public in 1838, and since then it has flourished in immortal youth. Dances come and go, jazz bands replace orchestras, choral societies yield to Hungarian gypsies, electric lights blossom in place of the gas chandeliers, but still old *Bullier* continues. Enclosed in winter; extended in summer by a cool, shadowy garden adorned with Italian grottoes; surrounded with amusement booths from which come shouts, laughter, the crack of rifles, the rumble of bowling balls, and the crash of the scattered ten-pins—*Bullier* whirls on through the ages under the watchful eye of its director, Old Man Gauvin, in his eternal swallowtail.

Ever since near-by Montparnasse has become the forty-ninth state in the American union, *Bullier* has been enlivened by the presence of American women with hair cut shorter than men's, American artists with hair of every length, and young negroes in loud sweaters. Japanese and Czecho-Slovakians, both in spectacles, add an international note. But fundamentally the crowd is the same as ever, for the real clientèle of the *Bal Bullier* consists of needy students from the provinces, broken-down journalists who cannot quite resign themselves to living on the more respectable Right Bank, and a certain type of woman, partly a working girl, partly a courtesan, who still remains what she was called in the days of the painter Gavarni—a *grisette*. To these we can add artists' models, dressmakers out of work, a few little actresses from the theatres of the Boulevards, two or three wealthy manufacturers, and sometimes a high government official eager to revisit the scenes of his early struggles and to relive his youth for a night. In a word, *Bullier* is the soul of a Latin Quarter which has ceased to exist.

IN Montmartre, at the other end of the city, a distinctive character is possessed by each of the many dance halls. That of the *Moulin Rouge*, although it is situated under the protecting arms of the famous Red Mill —where, in the opinion of provincial priests and Protestant clergymen the world over, vice grinds its wheat, reducing souls and bodies to chaff—is a separate institution. At night, the red eyes of the demonic mill cast an infernal light over the *Place Blanche*. The dance hall itself is patronized by salespeople, law clerks, and tourists from the hinterlands of America and Europe. "I stick to the small fry," the director told me. "No rich patrons for me. They're always fickle—too anxious for novelty. They're more likely to ruin you than to make you." And he added, "When I took over this place, just after the war, it had fallen so low that the coffee had to be served with straws because the guests had carried off all the spoons."

With the *Elysée Montmartre*, we drop a stage lower. This can be seen in such details as the sign above the entrance: "Gentlemen must remove their caps on the dance floor." The patrons, however, still belong to the lower fringe of the middle classes: they consist of governesses, typists, dressmakers' apprentices, manicurists, and their boy friends, most of whom look like journeymen barbers and carry a handkerchief of red or violet silk. No foreigners; little money; beer and coffee on the tables, never *champagne*. Two orchestras, one at each end of the immense hall, keep the collars of the dancers limp. Here, Warnod tells us in his delightful book on the dance halls of Paris, Zola gave his great party after the hundredth performance of *l'Assommoir*. The male guests were supposed to come as labourers, in baggy corduroy breeches and sashes of red flannel; the ladies were asked to dress as laundresses. The first ball of the *Quat'z'Arts* was also held at the *Elysée Montmartre*.

HIGHER in altitude, but socially even lower, is the *Moulin de la Galette*, the last of the old Montmartre windmills: its wings have been turning in the breezes of Paris since the Thirteenth Century. Its great windows and surrounding terraces overlook the whole city and its suburbs: Ménilmontant, Père Lachaise, St. Ouen, St. Denis. . . . The public balls held on Thursdays and Sundays are packed to suffocation with young soldiers and their friends the working girls, who have a few hours of freedom in the afternoon, but who—blushing, dishevelled, and still virtuous—must be home by suppertime. One should visit the *Moulin de la Galette* on the evening of St. Catherine's day. This festival, held in honour of the young women still unmarried at twenty-five, is very popular among Parisian working girls. And here in the old mill, one finds the Paris of the people still intact.

With the *Bal Tabarin*, we enter the mercenary realm of "gallantry." The steep streets of the neighbourhood are violently lighted with electric signs, and every door leads to a night club or a cabaret. It is as if we were visiting the more malodorous districts of a Mediterranean port. By midnight there is not one Frenchman to be seen. At the street corners are Russian officers fallen on evil days; in the taxicabs are American sailors with their feet protruding from the windows. Negroes, Chinese, fortune-tellers. . . . It is not here, but rather in the Hermitage, the *Kasbek*, the *Schéhérazade*, and other Russian "joints," that one sees Cossacks sniffing happy dust, Sashas in grey astrakhan, and Tamaras in heavy embroidery. Little exiled Russia longing for the fatherland. Balalaikas, singers from the Imperial Opera, princes on the verge of suicide. . . .

Tabarin is a great dance hall that offers various attractions, including boxes where you drink cheap *champagne* and a bar decorated by Willette in the impressionist style that prevailed thirty years ago. There is less dancing than in the other resorts we have mentioned. The public comes principally to see the last vestiges of the dissolute festivities once painted by Toulouse-Lautrec. Under white, pink, or blue spot-lights enormous women in snowy tights, monumental and symbolic, continue to astonish one generation after another by doing the split, or by doing the equally surprising feat of holding one foot in the hand above the head.

The *Abbaye*—not to be confused with the restaurant of the same name—is one of the strangest dance halls in Montmartre. It is situated not far from the *Place Clichy*. One enters through Gothic arches and learns, not without surprise, that the place was once a church. The little chapels that once lined the side walls have been transformed into private boxes. The three steps leading to the chancel still remain; they now separate the ordinary tables from those where only *champagne* is served. The *Abbaye* is frequented by the fine gentlemen who traffic in women between Paris and Buenos Ayres, internationally. Here, under the innocent guise of a little dance hall, in an ecclesiastical setting where a jazz band has forever replaced the organ and its *Dies Irae*, is sheltered the international pleasure mart, the great stock and commodity exchange of the white slave traffic.

THE *Bal Wagram* is one of the most famous Parisian dance halls, and in some respects it is one of the strangest. It is patronized by the domestics of the rich. Americans might find it difficult to believe that there are enough servants in any one city to fill such a vast hall. Even in Paris, alas! the servant problem is becoming acute, and we learn that most of the dancers are hoping to better their positions—by finding a rich husband, by going on the stage, by opening a shop, by learning shorthand. . . . In the *Wagram* one sees butlers, chamber-maids, footmen, cooks who have deserted their stoves, nurses escaped from the sickroom for an hour, valets, and chauffeurs, most of whom have borrowed the vices as well as the clothing of their masters. Masked costume balls are held on certain occasions, and those of the *Wagram*, especially before the war, acquired an unsavoury reputation. Later they were superseded by the equally notorious Magic City Ball.

On the immense rectangles of polished wood, on the parquetried plains of Luna Park and Magic City, the two Coney Islands of Paris, people of every race once abandoned themselves to the frenzy of the dance, especially during the feverish days that followed the armistice. Orchestras blared in every corner, and the dancers never rested. Curious celebrations were held at *Mardi Gras* and *Mi-Carême*—processions composed of grotesque animals and ladies for an evening, ladies with deep voices and broad feet, whose beards became heavier as the night advanced. Today Magic City has been demolished. Luxurious apartment houses have been con-

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SUZANNE LENGLEN

LILI D'ALVAREZ

THE PICTURES

In the drawings on this page Miss Helen Wills, Women's Tennis Marvel of the World, continues to prove herself adept with the sketcher's pencil as well as with the racket. At upper left she shows us the retired (undefeated) champion, *Mlle.* Suzanne Lenglen, at the start of one of her famous backhand strokes. At upper right is *Señorita* Lili D'Alvarez, the beautiful Spanish player, returning a high lob. The lower picture shows Miss Wills, herself, beginning her very powerful forehand stroke

HELEN WILLS

THE ARTIST

Miss Wills, who is one of America's most notable and versatile young ladies, left her native country in the spring and is now abroad gaining new laurels by competing in all the more important tournaments of England and the continent. Last May she was presented at the Court of St. James. Despite her activities in the worlds of sport and society, however, she has found time to keep up an active interest in art, as these recent sketches of famous women players in action conclusively prove

Helen Wills Continues to Draw

Impressions of the World's Leading Women Tennis Stars, from the Hand of a Noted Player

The Middle West

A Few Good Words for the Growing City of Chicago, and a Prediction of Its Future Importance

By CLAUDE ANET

IS Chicago the Middle-West? Very little, in the sense in which we use the phrase, implying a mixture of virtues and defects strongly tinged with Puritanism. Chicago is Chicago. That is enough.

Under the name of the *Chicago Tribune* one reads: "The World's Greatest Newspaper." On the editorial page one sees, in italics: *Chicago Will Be the Greatest City in the World.* I spent several days in Chicago, and I said to myself: "Well, as a matter of fact, why shouldn't Chicago become the greatest city in the world?"

Just now New York, with its six or seven million inhabitants, is ahead; Chicago has only four. But one can conceive it possible that New York has almost reached its highest point. The narrow peninsula of Manhattan can accommodate no more residents, and has all it can do to furnish transportation for the swarms of workers its suburbs send each day to the business centre.

ALREADY, in the heart of the city, traffic is impossible from ten o'clock in the morning until six in the evening. New York has nearly 800,000 automobiles. When it has 1,200,000, how are they going to move in avenues and streets it is impossible to widen? Those who laid out the plan of New York in the first quarter of the nineteenth century were timid men, without an eye for the future. If only they had given Fifth Avenue the width of the *Champs-Elysées*!

But Chicago lies on the flat shore of Lake Michigan and extends for more than twenty miles; there is nothing to prevent its stretching out to fifty or a hundred. Its new avenues have the necessary width. Is more land needed? It is reclaimed easily by filling in the shallow waters of the lake, and a magnificent driveway with vast sidewalks runs the length of the Chicago waterfront.

New York is on the sea-coast; it has, with the Hudson, the finest harbour in the world. Where is there another city whose residents can say: "A short distance from my house, I can touch the gangplank of a ship that will take me to any point on earth?" However, New York has to pay for this privilege. It is at the extreme end of an immense country. Great distances separate it from the greatest agricultural centre of the United States, the Middle West, which will soon be the industrial centre as well: the vast Mississippi Valley which in itself is almost as great in area as all France. Days and nights of travel in express trains are required to reach the Western states that are fully developed.

Chicago, touching the great lakes, has easy communications by water with vast and rich territories; it dominates the Mississippi Valley, with its innumerable tributaries.

As the Far West grows richer, Chicago proportionately grows and prospers—nearly a thousand miles from New York. Grain, cereals, lumber, hides, cattle, all are there. All must be handled, prepared for the ultimate consumer, re-shipped finally, for distribution to the whole country. Is there anything they can not do in Chicago to-day?

One can imagine New York's remaining the great market place of the empire and the financial centre of the world—the war gave it that eminence—while Chicago, full of power, between an East and a West equally rich, extends its manufactures, its textile industries, its factories, its warehouses, along sixty miles of the Lake Michigan shore, until Chicago does become, finally, the greatest city in the world.

At the moment it is tumultous, disordered, noisy, with an incursion of aliens and vagabonds. Negroes, who used to ignore the city, have invaded it since the war, and have their own quarter now. In Chicago a great deal of money is made. Things are not yet organized; there is disorder; in city and state politics there are allegations of graft, theft, conspiracy; one finds there, even more than in New York, gangs organized for robbery, which make their own laws for themselves, pistol in hand. Not a week passes without open outbreaks of gang warfare, which go on in broad daylight under the eyes of a police force either indifferent or too weak to suppress them.

Yet along with all this there is a life of luxury, there are magnificent shops, opera, theatres, restaurants, splendid museums—the finest modern French paintings in the United States are in Chicago—, a university richly endowed. There are buildings that follow the New York pattern, skyscrapers, which, they say, are necessary only in New York where land is lacking, but which are, in reality, the precise architectural expression of certain of the demands of modern business life. One finds them all along Michigan Avenue and in the central portions of the city; they are building them now opposite the park that follows the lake front, apartment houses of 20 or 30 stories.

THE *Chicago Tribune* building is a tall tower, of a bizarre Gothic. Opposite it one of the greatest buildings in Chicago has been reared out of the profits of a chewing gum—which gives an excellent idea of the power of the jaws of the American people. I never passed that enormous mass of steel and concrete but that my teeth began, automatically, to bite on nothing.

At dusk these buildings are illuminated by powerful searchlights on the roofs of neighbouring structures. A hundred beacons, at night, lend a dazzling whiteness to the façade that testifies to the American preference for a particular chewing gum. The Gothic coping of the *Chicago Tribune* building lights itself; foundation and main structure remain dark; above the arched buttresses the pinnacles leap up, glowing in a light the source of which is invisible. Before long the people of Chicago will find a way to write in letters of fire on the clouds that the winds will carry away with them: "Chicago will be the greatest city in the world."

They have, out there, a somewhat different taste in the matter of publicity from that which I found in the East.

In New York the eloquence of figures and the language of business were enough. Extremely clever men use them, and are trained to awake—and to hold—the attention of the reader. That is most ingenious and intelligent. The Middle West appeals rather to the heart and to sentimentality in its publicity. A great Chicago bank covers its walls with posters: "You are assured of a cordial welcome at the Safety-Trust." One wonders what the heart has to do with the handling of a bank account.

A company that maintains a fleet of taxis which operate in Chicago at a high rate carries in its cars a note which reads: "Our patrons will be happy to know that they are entrusting the lives of their wives and children (why not their own?) to an honourable company which can meet its liabilities." This is signed Kahn, Kohn, Kuhn and Co.

Henry Ford takes a whole page in the newspapers in which he boasts, and not without reason, of the cheapness and excellence of his cars. But that is not enough; he must finish with a humanitarian and extenuating couplet in which he congratulates himself on having contributed to the spiritual progress of the world and his own country.

HERE I cannot help smiling. On my way to Detroit I read in a magazine the results of an inquiry made by one of those leagues that busy themselves in watching over and regulating public morality. This report, dealing with young girls, was alarming. It proclaimed two causes for the increasing immorality among young girls: the use of liquor (an amusing reflection on a country officially dry), and the development of the automobile.

At night in the parks, beside the roads, even in the suburbs of cities, one sees hundreds of parked motors, lights dimmed. No one is shocked; police seldom interfere.

Oh, moralistic Mr. Ford, how many souls your cars have brought to destruction!

In Detroit how can one escape visiting the Ford factories, which turn out 7,000 cars a day, with an apology because there are not more and the hope of doing better?

These works are a world in themselves, and a world marvelously representative of the United States of to-day, which is directing all its efforts to the production at the lowest possible selling cost of standardized products of all sorts—everything, even, before long, men. Yes, by a thousand signs I saw that they are working everywhere, in homes, in schools, in universities, to produce a model, standardized man, interchangeable, of great productive capacity, and without much originality.

The Ford management put a car at my disposal, to take me from one factory to another in an area as large as that of a city of 80,000 inhabitants—that being the number of workmen

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JANET JEVONS— LONDON

Jean Forbes-Robertson of an Acting Family

Following Tradition This Young Actress Has Become a London Success in "Berkeley Square"

IN the last few years the children of all the stars seem to have grown up to make their own names in electric lights. In America we now have duets and trios of Bennetts and Stones, Fairbanks and Costellos. And in London the latest of the new stars is Jean Forbes-Robertson—the young daughter of Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson and niece of Maxine Elliott—who is appearing with Leslie Howard in *Berkeley Square*. Beginning her theatrical career a season or two ago, in the traditional English fashion, as *Peter Pan* at a Christmas benefit performance, she has definitely created a place for herself on the London stage in the play by John Balderston, known here as London correspondent of *The World*. Next season Gilbert Miller will bring *Berkeley Square* to New York, with Leslie Howard, who has spent this year making a reputation for himself in his native England, and, he hopes, but cannot promise, Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson

If You Are Going to Antibes

A Bewildered Baedecker for the Floating Population in Search of a Profitable Vacation

By ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

THEY tell me there is a woman living in a small frame house in a Montana village who has expressed no intention whatever of going to Antibes this summer. I have heard no explanation of this bizarre uniqueness of hers, have received, as yet, no details to account for what does seem at first blush a somewhat too studied effort to be conspicuous. Perhaps she has a morose aversion to human society. Then again she may be merely destitute. Or, haply, bedridden.

The tendency of the aforesaid human society to gather each summer in a kind of hilarious, moist and irresponsible congestion at that once obscure point on the Riviera is a quite recent deflection in the drift of peoples over the face of the earth. Of course the Azure Coast has long been a favourite picnic ground for the idle. For generations the Russian gentry would leave their cherry orchards to shift for themselves and hide on the Riviera from the unkindness of the Muscovite winters. Even now, the Blue Train from Paris discharges their grandchildren onto the station platform at Nice, but, in the whirligig of time, these come to go on as extras in one of Master Ingram's movies.

THEN, in his his day, the foxy grandpa of the present Prince of Wales so relished this eternal playground that his memory still haunts the Esterel, and a singularly depressing statue of him adds just the needed note of ugliness to the pleasing prospect at Cannes. But these, mind you, were always winter visitors. Indeed, the momentum of the tradition that the Riviera is peculiarly a Winter resort is still so strong that not until December does Monaco really bestir itself, flinging wide the doors of the opera house, stripping the shrouding dust-cloths from the tables in the Sporting Club, and extracting a little something from the till at the Casino to subvene the Imperial Russian Ballet, which is now, alas, neither imperial, Russian, nor (according to its sterner critics) a ballet.

But two or three years ago it dawned abruptly on the world's floating population that whereas the Riviera was pleasant enough in Winter—preferable, certainly, to Archangel or Sitka, or even Utica, New York—it is incomparably more agreeable in the Summer, when the skies are always smiling and the malachite green of the Mediterranean invites you to the most delightful swimming to be had anywhere in the world. How abrupt this discovery was, I myself can testify, for when I was in Antibes in June, 1925, some six guests —people like Roland Young and the progeny of Robert Benchley and other persons of no social importance whatever—rattled around in the vast spaces of the *Grand Hôtel du Cap*, their footfalls echoing hollowly in its deserted corridors. Only three years later I lived to see the once abject management explaining patiently to one Bernard Shaw that they had no room for him.

I never did understand why anyone ever went in the Summer months to the northern coast of France, where the only sound is the ceaseless complaint about the weather, pierced from time to time by the shrieks of discomfort from those foolhardy enough to go swimming in the Channel, which is about as suitable for that purpose as a pool of iced tea. I suppose they continued supinely to go there because, having been to the Riviera in the Winter, they assumed that they must go somewhere else in the Summer. How they chanced upon the dazzling discovery that there really was no law compelling them to do so, remains one of the minor mysteries of our time. For centuries they had deserted the mid-Summer loveliness of the Riviera for no other reason than the interesting and incontestable, but somewhat irrelevant, fact, that it was also a pleasant spot in Winter. I doubt if any generalship was employed in creating the recent stampede in the other direction. Indeed, I am quite sure that neither the startled and unprepared hotels nor the *Département de Tourisme* had anything to do with deflecting the crowd. That deflection, which appears to have been self-starting, therefore throws no light on the art of propaganda. It really belongs, rather, in a footnote to the volume called *The Manners and Customs of Sheep*.

I feel I shall fail ignominously in any attempt to tell you what you—all of you, that is, except the aforesaid Montana recluse—will find as ingredients of an Antibes Summer. I glance back over the weeks in June, July and August that I spent there last year and wonder which bright-coloured piece out of the rag-bag of my experiences would best serve as an illustration of an Antibes day.

AMPHIBIOUS days they are, in a land where bathing suits are *de rigueur* until sundown, and luncheon guests bring with them only a pair of pajamas to change to coyly behind the nearest rock or syringa bush. Then come cool, fragrant nights of moonlight and nightingales, with whizzing motor rides along the Middle Corniche to Monte Carlo, and low traffickings with the door man at the Casino for the loan of a necktie wherewith to conceal one's base intention to violate the Casino's solemn rule against gambling in a sport shirt. I seem to remember libations served to guests still dripping from the sea under the willow trees at Charles Brackett's villa—libations of Black Velvet, a sinister potion compounded of champagne and stout, and so inflammatory of one's sense of power that, after only three glasses, I challenged a passing mass of peasant strength to a wrestling bout, and spent the next ten days nursing a broken rib.

Or mint smashes, served at a cozy bar in the Street of the Marble Cross in Nice, where the *patron*, as he crushes the mint leaves, reminisces of the eighteen years he spent as steward of the Whitehall Club in New York.

Or perhaps you would rather savour the sight of that eternal miracle, Mary Garden, casually riding an aquaplane over the turquoise sea as the easiest way of running over to luncheon at Somerset Maugham's, whose white Moorish villa on the Cap Ferrat is so built against the side of a hill that you can step from the swimming pool onto its roof, and peer into the study with the Gauguin window, brought all the way from Tahiti.

Then I seem to remember tea with Frank Harris in his flat at Nice—a Frank Harris grown gentler with age and a little bewildered that the world is not remuneratively interested in his amorous memoirs, but still defiantly dressed like a river-boat gambler of the 70's, and reciting in his matchless voice the lovely scraps of Shakespeare which he seems to clink fondly in his hand as a miser clinks his gold pieces.

Or luncheon with Shaw, the latter finding the wordless, saucer-eyed and uproarious Harpo Marx an ideal listener for his anecdotes, but confessing next day to a slight embarrassment. Frank Harris, Maugham, young Michael Arlen and Lloyd Osborne, Rebecca West and Scott Fitzgerald—such Riviera fauna were sufficiently docketed in his mind. But Harpo Marx? What had *he* written?

Or little dinners up in the hills at Saint-Paul-du-Var, with the Alpine foothills turned amethystine in the sunset, with wine-stains on the red-checkered table-cloths, with pigeons wheeling unceasingly overhead, and dogs dozing dreamlessly on the terra cotta tiles.

OR big dinners at the Cap itself, hellishly frequent dinners given by hostesses giddy with the new grandeur of having enough servants for once in their lives. The last one I went to—a vast, jostling convention of tables set upon the riparian rocks—comes back to me in odd, freakish wisps of memory. There is Elsie de Wolfe, for instance, summoning her car and departing in medium-high dudgeon just as the cocktails are being served. She had been asked for 8.30. Now, at 10, the first course is not yet on the tables, and a lady has her digestion to think of. The hostess is furious, and so am I—furious because I didn't think of it first.

Endless chatter, clinking glasses, then suddenly, at midnight, a group puts out to sea in a chugging motor boat. In it is Gertrude Sanford, of Amsterdam, New York, and Addis-Ababa, Abyssinia.

In no time her expedition has vanished beyond the impenetrable curtain of darkness that falls just outside the range of the dinner party's winking lamps. But a few minutes later a searchlight from the shore picks it up, and there she is, riding a surf board—the pale gleam of her silken gown somehow heightening the immense isolation of that tiny, defiant, Luciferian figure picked out of the universal blackness, a rebel finding in the strange, mutinous craft with which she rides the midnight waters a more magic carpet than ever her grandpa's looms turned out in Amsterdam.

As the passing comet streaks out to sea, there is a very rustle of appreciation, of enjoyment, of relish, of envy, from the startled

(Continued on page 100)

Hello Yourself, Sherwood!

Some Parody Reminiscences in the Manner of Mr. Anderson, and Other Literary Notes of the Month

By JOHN RIDDELL

I AM not a writer. I am a writer. If I were a writer, I would not know what to do with myself. I would sit in a study all day long like a pansy, catching flies with my hand, or pulling down the shade and letting it run back with a snap, or turning out books like this. I could not write for other people.

"All right, then," I said. "I will let other people write for me." *I was driving along a country road in Virginia with the lady "Q". I have to keep my ladies card-indexed and filed under their initials so that I can keep track of them. I am not a business-man either.*

I saw a newspaper office. I went in. "How much is your newspaper?"

"Two cents," he said.

"No, the whole thing. The office, and the typewriters, and the pot of paste, and the free telephone, and the green eye-shades, and the dramatic editor, and all those nice sharp pencils. Do you want to sell it?" He did. "How much?" He told me.

"Too much." Pansies make love among the branches of trees. They do not have to worry about money.

But you are not a pansy.

* * *

I always have this supreme faith about money. I cannot tell where it comes from. When I reach in my pocket I always find something there, such as my hand.

"I am Sherwood Riddell," I told him. "Who?" "Sherwood Riddell." "Diddle?" "No, Riddell," "Riddell?"

"Sherwood Riddell, the writer, you poor damned fool."

"It must be ideal to be a writer," said the editor.

"I am not a writer," I said. "I am an editor."

He looked at me.

"I have just bought your newspaper."

* * *

That's how it is done.

FIRST WEEK OF JULY

FROM THE PAPER

Your new editor took charge yesterday. He hopes you will all be good and wash behind your ears. He does not want to have to scold.

Your editor's name is Sherwood Riddell. He has bought both the *Carrion (Va.) Republican* and the *Carrion (Va.) Democrat.* These two papers will be combined at once.

They will be known henceforth as "that newspaper Sherwood Riddell bought."

Public Library Notes

BY A CORRESPONDENT

Our library has just been presented with a lot of nice new books by an anonymous donor who particularly requested that we do not mention his name, as he is the editor of a local paper here.

The books which were donated include *Too Many Marriages* by Sherwood Riddell, *Schnappsburg, Ohio* by Sherwood Riddell, and a number of other books by Sherwood Riddell, including all the rest of them.

AN EDITOR'S THOUGHTS

An editor's thoughts—not published. Terror. These people. Suppose they do not know who I am.

Every week the pages of the paper to be filled. The new editor, who is also a writer, rolls up his sleeves. Blank pages. Space. He has never had so much space before in his life.

The town of Carrion nestles among the spacious hills. "There are all these people walking up and down the streets. Do they know me? Have they read my books?"

And now he is walking along the street. People are pointing him out. "That is our new editor. His name is Sherwood Riddell. He writes books."

I wonder how they found out?

PAGAN ROMP IN CARRION

A study, snapped at the outing of the Stein and Gun Club in Mencken Park, shows Mr. Sherwood Riddell (second from left) coaxing literary material from Miss Bleepley, the town milliner. Mr. and Mrs. Stoops are hardly able to contain their mirth

The New Carrion

AN EDITORIAL

Well, folks you have a pretty good town here. I just want to suggest a few changes in it, here and there, then everything will be all right. Nothing to worry about.

Life in a town goes on, just so. You know how it is. Spring, summer, winter, fall. People getting married, always the same old thing. Terrible.

Just suppose now, in our town, we are visited by some great man. Suppose one of my friends comes down. Hurrah now, let's give him a big day. The big drum is booming. Boom, boom, big drum. The horns are going. Music. Zipp. Everybody goes down to meet the train at the railroad station, waving their flags. And no railroad station. Pshaw. What a frost.

The first thing Carrion needs is a railroad station.

They also need a railroad.

I think that while we are at it there are a couple of other changes that might not be so bad. This morning while I was coming down to the office I tripped over the sidewalk in front of the Post Office and barked my shins. I think it would be a very good idea to remove that sidewalk. And perhaps it would also look better if we moved the Post Office over to the other side of the street, under that big elm. The first Presbyterian Church can be shoved up the block a little ways, or else maybe we can squeeze it in the space where the Bank Building is now standing. Folks around here don't really need a bank. Farmers are poor. They don't have any money.

And I think it would also improve the looks of the town if we picked up the old newspapers and cracker boxes that are in the Square before the City Hall, and also built a new City Hall. This present one is terrible. Of course, it's all *right.* You country people may even like it.

The people of Carrion owe it to their town to give it the heartiest kind of support. Get back of it. We, in Carrion, have a corking good newspaper. Let's make the town worthy of it.

SECOND WEEK OF JULY

What jolly fun running a newspaper. I am having the time of my life.

The people in this town—how nice they are. When I walk past them on the street they stand back at a respectful distance. They let me pass.

They are very quaint. Real local characters. I think I shall write a book about them. Very easy.

I wonder why no one ever thought of doing this before.

Mr. Stoop's Black Eye

NEWS

Mr. T. Llewellyn Stoops, of 67 South Hickory Street, is the victim of a badly discoloured optic this week, having received same last night. He reports his right eye is doing nicely. It is his left one that was hit.

Mr. Stoops says he got up to go into the bathroom, and the door was open, and when he leaned over to pick up a penny he had lost, the handle of the rake flew up and he was kicked by a horse.

These things will happen.

(Continued on page 106)

Thoughts on Gastronomy

How the Nations of the World Have Come to Regard the Art of Eating as a Matter of Patriotism

By HAROLD NICOLSON

I ONCE knew a man who was inordinately greedy. He was also inordinately rich. The combination of these two qualities had rendered him fussy and asthmatic: he was always suffering either from repletion or hunger: his eyes goggled, at one moment with expectation, at another with satiety: he was not a very happy man.

Lonely and expectant, he lived in a large untenanted house, and the pleasures which graced his solitary life were in their nature transitory: a spring chicken, the first asparagus, a new salad—but then how quickly do such things pass out of our lives! Even love, politics even, afford more durable stimulants. My millionaire had in his time experienced both these things and found them hollow; he had retired from public and even from civic life; he lived in a large house packed with expensive and curious purchases and surrounded by intricate gardens. In the centre of his house stood his kitchen, and a chef from Dijon, and a *pâtissier* from Nancy. The essential meal occurred in the middle of the day; a peach only for breakfast; and for dinner, only a little broth. Then there was his Swedish masseur, who created an appetite by banging and beating the old gentleman across the stomach from eleven till eleven-thirty; a little turn in the Dutch garden; and then, breathless with lust, rolling large ogre eyes, smacking ogre chops, the old man would stump into the enormous dining room, and there, beneath the Gobelins, he would sit (fee-fi-fo-fum) in an Italian brocade chair; waiting for his soup.

YES, he had soup at luncheon. But not as you or I would taste this scrannel beverage. The ceremony which attended its preparation recalled the age of Hadrian, the age, at moments, of Trimalchio. There was in the first place an object, which, for want of a better name, I shall call a tureen. It arrived in a vehicle, or, to be more exact, it was wheeled up to him on a little table fitted with india-rubber tyres. In appearance it was like a large silver caldron, fixed on heavy silver claws, and warmed from underneath by a lamp which belched flames. Another servant then arrived with a further table, similarly propelled, which contained two tiers laden with a varied assortment of condiments and viands. The first table was placed at his right side, the second at his left. The ceremony had begun. Upon the second table was a lobster, rather shattered and dissected, but still a lobster. There was a large dish of black potatoes, which were in fact truffles, the very largest truffles which the most expert of the Périgord trufflers had been able to unearth. Pink hog-like noses rootling for truffles: careful and experienced Périgourdins selecting the ones, those round bumpy ones, which my particular millionaire was known to like. Then there were scarlet pepper-heads from Thessaly, and pickled cucumbers from the Ukraine, spices from Bali and Sumatra, a little silver nutmeg-grater, a little gold instrument for crushing picatilloes, a little crystal mortar for grinding those locarto beans which come from Marakesh; the roots of a palmetto bush; olives from Ithaca.

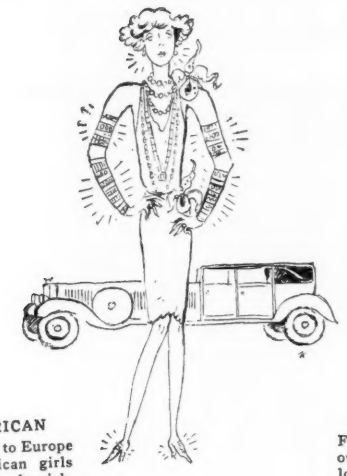
I exaggerate a little, perhaps, but I do not exaggerate very much. My host, breathing heavily, would goggle from left to right, stirring the caldron on his one side, transfixing a pimento from the assortment on his other side, transferring them to the caldron, letting them drop (fee-fi-fo-fum) slowly into the seething anxious soup. The guests meanwhile would sit silently in their places, as if children at a school-feast, watching this strange alchemy, wishing that the old man would hurry up. This moment, we may presume, was for him the culmination of his orgies; anticipation and desire mingled their agonising tension within his soul; satisfaction, to be snatched when the suspense became intolerable, could be held for the moment, for a series of delicious suspended moments, at arm's length. His guests, who could not understand these sensual subtleties, merely sat there silently, hungry, annoyed, and with eyes which in their turn became protuberant. Fee, Fi, Fo, Fum. The lobster would be raised, an articulated corpse, above the caldron: those fat and trembling fingers would hold it there gloatingly, disentangling its nakedness from the shell; flakes of lobster would detach themselves and splash into the seething lava below them, and then the claws of the beast would be twisted deftly sideways till they snapped; the claws dropped into the soup, shell and all. This was the penultimate ceremony. A footman would stand there with a golden bowl of warm water scented with peppermint or verbena. The ogre washed his hands. The steam from the caldron eddied across the table, bringing with it memories of Marseilles fish-taverns, and spirits of wine.

THEREAT the host—a final libation—would raise in his right hand a bottle of *Veuve Clicquot*, and in his left hand a bottle of *Amontillado*, their twin amber streams mingling as they hissed into the steam below. We were then given our soup. It was very hot indeed. It had a distinct taste of lobster mixed with cloves. It was like some very hot cough-mixture drunk with shrimp paste. But our host would lap and guzzle there, unconscious of the tentative and disappointed sips of those around him. After luncheon (he called it luncheon), he would go to his room and sleep. But his guests, who had had breakfast that morning but had not had the masseur, would walk, thoughtful and blear-eyed along the herbaceous border.

Here you have a picture, more accurate than you suppose, of gargantuan rather than lucullan greediness. On me these luncheons (I must have attended four or five) made a deep and lasting impression. Those meals, that soup, convinced me that one can have too great a quantity of quality. The healthiest appetite, the most sensitive palate, the great previous abstinence, the most expert masseur, would not have made me really like that soup. I had always been told that the sure sign of an indifferent cook is the presence of Sherry in the food. My old friend, however, had poured a whole bottle of the best *Amontillado* into his concoction, had added thereto a bottle of excellent *champagne*, and yet it tasted only of cloves, as might an apple tart, of those four cloves which, in a moment of fussy carelessness, he had allowed to degrade the whole. Even on an empty stomach, even amid the snow and ice of the Italian Riviera, the memory of that caldron turns me a little sick. I think of other meals; of that salmon-trout at San Vigilio; of the day when, all ravenous, I ate a little partridge in triumph at Persepolis. For in food, as in many things (I quote—and why shouldn't I?—from Aristotle) the surprising is delightful, provided that it is not overdone. Good food should thus come upon the eater with a shock of surprised delight: but the surprise should be simple and self contained; too many surprises leave behind them only a faint nausea and the scent of cloves. The surprise, though startling, should not, moreover, be entirely incongruous: a short, sharp anchovy hidden in a strawberry ice would make any man jump: but he would not thereafter think of the meal lovingly, as I to-day of San Vigilio.

NO; food is not a thing to treat flippantly. Like all events which gratify the senses it should be approached anxiously though calmly, and with what Mr. John Drinkwater would call "a fine thoughtfulness." Above all, patriotism is not enough. It is indeed very foolish, if one is English, or even American, to be unduly patriotic about one's food. We have our virtues. The English have their bacon and their beef. The Americans have their salads and those crisp but flabby things one eats with treacle. But we have also our failures. It would be mere jingoism to contend that the halibut of the English dining-car is anything more than a dead and sodden fish. One would have to be 102% American to defend those sickly and gaseous beverages with which, so I am told, the most powerful nation of the twentieth century destroys its teeth and its digestion. And yet this regionalism, nay, this nationalism, in regard to food is a most common and distressing feature of modern life. I have heard Parisians rejecting, with that unhesitating insularity which so hampers the full charm of the French character, Ravioli. I have seen Englishmen addressing Sole Marguéry in terms of undisguised, and terribly erring, contempt. I have heard Americans, when confronted by a Fricandeau, exclaim "And so this is this!" Such an attitude of scepticism towards the food of other nations is not merely ill-mannered; it is a rejection of experience. And, as I hope one day to establish, the only form of vulgarity which really matters is that form which leads its victims to reject expe-

(Continued on page 86)



AMERICAN

According to Europe all American girls are fabulously rich, wear big diamonds and pearls in strings

FRENCH

French lassies, so other nations think, look something like this little waitress from Montmartre

BRITISH

Here is the outsider's view of a fair daughter of Albion, teeth, umbrella, determination and all

Drawings by
L. KAINER

RUSSIAN

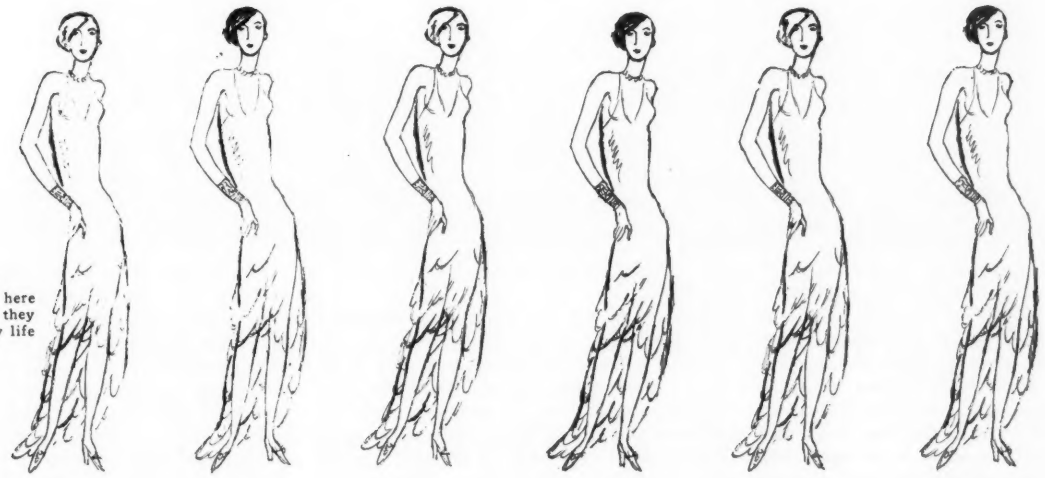
Russia inevitably suggests (to non-Russians) a bomb-throwing maiden who can also dance

SPANISH

What foreign artist would draw a Spanish girl without castanets and a rose between her teeth?

GERMAN

The accepted type of *fräulein* simply must have the generous conformation of a pouter pigeon



WRONG

All wrong, for here they are . . . as they are in everyday life

AMERICAN FRENCH BRITISH RUSSIAN GERMAN SPANISH

An International Garland

Some Flappers, Foreign and Domestic, as Seen by Other Nations...and as They Really Are

Golfing Tigers and Rabbits

Should Golf Courses Generally Be Planned for the Expert Players or for the Short Hitters?

By BERNARD DARWIN

I DO not know if the golfing world in America is periodically torn by battles between the tigers and the rabbits. Here in England we seem to have one every two years or so. It takes place in the newspapers. Not perhaps that "battle" is quite the right word because the affair is so one-sided. The rabbits make a great stir about their grievances, and the tigers treat them with lordly contempt; or at any rate like br'er fox, they keep on saying nothing. Nevertheless, while it lasts it is not uninteresting.

I find that I have forgotten to explain exactly who the two parties are. Perhaps it is superfluous. The rabbits are, of course, the great body of golfers who are rather fat and rather old, and do not hit the ball very far or very straight. The tigers are the select few who do not suffer from these disadvantages.

THE rabbits have been at it again over here, quite lately, first conspiring darkly in their humble burrows, and then writing to the newspapers. Their complaint is briefly that although they pay the piper they are never allowed to call the tune. The courses are all laid out, they allege, by tigers for tigers. The holes are made longer and longer; everything is sacrificed to the big hitter: there is no compensating reward for the short but accurate: the course has got to be made a "championship course" or "a fine test of golf" irrespective of the wishes of the great majority and the poor rabbit gets no fun out of the game.

Such is the burden of the rabbits' lament, and as far as I can remember no one said a word on the other side. Mr. Horace Hutchinson did indeed write an amusing letter suggesting that the humbler animals should drive from shorter tees, and an anonymous writer, scenting a chance of "limitation" propaganda, tried to draw a red herring across the track by asserting that all these evils sprang from the modern far-flying ball. Nobody boldly defended the tigers' point of view. The correspondence gradually died down, and the courses remain and probably will remain exactly as they were before.

As I said, I do not know if this controversy ever rages acutely in America, but I rather think not, and that for several reasons. First, alternative teeing grounds are commoner on American courses than they are on English ones, and the shorter drivers use them. Secondly, American golf architects are, I fancy, very often deliberately severe on the tigers and not too cruel to the rabbits. They set out to punish the tigers' shot that is pretty good but not quite good enough, the long drive with just a touch of hook on it, let us say—while they leave the poor rabbits' short and impotent slice to be its own punishment. Thirdly—and most important—the American rabbit is so fiercely determined to improve and not to be a rabbit longer than he can help, that he will willingly wrestle with long holes and minefields of bunkers if they will help him to that glorious end. He does not want concessions. He likes to be tried highly, and if he can get round some desperate Pine Valley in 99 instead of 105 he is as pleased as a peacock with two tails.

Whether these impressions of mine are really accurate or not, I cannot say, but in any case the question must always exist to some extent in any golfing community. Personally I confess to feeling a great deal of sympathy with the rabbits. They very often *are* ill used; courses are made so long as to be a weariness to the flesh: bunkers are put where they will trap the moderate shot of the virtuous rabbit and do no harm to the bad shot of the vicious tiger. I sympathise with them so much that I pass lightly over one or two weaknesses in their arguments.

They suggest, for instance, if they do not positively say it—that the short hitter is by way of compensation an accurate hitter. There is no evidence whatever to prove this true. Most of us are both short and crooked and some of us gain a reputation for straightness only because we cannot hit far enough to reach the rough. They further imply that there is no merit in long driving; that it is purely a matter of youth and strength and ignorance. There again they are utterly wrong as witness the light little men who by dint of a true swing of the club can hit a very long way indeed. Many excellent people try to strengthen a good case by over-statement, and the rabbits have got quite a good case. Where they are undeserving of sympathy to my mind, is in that they do not make the best of their case.

IF they are so unjustly used why don't they revolt? It need not be a bloodthirsty revolution. They need not raise a red flag bearing on it the device of a rabbit rampant and go out and kill the tiger. They need not use any but perfectly constitutional means. They have only got to go to the next general meeting of the club, turn out all the Committee neck and crop, appoint themselves a rabbit soviet, and play the very deuce and all with the course at their own sweet will. Then why don't they? Failing that why don't they insist at any rate upon having short tees and using them? I am not so sure about the answer of my first question, but I am sure about the second. The answer is to be found in a single word—VANITY.

There is many a man who is not at all afraid of proclaiming himself anonymously a rabbit in a letter to the newspapers, just as in more serious matters he might sign his letter "A thirsty soul"—or—"A mother of six", but when on the course, among those who know him, he is put to the test, he blenches. He will not drive off the short tees as long as that conceited creature—So-and-so, who is certainly no better than he is, no, nor half so good—insists on making a fool of himself off the back ones. Perish the thought! He would rather be caught in all the cross bunkers in the world, until his niblick grows red-hot. And, besides, if he really does hit his tee shot—a thing that happens about once a fortnight—neither the hole nor the carry is too long for him. It is a very, very hard thing not merely to admit, but even to believe in our secret hearts that we are short hitters. I know one dear old gentleman of eighty, for his age an extraordinarily good player. Every autumn when the turf is beginning once more to be damp and slow he may be seen busily practising with his wooden club on the ground that for some mysterious reason he seems to have lost his length. If he has not learned the hard truth at eighty, what hope is there for us who are rather younger? Very little indeed. The preacher who said that all things were vanity must have been a golfer.

IN a sense then I say it serves the rabbits right. If they will not break their fetters they deserve to remain slaves. Perhaps, however, this is a harsh view and a dangerous one as well for one who is himself sloping slowly—or even not very slowly—towards the rabbit stage. I do think that something should be done for them. The question is what?

On this question I have just received an interesting letter from a friend of mine who is a well-known and extremely ingenious golfing architect. In his view the rabbit has a vague sense of ill usage, but does not know what his real grievance is. The oppressor of rabbits, he says, is the man who lays out golf courses on "penal" and not "strategic" lines. I do not know if these terms need explanation. Briefly, the penal school say that every downright bad shot must be definitely punished, while, as a corollary, every decently hit ball must go free. "Not so", say in effect the strategic school. "We want to make golf a matter of thinking as well as merely of hitting the ball. If you make a bad shot you will not necessarily be punished by a bunker; you shall be given a chance of retrieving yourself but only by means of playing a difficult shot next time. Furthermore if you make an ordinarily good shot, you need not think you have done your whole duty, and that everything must forthwith be made easy for you. We intend to make you keep thinking ahead and taking risks. Only the really good shot played to exactly the right plan shall make your path smooth."

The penal school, my architectural friend declares, not only makes things hard for the rabbits but positively easy for the tigers. He illustrates his meanings by two diagrams of holes, painted with beautiful yellow bunkers and green oases; these I cannot reproduce here but I will try to paint them in words. In his picture of a "penal" hole there are two symmetrical cross bunkers in the middle of the fairway about 130 yards from the tee; there are two symmetrical side bunkers, one to the right and one to the left about 170 yards from the tee; there are two more cross bunkers in the middle of the course at 350 yards. Finally there is a big green with a wide entrance and a small bunker is placed at each

(Continued on page 92)

STEICHEN—HOLLYWOOD

Swan Song—Phyllis Haver

The Young Star Announces Her Retirement From the Screen With Her New Picture "Thunder"

UNLIKE the famous stars of another decade who toured for twenty years after an alleged retirement, Phyllis Haver, announces to a still very new public, that *Thunder* marks her final appearance on the screen. The rest of her life will be spent as the demure sister-in-law of Rube Goldberg and the wife of Mayor Walker's best friend. Though one of the most celebrated of Mack Sennett's glorified bathing girls, Phyllis Haver was not of the first series, which numbered Gloria Swanson and Mabel Normand. An astute and hard-working comedienne of the Loos tradition, she has never aspired to the salon school or mourned for classic tragedy. She first appeared—completely dressed—on the screen in *The Christian*, but it was not until she had played Delilah to Emil Jannings' Samson in *The Way of All Flesh*, that her singular abilities were recognized. Since then through a succession of *Singapore Sals, Shanghai Mabels* and *Roxy Harts*, she has trafficked in rowdy flirtation-sirens of the sleeping cars and Loreleis of the barracks—with ribald eye and invulnerable technique

Silence Is Golden

Being the Misanthropic Reflections of an English Novelist on First Hearing a Picture Talk

By ALDOUS HUXLEY

I HAVE just been, for the first time, to see and hear a talking picture. "A little late in the day," my up-to-date readers will remark with a patronizing and contemptuous smile. "There isn't much news left in talkies. But better late than never."

Better late than never? Ah, no! There, my friends, you're wrong. This is one of those cases where it is decidedly better never than late, better never than early, better never than on the stroke of time. One of the numerous cases, I may add. And the older I grow, the more numerous I find them. There was a time, in my foolish youth, when I should have felt terribly ashamed of not being up-to-date. I lived in a chronic apprehension lest I might miss the last bus and so find myself stranded in a dark desert of demodedness, while others, more nimble than myself, had already climbed on board, taken their tickets and set out towards those bright, but, alas, ever-receding goals of Modernity and Sophistication.

NOW, however, I have grown shameless, I have lost my fears. I can watch unmoved the departure of the last social-cultural bus—the innumerable last buses which are starting at every instant in all the world's capitals. I make no effort to board them, and when the noise of each departure has died down, "Thank Goodness!" is what I say to myself in the solitude. I find, nowadays, that I simply don't want to be up-to-date. I have lost all desire to see and do the things, the seeing and doing of which entitle a man to regard himself as superiorly knowing, sophisticated, unprovincial; I have lost all desire to frequent the places and people that a man simply *must* frequent, if he is not to be regarded as a poor creature hopelessly out of the swim. "Be up-to-date!" is the categorical imperative of those who scramble for the last bus. But it is an imperative whose cogency I refuse to admit. When it is a question of doing something which I regard as a duty, I am as ready as anyone else to put up with discomfort. But being up-to-date and in the swim has ceased to be, for me, a duty. Why should I have my feelings outraged, why should I submit to being bored and disgusted for the sake of somebody else's categorical imperative? Why? There is no reason. So I simply avoid most of the manifestations of that miscalled "life," which my contemporaries seem to be so unaccountably anxious to "see;" I put myself out of range of most of the "art" they think it so vitally necessary to "keep up with;" I flee from those appalling "good times," in the "having" of which they are ready to spend so lavishly of their energy and cash.

Such then are the reasons for my very tardy introduction to the talkies. The explanation of my firm resolve never, if I can help it, to be re-introduced will be found in the following simple narrative of what I saw and heard in that fetid hall on the *Boulevard des Italiens*, where the latest and most frightful creation-saving device for the production of standardized amusement had been installed.

The entertainment began with a series of music-hall turns—not substantial ones, of course, but the two-dimensional images of turns with artificial voices. There were no travel films, nothing in the natural history line, none of those fascinating Events of the Week—Lady Mayoresses launching battleships, Japanese earthquakes, hundred-to-one outsiders winning races, revolutionaries in Nicaragua—which are always the greatest and often the sole attractions in the programmes of our cinemas. Nothing but disembodied entertainers gesticulating flatly on the screen and making gramaphone-like noises as they did so. Some sort of comedian was performing as I entered. But he soon vanished to give place to somebody's celebrated jazz-band—not merely audible in all its loud vulgarity of brassy guffaw and caterwauling sentiment, but also visible in a series of apocalyptic close-ups of the individual performers. A beneficent providence has dimmed my powers of sight, so that, at a distance of more than four or five yards, I am blissfully unaware of the full horror of the average human countenance. At the cinema, however, there is no escape. Magnified up to Brobdingnagian proportions, the human countenance smiles its six-foot smile, opens and closes its thirty-two inch eyes, registers soulfulness or grief, libido or whimsicality with every square centimetre of its several roods of pallid mooniness. Nothing short of total blindness can preserve one from the spectacle. The jazzers were forced on me; I regarded them with a fascinated horror. It was the first time, I suddenly realized, that I had ever clearly *seen* a jazz band. The spectacle was positively terrifying. The performers belonged to two contrasted races. There were the dark and polished young Hebrews, whose souls were in those mournfully sagging, sea-sickishly undulating melodies of mother-love and nostalgia and yammering amorousness and clotted sensuality which have been the characteristically Jewish contributions to modern popular music. And there were the chubby young Nordics, with faces transformed by the strange plastic powers of the American environment into the likeness of very large uncooked muffins, or the unveiled posteriors of babes. (The Red Indian type of Nordic-American face was completely absent from this particular assemblage of jazz players.)

GIGANTICALLY enlarged, these personages appeared one after another on the screen, each singing or playing his instrument, and at the same time registering the emotions appropriate to the musical circumstances. The spectacle, I repeat, was really terrifying.

For the first time I felt grateful for the defect of vision which had preserved me from a daily acquaintance with such scenes. And at the same time I almost wished that I were a little deaf. For if good music has charms to soothe the savage breast, bad music has no less powerful spells for filling the mildest bosom with rage, the happiest with horror and disgust. Oh, those mammy-songs, those love-longings, those loud hilarities! How was it possible that human emotions intrinsically decent could be so ignobly parodied? I felt like a man who, having asked for wine, is offered a brimming bowl of hog wash. And not even fresh hog wash. Rancid hog wash, decaying hog wash. For there was a horrible tang of putrefaction in all that music. Those yearnings for Mammy of Mine and My Baby, for Dixie and the Land where skies are blue and Dreams come tree-ue, for Granny and Tennessee and You—they were all a necrophily, a putrefaction-worship. The Mammy after whom the black young Hebrews and the blond young muffin-faces so retchingly yearned was an ancient Gorgonzola cheese, the Baby of their desires was a leg of mutton after a month in warm storage, Granny had been dead for weeks, and Dixie and Tennessee and Dream-Land were odoriferous with the least artificial of manures.

WHEN, after what seemed hours, the band concluded its dreadful performance, I sighed in thankfulness. But the thankfulness was premature. For the film which followed was hardly less distressing. It was the story of the child of a cantor in a synagogue, afflicted, to his father's quite justifiable fury, with an itch for jazz. This itch, assisted by the cantor's boot, sends him out into the world, where in due course his Dreams come tree-ue and he becomes a jazz singer on the music hall stage. (A very accomplished jazz singer, incidentally; for it is Mr. Al Jolson who plays the very local part. I wished he had been less accomplished. For the better jazz is sung or played, the more clearly its intrinsic qualities are revealed. And its intrinsic qualities are mostly dreadful.) The jazz singer returns to the ancestral roof; but Poppa will have nothing to do with him, absolutely nothing, in spite of his success, in spite, too, of his eloquence. "You yourself always taught me," says the son pathetically, "that the voice of music was the voice of God." *Vox jazzi vox Dei*—the thought is beautiful and uplifting. But stern old Poppa's heart refuses to be touched. Even Mammy of Mine is unable to patch up the difference between father and son, and the singer is reduced to going out once more into the night, and from the night back to his music hall, where, amid a forest of waving legs, he resumes his interrupted devotions to that remarkable God, whose voice is the music of Mr. Berlin as played by Mr. Whiteman's orchestra.

The crisis of the drama arrives when, the cantor being mortally sick and unable to fulfill his usual functions at the synagogue, Mammy of Mine and the Friends of his Childhood implore the young man to come and sing the Atonement service in his father's place. Unhappily this religious function is booked to take place at the same moment as that other act of worship, vulgarly known as a First Night in the theatre.

(*Continued on page 94*)

We Nominate for the Hall of Fame:

DIEGO RIVERA

Because he is the dean of Mexican painters and the leader of the younger artists of his country; because his greatest achievement has been a series of murals in the Education building in Mexico City, depicting the history of his country in native life, and finally because he has just won the fine arts medal of the American Institute of Architects

HALMI-BUDAPEST

EUGENE HELTAI

Because he is a Hungarian author who is known outside Central Europe; because he is known as "the Hungarian Mark Twain"; because he is president of the Hungarian Dramatists' Society; because he writes fiction, drama and poetry with equal facility, and finally, because by his translations he has done much to further the cause of modern letters in Hungary

EDWARD WESTON

ERICH REMARQUE

Because he is a young German writer who has become world-famous with one book; because his career began in the army at eighteen and he has since been a music teacher, an automobile dealer and a dramatic critic, and finally because his *All Quiet on the Western Front* is one of the finest works to come out of the war

WALTER LIPPMANN

Because he is one of the foremost of American political writers; because he was a founder of the *New Republic;* because as an advisor to President Wilson he helped formulate many of the famous doctrines of the War and the Peace; because he has written half a dozen books, and finally, because he has just been made Editor of the New York *World*

COLLINGS-LONDON

E. Œ. SOMERVILLE

Because she is famous as an international sportswoman; because she was the first woman M. F. H. in Ireland; because she is well known as a painter and has also written several books, the best known being *The Experiences of an Irish R. M.*, and finally because she has recently visited America where she has observed the hunts of Long Island and Aiken

"Passing" Goulashes in Contract Bridge

A New Diversion Which Succeeds in Making Contract a Little Less Serious and Conventional

By LELIA HATTERSLEY

TO those Contract players who are only recent and reluctant converts to the idea of playing Goulashes, it may come as a shock to learn that straight Goulash deals are considered really quite old-fashioned and out of date. Now it is the "passing" type of Goulashes which hold the vogue, filling as they do, the popular demand for bigger and better hands, for frequent slams, magnificent sets, and exciting times in general.

The argument that such a form of diversion has no place in a serious game of Contract can best be answered by saying:

"Probably not. But it's terribly thrilling."

As a matter of fact the idea of passing cards in a Goulash deal is not new. It was introduced more than a year ago with the so-called Philadelphia Goulashes. This form of the game consisted in exchanging three cards in turn with each of one's adversaries and then four cards with one's partner. The Philadelphia Goulash never attained widespread popularity because it was too involved and slow-moving.

THEN someone conceived the idea that the dazzling hands of the Philadelphia Goulashes could be retained and the tedium eliminated simply by doing away with the exchange of cards between the adversaries. The present mode in Goulashes demands just a quick exchange of four cards between partners, and then on with the bidding.

Since everybody is playing these Passing Goulashes, and since ignorance of their many pitfalls is apt to wreck the family Bridge purse, it is well to take them up forearmed with some knowledge of their strategy and technic.

There can be no question but that the keynote of success in Passing Goulashes is consideration of one's partner. If you consider the passing of four cards from your hand merely as an opportunity to discard, you are predestined to failure. Only occasionally, when you have, for example, a long and powerful major suit are you justified in unloading on your partner the undesirable cards from your hand regardless of whether or not they may fit with his. Even when bent on the purpose of building up a dominating hand for yourself, it is often possible to pass winning cards to your partner without sacrificing your own holding. In preparing to pass four cards from the following hand, for instance:

♠-A, K, 10, 9, 6, 3, 2
♡-5, 4
◇-A, K, 3, 2
♣-none

your first impulse might naturally prompt you to select the two small Hearts and the deuce and three-spot of Diamonds. Stopping to consider your partner's hand as well as your own you would realize that, while you must discard the two Hearts, the Ace and King of Diamonds are the proper cards to pass with them. These tricks may enable your partner to make a desirable double or bid, and they will be equally valuable to you in his hand as in your own.

When your transfer includes a card of your strong suit, as would be the case in the following hand:

♠-none
♡-A, Q, 10, 9, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2
◇-none
♣-J, 9, 6

it is advisable to pass your partner a seven-spot or better to indicate your strength. Avoid, however, breaking up your honour holding for this purpose. Remember that there is always the possibility of receiving from your partner some complementary honours which will give you four or five in one hand.

Many players advocate passing a seven, eight, or nine to indicate that they hold an Ace but not necessarily length in a certain suit. Better policy usually dictates passing the Ace of a short suit rather than a signal card.

It is not really the big suit hands which present the most diffcult problems of Passing Goulashes, but the more general run of mixed and indefinite hands. The important point to keep in mind in such cases is that, lacking the probability of developing an aggressive bid from your own hand, you must play for your partner's.

Whenever you have just four cards of a major suit it is well to pass them intact. Such a holding should not be broken up even for the purpose of adding a side Ace. If this is your partner's suit, the advantage of the transfer is self evident. Should the suit happen to be an opponent's, your defensive position is strengthened by this concentration of adverse trumps.

IN passing cards the defensive element should not be ignored. Keep in mind that a Passing Goulash almost invariably produces a game bid, very frequently a slam, and that your adversaries will, on a fair average, play half the hands. Against this contingency you should, whenever possible, prepare an adequate defense. Be generous to your partner, but never let your altruism prompt you to break up a major suit of five or more cards.

As the minor suits play rather a weak part in the high-powered bidding of Passing Goulashes, there is no objection to divesting your hand of the top cards of a minor suit, when the indications are that such a disposition may benefit your partner. Here is a hand where the passing of four top Diamonds would seem to be advisable:

♠-6
♡-4
◇-A, K, J, 9, 6, 5
♣-9, 6, 4, 3, 2

A three-card major suit is usually a favourable "pass" especially when a side Ace can be added for good measure. A two-card major suit should usually be passed. The brevity of the suit in your own hand makes it likely that you may find your partner's length. Avoid, however, muddling your partner's hand with an assortment of suits. Suppose you held the following hand:

♠-K
♡-Q
◇-10, 9, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2
♣-A, Q, 6, 5

the four top clubs should go to your partner, not the Ace and Queen of Clubs with the King of Spades and Queen of Hearts.

STICK to one or two suits unless it is possible to pass a really worth while collection of odd cards, as, for example, the three Aces and the Queen from the following hand:

♠-A
♡-A
◇-A, Q, 7, 6
♣-9, 8, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2

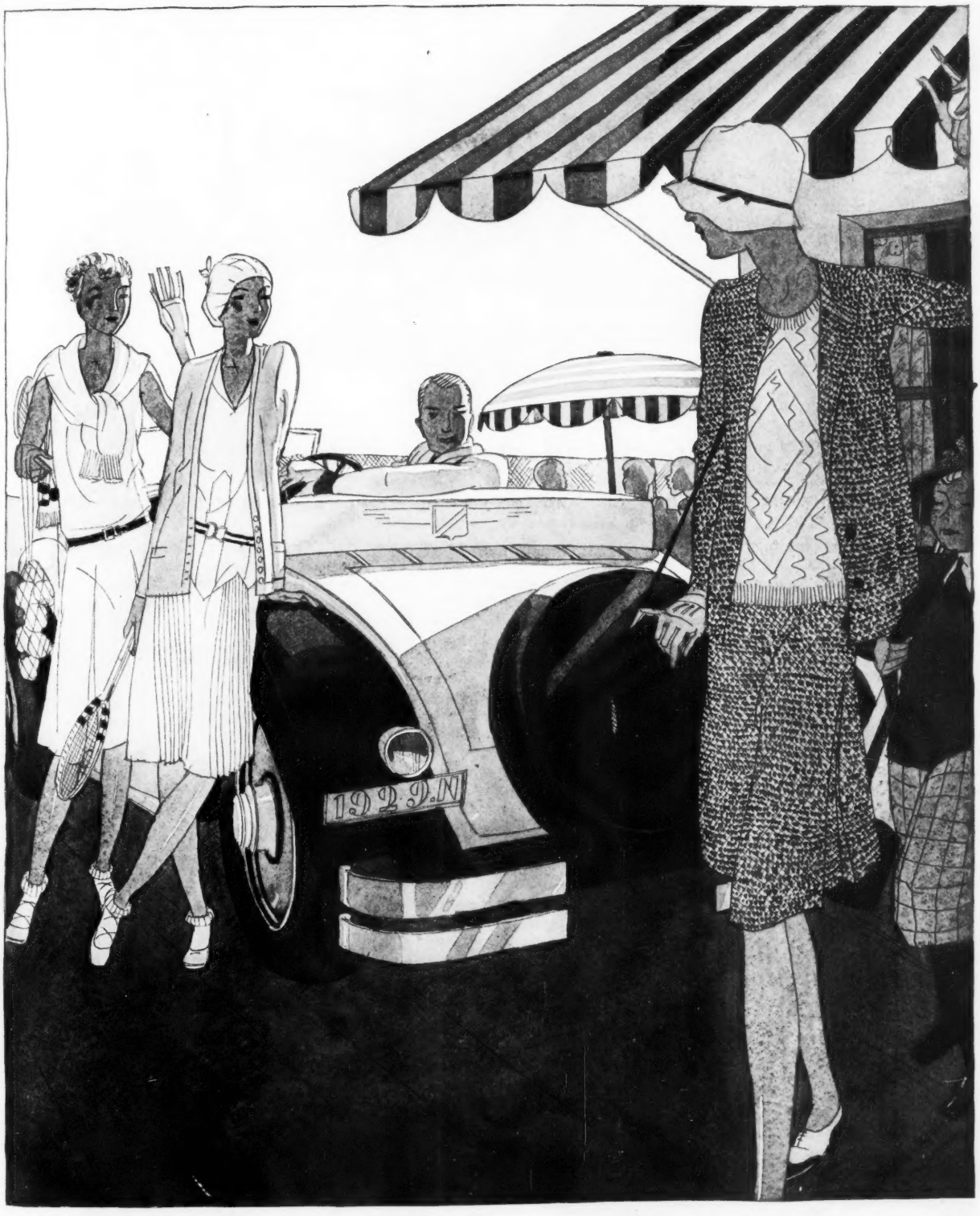
The bidding of a Passing Goulash is often quite simple and clear-cut. To begin with, you have definite knowledge of four certain cards in your partner's hand. From the consignment which you receive from him it is usually possible to make some deductions concerning his remaining cards. If your partner passes two, three, or four cards of a major suit, you may surmise that he has stripped his hand of that suit. Any single high card other than an honour may be read as a signal of length and strength. Upon receiving a donation of four top cards as the Ace and King of Spades, Ace of Hearts and Ace of Clubs, your inference must be that your partner has given up his only strength to you. In the other case, an assortment of low cards in odd suits carries the message that your partner's holding is sufficiently powerful to justify him in sacrificing your hand.

When bidding an exceptionally long and strong suit, without defensive side tricks, it is frequently advisable to camouflage your strength in your opening declaration. Unless your opponents are vulnerable or happen to be exceedingly timid bidders, they will rarely allow you to hold an initial declaration for grand slam in a minor suit. Such a betrayal of strength seldom passes unchallenged in this game where the adversaries, forearmed with a knowledge of each other's cards, can usually muster some fairly adequate defensive bid.

Because of the unequal advantage of a non-vulnerable side over the opponents who have a game in, many players follow the policy of scoring all Goulash penalties and bonuses as though both sides were vulnerable.

With the freakish distribution of Goulash hands, a sound bid at no trumps almost never occurs. For this reason it is advantageous in

(Continued on page 94)



The Well-Dressed Woman at the Country Club

The Aristocratic Sports of Golf and Tennis Require the Debonair Chic of Silk and Woollen

THE day being one of those rarely brisk ones that we sometimes encounter in July, Ted has obligingly driven his bride, June, and her twin sister, April, over to the country club for a few sets of tennis. June (at left) is wearing a cotton piqué tennis dress with a square neck, a red leather belt, and a skirt made circular by pleated godets; and over her shoulders she has casually slung Ted's white angora sweater. Dress from Best; sweater from Dobbs. April wears a silk piqué dress from Best with pleats all around and an adjustable collar that turns up to prevent an unbecoming back-of-the-neck sunburn, and over it, a pale yellow angora cardigan; from Dobbs. Her tricot Chanel beret is from Best and both of their soft doeskin shoes with crêpe rubber soles come from Saks-Fifth Avenue. That engaging young divorcée, Martha, who often starts but never finishes on the links, alone, is off for a round of golf. She wears a rough, light-weight tweed suit, in a yellow, brown, and white zigzag weave, the skirt of which has side pleats and pockets. For its accompanying orange jersey blouse she has substituted a cool, lacy sweater of beige silk and wool and her felt hat is beige; costume from Knox. Her white doeskin and tan calf golf shoes are from Saks-Fifth Avenue

CURTISS
The Curtiss Fledgling, winner of the Navy competition for the most suitable training plane for service fliers, is more powerful than the average training ship—its engine a Curtiss Challenger 170 horsepower. $9,600

Sport and Student Planes

Concerning Airplanes With Low Landing Speeds for the Student Flyer and Flight Instructor

THE requirements of the student aviator have recently been given a great deal of attention by aircraft manufacturers, judging from the extraordinary number of training planes that have been introduced during the past few months. More than seventy different models, constructed by almost as many builders, are available. All of these, according to the claims of their designers, are suitable for instructional purposes. More than twenty of them are specifically intended for training, while the remainder are classed as "sport planes" that are suited to the teaching of flight, as well.

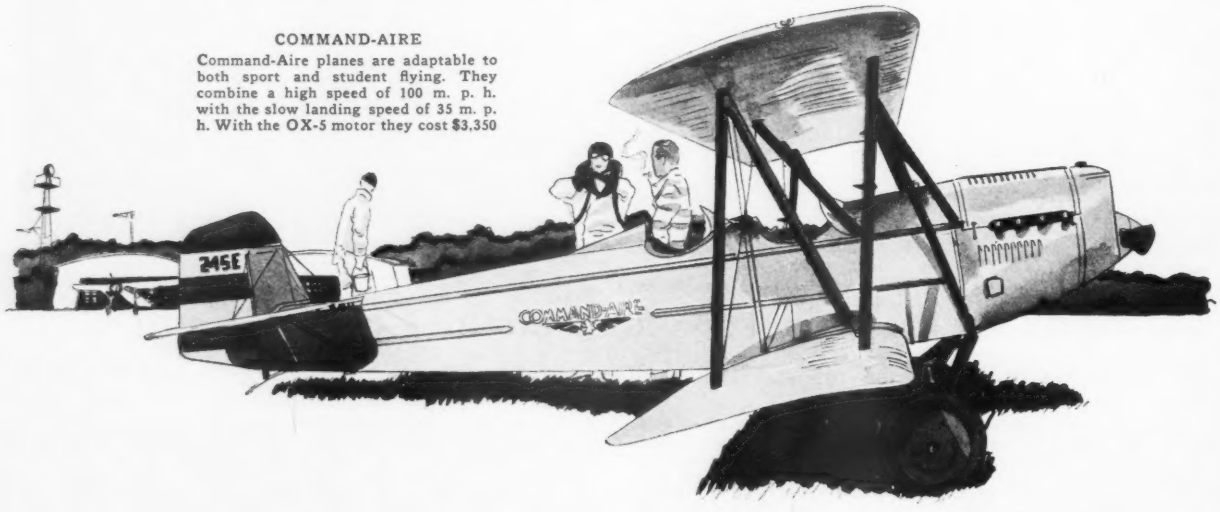
As a matter of fact, probably not more than a score of this rather amazing total anywhere nearly approach the requirements of a first class training plane. Briefly stated, these requirements, in the order of their importance, are stability, low landing speed, strength, simplicity and easy maintenance. It is no trifling matter to engineer a plane that combines all these virtues in properly balanced proportions, as time will no doubt demonstrate to a number of budding manufacturers.

With a well-designed training plane of good performance, learning to fly is a simple matter—no more difficult than learning to drive a motor car and much less perilous than mastering a bicycle or roller skates. Stability, of course, is a prime essential. The ideal training plane is one that refuses to spin, "fall off" on one wing, or to stall—important qualifications possessed by several present models. The student flier will always make mistakes but a plane with these attributes will prevent such errors from resulting seriously. Low landing speed is almost equally important. The most difficult part of learning to fly is getting back on the ground—largely a mental hazard, by the way—and the plane that descends slowly enables this obstacle to be overcome more easily. Excessive power is more of a handicap than an advantage to the student. Opening the throttle of an eighty horsepower engine is far less dangerous to the beginner than giving the gun, say, to a Wright Whirlwind. When the two hundred or more horsepower of the latter suddenly goes to work things happen very rapidly, often out of all proportion to the student's ability to cope with them. It is a common contention that the ideal method of learning to fly is without any power at all—in a glider—a theory that has been successfully demonstrated in Germany. Certainly powerless flight develops a delicate sense of balance and judgment that cannot be attained otherwise.

The training ship is subjected to more rough usage than any other type and one that lacks rugged construction will quickly loosen up under the constant bouncing and bumping of student landings. Too many instruments and gadgets tend to confuse the embryonic airman. The fewer of these, beyond the essential ones, the better.

Of the seventy or more so-called sport and training planes now available, many are experimental types which have not yet the approval of the Department of Commerce. Attempting to learn how to fly in an unapproved ship may be perfectly safe but it seems generally

COMMAND-AIRE
Command-Aire planes are adaptable to both sport and student flying. They combine a high speed of 100 m. p. h. with the slow landing speed of 35 m. p. h. With the OX-5 motor they cost $3,350



WHITTELSEY AVIAN

The Whittelsey Avian, an American duplicate of the British Avro Avian with which Miss Amelia Earhart and other pilots have made several notable flights, is fitted with the Handley-Page slotted wing and Cirrus ninety horsepower four-cylinder engine. $4,995

unwise. If a plane is correctly designed and engineered and can pass satisfactory flight tests it will receive its certificate from the department. Until such time it is preferable to become interested only in the approved types.

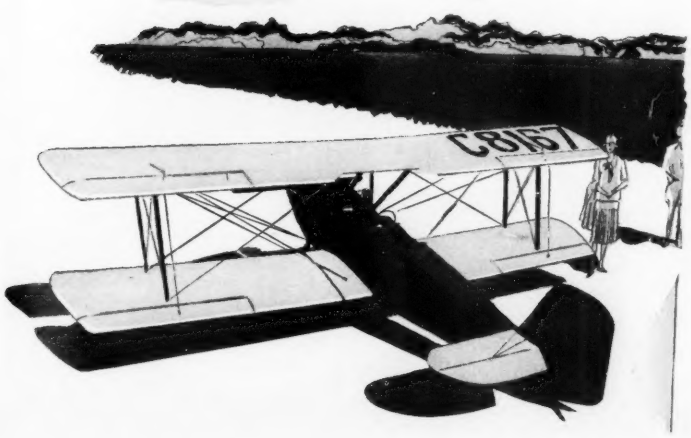
The Command-Aire is one of these. During the past several months its popularity has increased tremendously due, in a measure, to the fact that the standard model is equally suitable for sport and student flying. For exclusive school use slight alterations convert it into a strictly instructional ship. It is a biplane of combined steel and wood construction and sufficiently sturdy to withstand abuse. Equipped with a Curtiss OX-5 motor, it attains a high speed of nearly 100 miles an hour and lands at 35 miles an hour, which is practically a minimum speed. With this motor it is priced at $3,350. The price varies if it is fitted with other types of engines.

Incidentally, airplane manufacturers have followed the automobile practice of quoting prices at the factory and the well-known F.O.B.

(Continued on page 104)

WACO MODEL TEN

Probably as many civilian fliers have learned to fly and gained their licenses with Wacos as with any other type of plane. The Model Ten is a standard design which, equipped with the Curtiss OX-5 motor, is offered reasonably enough, for $3,135



SWALLOW "TP"

Simplicity is the keynote of the new Swallow "TP," which is designed especially for student fliers. A single set of instruments is arranged so as to be visible from both cockpits and ease of maintenance has been given particular attention. $2,645

For the Well-Dressed Man

A Linen, a Tweed and a Flannel Jacket to Wear With Flannel Trousers

THE most striking aspect of a man's semi-sport clothes is the great variety he finds in them—the bright colours, and the almost endless combinations of things that may be worn together. Three outfits from the many are shown here. Squatting at the left is a man wearing a white linen jacket, plain grey flannel trousers, grey felt hat, white shirt and collar, blue-and-white striped tie, and plain white buck shoes with the soles varnished black. Of his two companions, one wears a brown-and-tan tweed jacket in a herring-bone pattern with flannel trousers striped in brown. His collar is white linen: the shirt is white; tie reddish-brown; shoes brown-and-white; and hat, a panama with a black band. The third man wears a bright blue flannel jacket with light blue-grey flannel trousers, blue shirt, black-and-white tie, white buck shoes, and a broad-brimmed panama with a narrow black band. Plain white flannels or buff flannel trousers would be equally correct with any of these outfits and since plain materials are smart for jackets and trousers, the tie may have a very bold, striking pattern, preferably in black and white. Also, linen suits are smart

BOUILLON.... WITH THE TRUE FRENCH ACCENT

....by Campbell's famous chefs!

Clear soup, such as bouillon, has a very definite and distinct place in the family menu. It is to be selected for its bracing, invigorating effect rather than for supplying body-building nutrients. Bouillon, by reason of its delicious and stimulating meat juices, challenges the appetite and promotes digestion. Thus at the beginning of a meal, it induces a very delightful sense of well-being and prepares the way for the foods that follow.

Many times, too, a stimulating cup of bouillon is desired by itself, to refresh and revive. Its value in the sick-room is well-known.

Campbell's Bouillon combines a delicacy of flavor that is truly French and a fullness of strength that insures the utmost benefit. Only the most carefully selected beef is used for the broth of amber clarity, deliciously flavored with celery, onion, leek, parsley, herbs and seasoning. 12 cents a can.

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

SHOE LUGGAGE

The trunk shown above has three separate trays. The two lower ones will carry shoes, while the top tray is designed to carry hats. The small case is for brushes and dressings to care properly for the shoes while traveling

NECESSARY SHOES

To the left and right are shown a few of the types of shoes necessary to a complete shoe wardrobe. The three at the left are for the country, while of those at the right the two lower ones for town—the other for evening

Our London Letter on Men's Fashions

A Complete Shoe Wardrobe for a Man and Special Luggage for Carrying Shoes and Hats

ON this page are illustrated different types of shoes which are essential to every well-dressed man's wardrobe. In addition, a man may require, according to his activities in the field of sport, riding boots, tennis shoes, skiing boots, and so on. But every man needs an assortment of these types of shoes for the year round occasions of his daily life.

A group of three comprise the classic shoes for daily town wear, a black calf oxford, a brown calf oxford, and a patent leather dancing shoe for evening wear. You will note that the black oxford has no perforations, except on the toe cap, because it is the most formal of all shoes for day wear, and it should, therefore, be the simplest in design. It is the shoe to wear with a dark suit or a morning coat. The brown shoe has more perforations, but not so many as the classic brogue, which is a heavier type of brown shoe for country wear only. This brown oxford may be worn with grey suits, brown suits, a variety of tweeds and country or semi-country clothes, to wear both in town and the country. It is also an ideal shoe for traveling. Of course, the evening shoe of black patent leather is always the same—beautifully cut with a thin sole to give a neat appearance and make the foot look small and with absolutely no trace of perforations or decorations.

Then we have five types of shoes for sport and semi-sport wear—the white buckskin sandal, the brown oxford with rubber sole, the brown suède oxford, the canvas sandal with *crêpe* rubber sole, and the white buckskin trimmed with brown calf. Here, we have every type of shoe for semi-sport and country wear, the year round. The brown oxford with the rubber sole is a shoe for golf, walking and general country wear, at all times. The brown buckskin shoe may take the place of the brown-and-white shoe on occasions when a brown-and-white shoe is correct, that is, with

(Continued on page 96)

VALETING

The illustration at the left suggests the proper way for a man's valet to set out his master's slippers and shoes. These should be placed conveniently by a chair, with the trees at hand to be put immediately into the shoes he takes off; and it is important that shoes be treed

PACKING

It is too much to ask of any man that he pack shoes and hats with other things. It cannot be done without harm to one or the other of the things in the case. Clothes should be in a case of their own. Shoes and hats should be packed separately in a case such as is illustrated above

"A-HA," said the guest to himself, "here's a real towel"

CANNON TOWELS

TRADE MARK CANNON

DOUBTLESS some day a brave man will rise up and organize a Movement for the Utter Abolition of So-called Guest Towels. In the meantime, hostesses who want to make their guests feel entirely at home, and happy, wisely give them plenty of Cannon towels. The comforting thing about this arrangement is that beauty is not sacrificed to utility. In fact, a majority of guests express audible and honest admiration of the all-over terry designs of Cannon towels, when they would never mention the crocheted tulips on the towels Aunt Florence gave you.

Cannon towels are indeed real towels. Men, either guests or members of the family, like them for their size, their thickness, the way they work. They do their job of drying neatly, quickly, thoroughly. Women like them for their handsome appearance, their wearing qualities and their prices. . . . You may select the most modern of designs, choose heavy, snowy, all-white Cannon towels for monogramming, or decide on smart stripes or conventional borders.

Colors are absolutely guaranteed not to fade. They stay as fresh as the day you bought them, as long as the towels last. A bright future!—for, regardless of what service Cannon towels see, they are sure to wear for a long, long time.

Prices range from 25c to $3.00, depending on size and weight. Cannon bath towels, bath mats and bath sheets, huck and turkish face and hand towels, and wash cloths are on sale in good dry goods and department stores everywhere. Cannon Mills, Inc., 70 Worth Street, New York City.

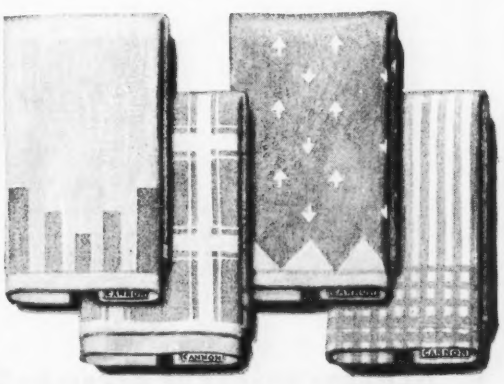
• • •

Cannon Lavender Lawn is a textile achievement, the finest sheet in the world, woven of real Egyptian cotton, famous for centuries for its long staple. . . . It is packed scented with Yardley's English Lavender. Price about $5 for average size in white.

Cannon Lineen is a wonderfully substantial sheet, and a very fine buy. Average size in white priced about $1.75.

Cannon Muslin is an exceedingly satisfactory service-weight sheet. Average size, white, about $1.50.

All three grades are made plain and hemstitched, in snowy white, orchid, canary, yellow, sea-shell pink, nile green, azure blue and peach.



These newest Cannon towels are reversible. There is no "wrong side." The smart colorful patterns show clearly on each side of the towel. In six new colors—rose, turquoise, maize, peach, jade and orchid. Cannon prices for these new towels are amazingly reasonable, ranging from 35c to $1.50.

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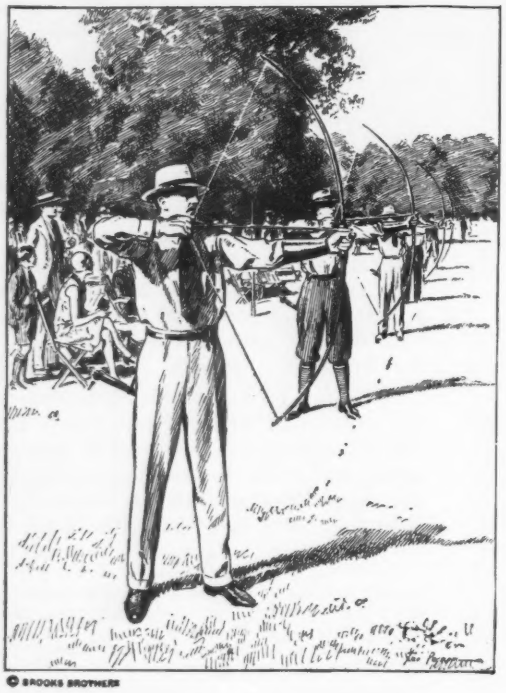

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Clothes for Midsummer
Hats, Shoes
etc.

Send for our NEW *Illustrated*
GENERAL CATALOGUE

BOSTON
NEWBURY CORNER OF BERKELEY STREET
NEWPORT PALM BEACH

High Spots in a New York Season

(Continued from page 41)

gainly man I have ever set eyes on. I saw him on the campus (so to speak) later. He did not walk; he wallowed, as a buffalo does through the tangled reeds of marshes. He was serving a sentence for kidnapping, being the most agile kidnapper of our time.

I inferred earlier that my "high spots" are "high" because of their intensity rather than their moral elevation. Otherwise I might not include a moment on the illuminated runway in a theatre not far from Irving Place. "High class Burlesk" was the order of the night, "As You Like It," the somewhat familiar description of its genre, and "The Best Show in Town" the modest designation on the program. And certain pretty young maidens tripped up and down the roadway, and some had hair like honey and some had hair like nightshade. And all of them would have caught pneumonia if they had gone out in the costumes they were not wearing to see the Ibsen performance several blocks away. But perhaps they didn't feel Ibsen was necessary, seeing they were all playing burlesk "As You Like It"—though I couldn't remember whether, in the play, it was *Rosalind* or *Touchstone* who sang *The Way He Loves Is Too Bad* and *Yes, Judgie Dear*.

But it's back at the Madison Square Garden we are now. (I know there ought to have been at least one pious moment of obeisance at the Metropolitan Opera House. I should have registered a Jeritza moment, a Chaliapin moment. But all that emerges out of a dozen operas is Maria Mueller in *Der Freischütz* warbling away at grandmother's favorite melody through the trellis of her golden hair.) So I am recalling, instead, the wild, wild hour at the conclusion of the Six-Day Bicycle Race held at the Garden in March. And I know just how naïve it was of me to be so excited that I had to gargle my voice back for weeks after. And there's no getting away from it; the race is to Franco Georgetti and Gerard Debaets, who are nine unapproachable laps away. But the hysteria centres about the Australian-American team (Belloni-Beckman) and the German-American team (Walthour-Deulberg). They are each five laps behind those grim protagonists. They have their eyes and bicycles measured upon each other like rival lovers sworn to a vendetta. Let the French "Red Devil" team steal a lap or two. They can go where devils belong. Poor old McNamara, invincible for so many seasons, let him steal even two or three . . . for briefly (as Housman sings) though the laurel grows, it withers sooner than the rose. And they gyrate upon each others' traces, their hearts bursting and pounding. There have been six days and nights of this, you remember; they have hardly slept more than a continuous hour or two in all this eternity of hours. Or do the hours seem to them a sequence of moments flapping by like wings? And Belloni and Beckman are away, all the field after them like hounds in full cry. Have they stolen a march on the "Kid Team"? Have the lads in Columbia Blue been caught napping? They have not. They each gain a lap equally. A sort of torpor descends on the scene, even at the mid point of this last hour. Bleakly the legs grind, like pit-ponies plodding. And of a sudden—it is truly more like an operation of thought disembodied than mere body action—Walthour and Deulberg are away. And Deulberg has received the thrust in the hollow of the back and twangs away like an arrow from a bow-string. And desperately the Italian-Americans are launched on their wheels. But they have only talent. The others are possessed. This is the pure flame of genius. Pindar would have foamed at the mouth. There is no fighting against anything so beautiful as poetry and so unscrupulous.

There were other moments. One was in Hoboken, when the world hissed at the top-hatted villain as he passed before the curtain, and the top-hatted villain flicked the world from his coat-sleeve, as it were a speck of dust. There was a moment when a mulatto girl smiled in a Harlem night club, the slowest, most bewitching smile that ever desolated me. There was a moment . . . ah yes, there were two or three, which it were wiser neither to transcribe, nor to remember, even.

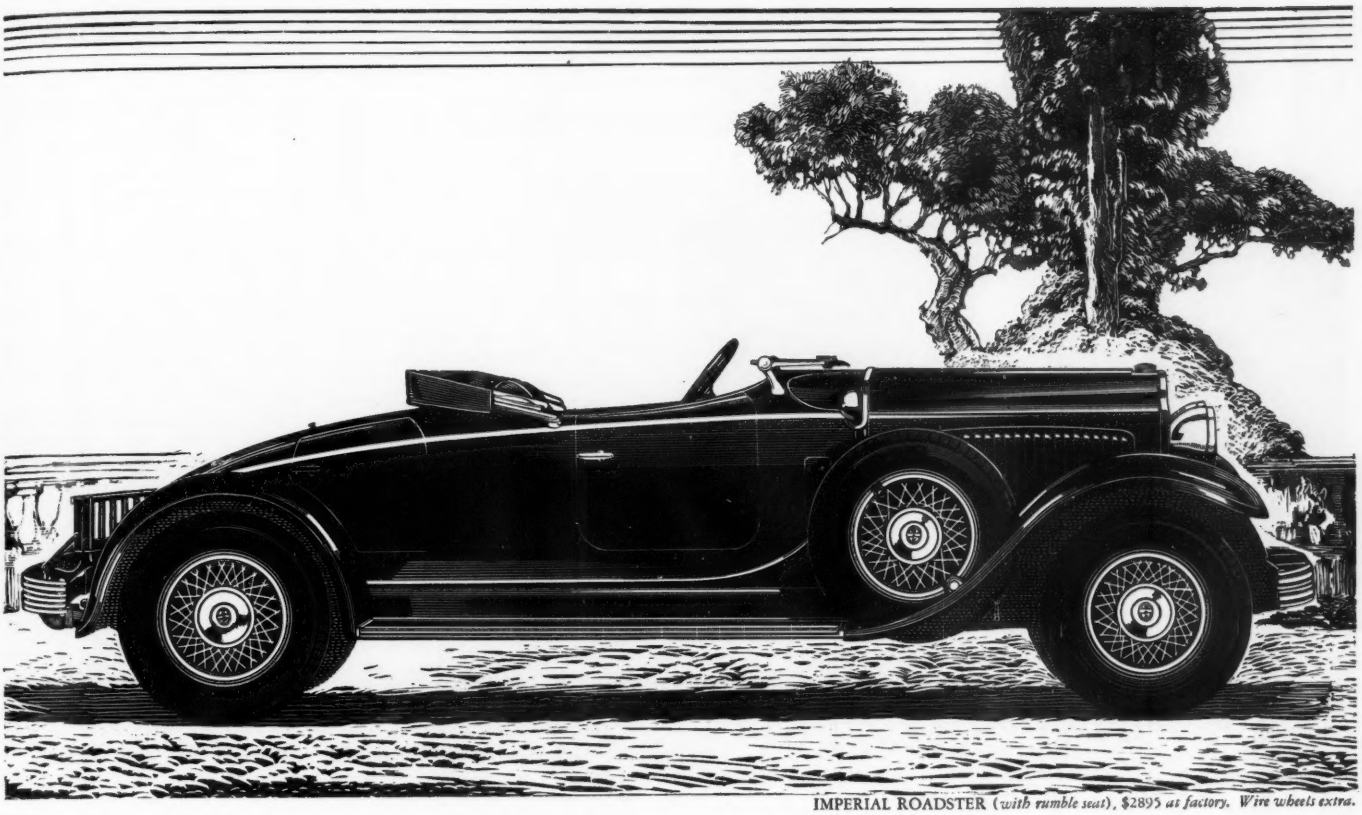
The New Hegira

(Continued from page 38)

But the grown-up artist—and by that I mean the artist who has gained the courage and skill to make some appreciable headway in his chosen field, regardless of his financial success—no longer needs reassurance. The better artist he is, the more he yearns to create art, and the less he desires to talk about it—or about himself. He finds that he has taken a job, a job that requires daily concentration and hours as regular as those of a steamfitter or a broker.

At that point of his career he finds that the city no longer has a place for him, save as a market or a playground. For the city simply cannot understand a régime that is not imposed from without. In the city, when you are working you are in an office, where there are telephones and stenographers and regular hours and conferences. When you are not in your office you are loafing. Anybody who deliberately locks himself in his own room under pretense of having work to do is either a fool or a *poseur*. If you are not working on someone else's time you are obviously not working at all.

And so the artist takes flight. He moves into the country, and stops worrying about the rent and begins to worry about the mortgage. But he has one great compensation. His friends are too busy and too far away to bother him except by appointment; and when he does meet them, they are more likely to discuss herbaceous borders than to talk about Art.



IMPERIAL ROADSTER (*with rumble seat*), $2895 *at factory. Wire wheels extra.*

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CONNOISSEURS of motor car beauty have accepted the new Chrysler Imperial as the most beautiful roadster on the road. It is self-evidently today's masterpiece of style and symmetry—a sports car different from all traditional designs. The new custom body is the finest expression of the sophisticated taste and masterly technique of Locke, who designed it. The sloping silhouette and the curve of the bas-relief modeling which sweeps with graceful flourish across the lower section of the body are new notes in roadster appearance—focal points of charm and distinction. The rumble seat compartment has a door on the curb side and a separate windshield, fitted, like the folding windshield in front, with non-shatterable glass. Beside this alluring newness of custom-body treatment, the new Imperial Roadster possesses that smooth, animated, sparkling performance which instantly typifies the masterful genius of Chrysler engineering. Price $2895 at the factory. Wire wheels extra.

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amateurs and professionals

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Since the first of the year, every major golf tournament, except two, has been won with the Spalding Ball.

On an average, 90% of the entire field in each of these tournaments played the Spalding Ball.

In four of these tournaments, approximately 95% of the field played the Spalding Ball.

In one of these tournaments, the Los Angeles $10,000 Open, all but 9 out of 129 entries played the Spalding Ball.

In another, the North and South Amateur Championship, the winner, the rest of the first 16, as well as the entire second 16, played the Spalding Ball.

Nor is this a recent rise in the world. For in the past twelve years, the Spalding Golf Ball has won three times as many major tournaments—here and abroad—as all other balls combined.

Such a record suggests that every low-handicap player should try this ball. Perhaps the reasons that make it a favorite in golf's greatest tournaments will make it a favorite with you, too.

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THE SPALDING GOLF BALL

A. G. Spalding & Bros

Each 75 *cents*

Where Shall We Dance To-Night?

(*Continued from page 62*)

structed along the Seine, on the site of this former pleasure ground. Only the dance hall remains, and it is now hemmed in by new buildings. Tomorrow it will be a thing of the past, like the neighbouring *Folies-Marbeuf* and like *Mabille*, both of which were the fashionable haunts of another age.

As long as the craze for dancing persists and the *joie de vivre* remains the same, what does it matter if the background changes from year to year? This winter the smartest place to go was the *Bal Colonial* on the *Rue Blomet*, in distant Grenelle. Entered through a wineshop, it is in most respects an ordinary neighbourhood dance hall, with a floor, a balcony, and a platform where an accordeon writhes; but it happens that the dancers are negroes. After its discovery by a few artists it was soon invaded by people of fashion, and every Saturday and Sunday the curb was lined with Rolls-Royces and Hispano-Suizas. So Paris, too, had its Harlem! It is a Harlem chiefly frequented by West-Indian negroes — soldiers, nurses, clerks in government bureaus. Some of the women even bound their hair in yellow or pink bandannas, as was once the custom in New Orleans, and others wore the sweeping trains of Guadeloupe. To-day the *Colonial* is on a par with Lenox Avenue, and the only thing lacking is the clever pencil of Covarrubias.

The Algerian and Syrian workingmen who are so numerous in France since the war—the *Sidis* who belong to the white race in spite of their dark skins—also have a dance hall of their own; it is situated near the Seine, at the lower edge of the Latin Quarter. Crowded round the tables, an audience composed exclusively of men sits watching the proprietress, a handsome young copper-skinned woman who is already very plump. She dances in the oriental fashion, rotating slowly; hardly moving from one spot, and meanwhile flourishing a pink scarf at the end of her tattooed arms. Their eyes shining, their teeth white under black moustaches, the guests accompany her with guttural shouts. Sometimes they burst into melodies which are like the songs of the gypsies.

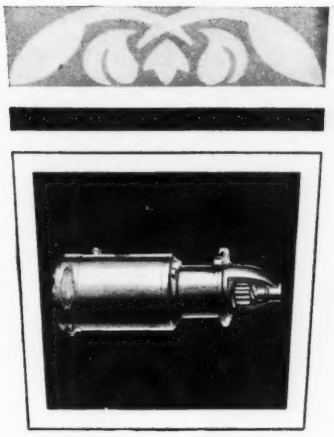
The immigrants to Paris from the various provinces—the Auvergnats, the Basques, the Bretons, the Provençaux —also have their special dance halls. The members of these little peasant colonies lost in the depths of the city meet on certain occasions to drink and enjoy themselves together. A ball for South Americans is held annually at Claridge's and various Scandinavian festivals are celebrated at the Viking. Then, too, it must be remembered that politics play an important part in French social life. Dancing may be forbidden in Soviet Russia, but the French communists have their balls, just as they have their fishing parties and their mass excursions into the country on Sundays. In St. Denis there is a *Bal Lenine*, and in St. Ouen there is a "red" cabaret where the patrons dance the Java and wait for the Great Day when the capitalist classes will pay the fiddler.

The various trades, too, have their social functions, the most celebrated of which are "Furriers' Night," the "Dressmakers' Ball," and the "Ball of the Theatre." At these entertainments one can see the prettiest girls in Paris —the mannequins, the chorus girls, the modistes, the midinettes, and the needle-workers.

There are innumerable dance halls in the suburbs and in the poorer neighbourhoods, where the patrons drink beer and suck cherries soaked in brandy. Each of these *bals* has its own special character. In April and May the resorts at Robinson are crowded with poor students. There are places in St. Cloud for garagemen, cyclists, chauffeurs, and second-hand-automobile dealers. There are places for soldiers near the *École Militaire*. In the *Rue de Lappe* are resorts which have been frequently raided during the past two years; the police decided that too many young Davids had been dancing before the Ark. The closed shutters are not reassuring, and neither are the notices tacked to the wall: "The management is not responsible for any objects not checked at the door," and "Gentlemen are not permitted to dance together." A place in the *Rue des Vertus* is patronized, in spite of its name, by the pale scoundrels who are called "terrors" in the slang of the Parisian underworld. Although the cabarets of the same neighbourhood can be safely visited by foreigners, these dance halls of the market district are quite dangerous.

Along the *Rue de la Montagne Ste. Geneviève*, in little streets that go back to Balzac, are other famous and very picturesque dance halls. They are only a very short distance from the *Boulevard St. Michel* and the Latin Quarter, and yet they belong to a different world. No students, no painters, no foreigners can be seen. In one place there is a notice dating from August, 1914—"Closed on account of the mobilization." The walls are adorned with strange realistic paintings. Sometimes revolvers send a stabbing red flame into the blue tobacco smoke.

Paris dancers! If only we lay aside our thin cloak of cosmopolitanism and snobbery, we discover a Paris where every street and every social class has preserved its own way of life, its own forms of amusement. Each quarter has its national dances which are as different one from the other as the shimmy from the tango, and which nevertheless have something in common. Slow, stately, full of naïveté and decorum, the dance, in these haunts of the lower classes, has retained something of the sacred character it possessed in former, half-forgotten ages.



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The End of the Quest-

Les Bourgeons

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Thoughts on Gastronomy

(Continued from page 68)

rience. Eat your frogs, therefore, eat your *scampi,* your snails and your octopuses, with gentle and interested forbearance; do not laugh at what you do not understand; and, if you are rendered seriously ill thereby, recollect that you have enlarged your experience, that you have refused, once again, to surrender to vulgarity. In fact, you will have done more than this. You will, by your fine thoughtfulness, have advanced the cause of international understanding. For it may be remarked that there is nothing which leads to such suspicion and evil thought among nations (as indeed between individuals) as this very question of national foods and dishes. Americans, it is true, generally concentrate their criticism of foreign civilizations on points of plumbing. Often I have been wounded to the quick by their complaints of having found no bathroom handy in the old inn at Warwick, or of the water having been tepid when they got to Stratford. I have pointed out that hot water is an indulgence of a spoilt and arrogant plutocracy which Americans who chose to visit our impoverished and backward Island must not expect. Besides I suspect, that by "plumbing" Americans mean something even more intimate and essential than mere baths; and my suspicion is confirmed by the fact that the most refined among them, those who come from Virginia or New England, adopt, when using the word, a downward and deprecatory look, as is suitable for indelicacies. Such differences in stages of civilization, the mere presence or absence of adjoining bathrooms, can only be superficial. Hands will, in spite of their insults on the subject and our wounds, still stretch across the sea. Food, if I may employ so light a play upon the word, plumbs to the depths. I do not, for instance, care for our national habit of cooking Brussels sprouts in water, but when I find a foreigner who shares my disinclinations and comments thereon, I am inflamed by defensive patriotism and I say sharp, biting things about "grease" and about "oil". I do not, moreover, feel that English coffee, as ladled out to the public, is as good as that obtained in Austria or in France; but should a foreigner himself make such a suggestion, I smile at him aloof; I tell him our coffee, as our climate, is an acquired taste.

Such instinctive gestures of defence and protection are but symbols of a deeper nationalist arrogance which I am not alone in feeling. Observe, for instance, how wide-spread and how popular are the gibes directed at those countries who do not predominantly, or occasionally, eat the things that we do not. The Old Testament bristles with prejudices of this nature, and so, for that matter, does the New. History bears upon its disfigured face the scars and weals of controversies which have been born merely from disagreement about food. The dislike which France, until, let us say, 1909, bore for England, was summed up in two words of withering reproach, "Roast Beef". The contempt which, until 1909, every healthy Englishman felt for French superiority in art, literature, and music, found its outlet, and perhaps its appeasement, when he shouted "Frogs" at them, and "Snails." "Sausage," and, for the more expert, "Sauerkraut" became the watch words with which the soul of England expressed and eased the pain caused to it by the success between 1870 and 1914, of the German Empire. It is pleasant to reflect that there are as yet no such opprobrious words which England or America can sling at each other across the Atlantic. The word "plumbing" will not raise a flush of fury on any English cheek; nor would even the best American be really indignant were we to joke about corn or candy or the other thing. Chewing-gum, after all, is only inadvertently swallowed.

This is a pleasant reflection. Until some such acute and poignant difference arises, our relations with America are safe. Nor do I overstress the point. Observe the effect of food-differences upon your personal relations. The man who doesn't like oysters, the woman who cannot abide sardines. We know the type. For food, we are told, is the staple of life. In later life, it becomes one of our rarest enjoyments. But it carries with it the germs of external as well as internal disorder; it carries with it the seeds of quarrels, violence and misunderstanding. It is not a thing of which to think lightly, as of daily recurrence. It is a thing about which you must soberly think. Sit down and think. But do not think too much.

All the King's Chorus Girls

(Continued from page 43)

and tomfooleries. Do we need a third-rate French troupe to teach us that even third-rate artistry is better than first-rate hodge-podge?

Yet it is this very extravagance of pets and personalities, gold and ermine and ells of lace, streamers and screamers and vaudevillians, heroes in boxing-gloves and heroines adept at hand-springs . . . this very extravagance of swiftly jumbled specialties it is which makes the superlative American musical show.

Neither satire nor sense nor sensibility are guaranteed. But the hasty, on-rushing, buoyant cheerfulness and wastefulness of youth, the sense of a good time for all on each side of the footlights, the unheeding lunacy of a holiday from everything that is just everyday . . . there's the essence of such entertainments' success.

I'd like to start a brand new race of artists for its spreading. I'd willingly found a baby farm—provided I could persuade Eddie Cantor, Betty Starbuck, Bert Lahr, Zelma O'Neill and a few others as good and mad as these to play parents . . . not forgetting Clayton, Jackson and Durante for godfathers . . . and I'd hope to have a brood of young cuckoos thereby who would devote their lives exclusively to the American musical comedy idea.

CRYSTAL . . *so appropriate for the occasion . . these charming jeweled crystals echo the gaieties of summer in their very design . . sail boats, fish, golf players . . mounted with diamonds in brooches and hat pins.*

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James Montgomery Flagg

"Beauty in everything has always been my creed, and now I have found beauty in tires—the Miller De Luxe Balloons. They complete the fine appearance of my car from the artistic viewpoint. Of course they give the long mileage and freedom from trouble that I have long wanted, but now these two essentials are combined with beauty—thus my enthusiasm for the Miller De Luxe Balloons."

(Signed) James Montgomery Flagg

IN the De Luxe Balloon—Miller has skilfully combined eye-appeal and invincible strength. Both qualities are essential.

Miller De Luxe Balloons are good to look at. Their substantial size . . . their massive, beautiful tread . . . blend perfectly with the advanced style trend in today's motor cars. They are a mark of distinction on *any* car.

But beauty is as beauty does. Without their inherent fine quality . . . their giant strength . . . Miller De Luxe Balloons could never have won, in the short span of a year, perhaps the most distinguished patronage any tire ever enjoyed.

This is the tire of super-quality. The tire of 50% heavier tread—and 60% greater carcass strength. You ought never to puncture it from ordinary causes. Thousands of users have found that Miller De Luxe Balloons give them about twice the mileage of ordinary balloons. A distinguished tire for distinguished service. A beautiful tire—that brings security of travel such as you have never experienced.

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY of N.Y. AKRON, OHIO, U. S. A.

The new Miller De Luxe 6-ply Balloon pictured here is a new super-type tire for those who demand the utmost freedom from blowouts and punctures. It is built to give extra long mileage and to withstand the roughest service.

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PACKARD

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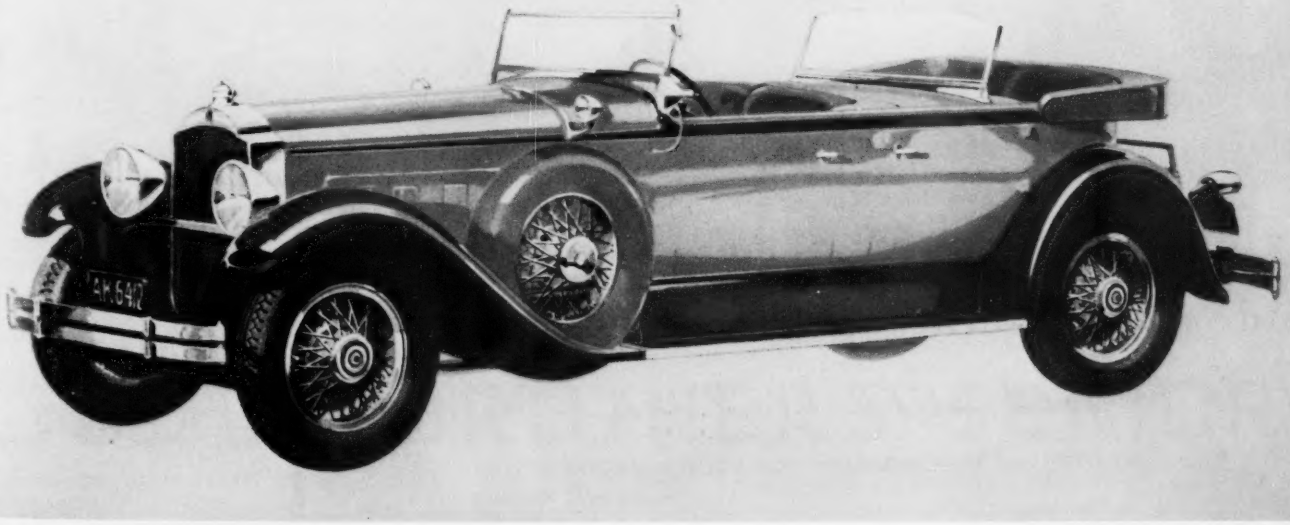
Where taste and discernment guide habits of life, appreciation of Packard luxury is but natural.

Those who know and love fine things pay instinctive tribute to the beauty of Packard's characteristic design—to the superb engineering and precision manufacture upon which Packard leadership is founded.

Abroad, no less than at home, Packard cars enjoy a priceless reputation. Gentlefolk throughout Europe have endorsed Packard quality by their patronage. Hardly a royal garage but houses one or more Packards among the famous makes of native design.

Time and again Packard cars have won first honors in the motor style shows so popular abroad—and in competition with Europe's finest creations. For motor car excellence, the old world turns to the new —for the supreme combination of all that is fine in motor cars, unerringly to Packard.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



Historically, Raleigh probably never set eyes on Pocahontas, the Indian princess.. but it seems fitting to show the New World offering the Old World its most gratifying of botanical achievements. For after this pretty exchange, certainly the rest is history.....

RALEIGH was the name of a gentleman-adventurer. He made tobacco popular. Raleigh is now the name of a new . . . a boldly original and an altogether perfect cigarette.

It is blended **PUFF-by-PUFF**

TWENTY CENTS

PLAIN — OR TIPPED

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SENIOR

A Car with Force of Character . . .

INDIVIDUALS of standing, whose personal belongings invariably are distinctive as well as correct, hold the Dodge Brothers Senior in the highest regard. In its clean-cut, substantial lines, its refreshing color treatments, its complete neatly-tailored interiors, they recognize a style and bearing in keeping with their own character. In its smooth, brisk, pliant performance, they find new efficiency in going and coming. The Dodge Brothers Senior shares the distinguished air of custom cars. It perpetuates the best Dodge Brothers traditions just as it interprets the richest notes in modern style. Its new lower prices are exceptional for such obvious fine-car value.

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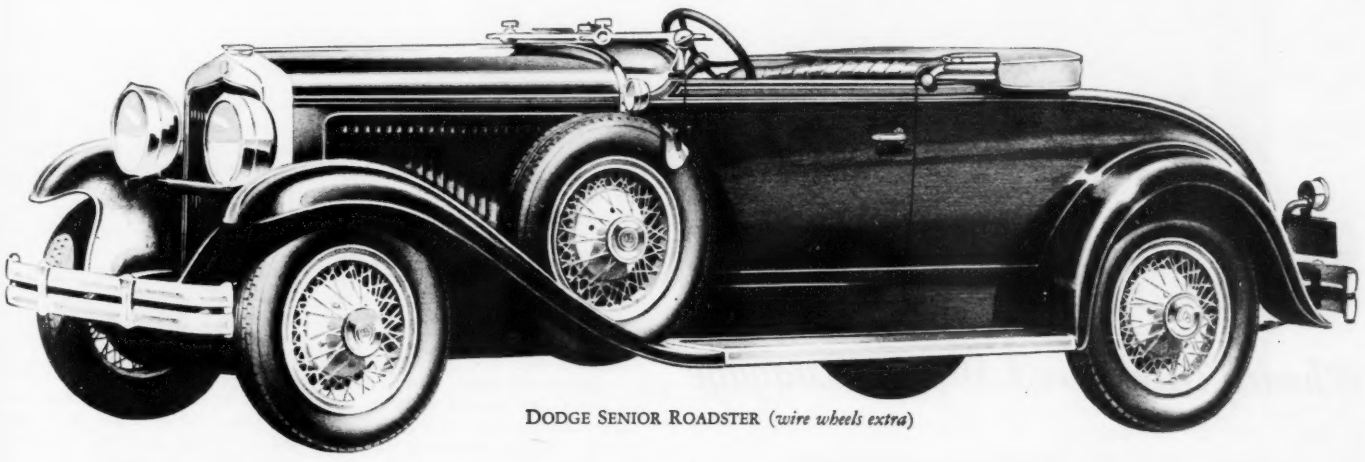

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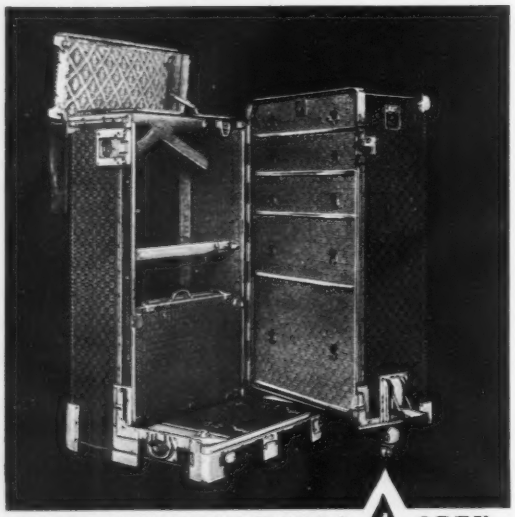
One is really surprised to discover that a wardrobe so downright practical as "the trunk that rolls open" can be, as well, a thing of surpassing beauty . . . the Wardrola is fitting environment for fine clothes. Shown at most better shops and department stores. From $55 upward.



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THE TRUNK THAT *ROLLS* OPEN

WHEARY *Wardrola*

Wheary Trunks and Airplane Luggage

Manufactured by Wheary Trunk Company, Racine, Wisconsin. New York Branch: 295 Fifth Ave., Textile Building. Being shown at leading shops and department stores.

Hare and Hounds in Hollywood

(Continued from page 61)

one, a unity given by thought and imagination, as it is only right that it should be.

Shorter lines, devised to say more and speak less, will place a new burden of naturalness upon the actor. Diction will have to find new processes. Tonal quality will have to find new forces of clarity and new colourings. In other words, the actor as well as the writer will have to learn something about his own personal medium to conform to the mechanical one. He will have to develop new qualities of speech and action—a more economic and no less forceful expression—admissible through this new medium and still giving the impression of truth to such Nature as may be represented.

It is obvious that in any achieved technique of the talking motion picture, silence will again have an important part. The first bad effect a slavish imitation of the theatre had upon talking pictures was to make their creators fear silence. Dialogue was hurled at bewildered audiences without cessation, and the first reaction, despite the novelty of talk, was a wearing down of audience attention. The early form was as artificial as grand opera. Even in the theatre, under competent direction, people do not indulge in speech all the time—there are often effective and pregnant silences. The wise motion picture director will absorb the slack that comes with silence by using his camera effectively. He will show, with silent pantomime and interesting business, important things in his drama in relation to what is said—supplementing speech and climaxing it. Human beings are the elements of drama, but things are not apart from them; in any well devised play, things are always an extension and reflection of personality.

What a wider film, a proscenium width screen and stereoscopic vision will bring to the talking pictures is a matter for experiment. These will be valuable for spectacular effects; but for intimate drama they may only bring a distortion of size. Yet the need for better mechanism of all kinds remains urgent. Silent incandescent lamps have supplanted noisy arc lights, and in turn have created a need for film more sensitive to red and yellow light, and for an increased lens opening. The entire range of mechanisms and techniques in picture production needs adaptation to the new objectives.

In the end, sound and speech will bring much to the movie. When the recording instruments become adjusted to fine gradations of sound and especially sound which has a high wave frequency, as they are not adjusted at present, a new vista of sound for dramatic purposes will be opened. At present, the use of sound is elementary and within limited ranges. Progress beyond this point depends more on the imagination of those who make sound pictures than on the technicians.

When the theme song has had its day, music may find an entirely new development in the sound picture. In Pater's *Art of Georgione*, he notes that all the arts exhibit an effort to come as close as possible to the aesthetic form of music—the synthesis of form and content. The silent motion picture, in many ways, comprehends the *esthetik* of music; in harmony, counterpoint, and time progression. What masters may yet arise to fuse these arts into one and give us a real music-drama, of a kind that Wagner might have dreamed of but certainly never knew how to create! The motion picture has become too important in the structure of modern life to refuse to assume true artistic purposes. "Second rate sensitive souls" for a long time have tried to make it arty. It now has a chance to become art.

The Middle West

(Continued from page 64)

employed. In one whole afternoon I saw everything. How they broke up the old steel ships, built during the war; the tall furnaces, the manufacture of glass, the turbines that supply the motive power for the shops, the fleet on the river which leads to Lake Erie and the endless chain on which a stripped chassis is placed to receive, ten minutes later and four hundred yards away, in its body, already fastened into place, a driver, who steps on the self starter, starts the engine, and begins the car's journey to its waiting purchaser.

Between these two points a swarm of workmen are busy; most of them are seated, legs crossed, on little, low wagons that are like the tiny vehicles provided for the hopelessly crippled who use them to get about. They follow the chassis for five yards. During this short trajectory those whose business it is to place bolts do so; those who must drive in rivets do that. The bolt expert never drives a rivet; the riveter never fastens a bolt. Two men know only how to adjust the brakes; that and nothing else. It is enough to obsess one. What frightful tedium! What wouldn't I give to be able to strike a blow with a hammer that would break this monotonous rhythm?

The workmen, mostly of foreign birth, make from six to ten dollars a day. They have Saturdays and Sundays off. At the end of the day they go off in trains, trolleys or motor buses from the factory, or in their own cars, cars only two or three years old but which, by that peculiar and miraculous quality of Ford cars, seem to date from a prehistoric period, or to be, at least, pre-war.

When I left those factories I was overcome. The day before I had visited the equally celebrated stock yards in Chicago, where a pig goes in alive and is turned out a half mile away in the form of sausages and a pig-skin bag. I had had enough of this mechanistic business, of time too well employed, of the endless repetition of identical gestures. In the night I had a dream. I saw a happy little pig enter the Chicago stockyards squealing: an hour later he emerged as a Ford, loudly proclaiming his delight.

You wouldn't care to meet Marvin

Money. Charm. Ability. In all New York there was no abler man in his field. Yet people called him "the prince of pariahs."

Men thought him a great fellow—for a little while. Women grew romantic about him—until they *knew*. People welcomed him at first—then dropped him as though he were an outcast.

Poor Marvin, yearning so for companionship and always denied it. Poor Marvin, ignorant of his nickname and ignorant, likewise, of the foundation for it.

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the damning, unforgivable, social fault. It doesn't announce its presence to its victims. Consequently it is the last thing people suspect themselves of having—*but it ought to be the first.*

For halitosis is a definite daily threat to all. And for very obvious reasons, physicians explain. So slight a matter as a decaying tooth may cause it. Or an abnormal condition of the gums. Or fermenting food particles skipped by the tooth brush. Or minor nose and throat infections. Or excesses of eating, drinking and smoking.

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Listerine quickly checks halitosis because Listerine is an effective antiseptic and germicide* which immediately strikes at the cause of odors. Furthermore, it is a powerful deodorant, capable of overcoming even the scent of onion and fish.

Keep Listerine handy in home and office. Carry it when you travel. Take it with you on your vacation. It is better to be safe than snubbed. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

* * *

* **Full strength Listerine is so safe it may be used in any body cavity, yet so powerful it kills even the stubborn Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) and Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) germs in 15 seconds. We could not make this statement unless we were prepared to prove it to the entire satisfaction of the medical profession and the U. S. Government.**

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Comfortably responsive to activity in sport, distinctive and correct in style, our golf and country clothes are approved by University men and sportsmen who give careful consideration to dress

Skilfully tailored for us by Hickey-Freeman in fabrics created by the finest makers of Great Britain and America for wear on the green and in the field

Linen Suits, Flannel Trousers, Knickerbockers and Sports accessories are from the finest specialist makers

1929 GOLF BOOKLET ILLUSTRATED IN COLOR ON REQUEST

F. R. TRIPLER & CO.

Outfitters to Gentlemen · Established 1886

MADISON AVENUE AT 46TH STREET

New York

Golfing Tigers and Rabbits

(Continued from page 70)

of the corners of the green at this hole.

Now to the rabbit this is a cruel hole. If he at all mis-hits any one of his mild little shots, he is fairly certain to be trapped. The whole length of the hole, which is some 430 or 440 yards is for him "one damn thing after another". To the tiger on the other hand the hole is simple. The cross-bunkers are at such distances as not to enter into his calculations, except that the second pair of them remind him of the necessity of being up. The side bunkers are, my friend says, just "light-houses" for him. They help him by giving him the line much more than they frighten him by any thought of being caught in them.

The diagram of the "strategic" hole is superficially far less impressive. There are no bunkers till we get near the green, and then these are only two small ones, one to the right hand side of the green, and the other behind it. Obviously the only thing needful is to hit the tee shot well out to the left in order to get the clear run in to the green. *But*—this is the important thing—the fairway is so shaped that to drive a long ball well out to the left is also to drive very near to the rough. So the tiger has got to take that risk or else he cannot get home in two. If he drives straight ahead his way will be blocked by the two small bunkers aforesaid. On the other hand there is nothing unduly to worry the rabbit. Since the hole is 450 yards long, he will not be able, nor indeed will he aspire to get home in two. He will take no risky line to the left. He has plenty of room to hit an ordinarily respectable tee shot; he will not reach these two little dominating bunkers with his second: he will pop his third on to the green and get what for him is a par five with no chance of his poor little "shotties" being mercilessly trapped. Of course he will not always get his five. That is because he is a rabbit and by no means always hits that "respectable" shot which is all that is demanded of him; but as long as he does hit it he is safe. There is no question of pitying him on account of the hole being dull for him; no hole is dull to a rabbit because he makes his own incidents. It will certainly not be a dull hole for the tiger because he will have to think hard and will have to do something more than hit the ball off the middle of the club, which is an easy thing for him. My friend, who wants to worry tigers, says that they hate thinking, and they have to think most when there are fewest bunkers to guide their tigerish eyes.

He is a very shrewd observer and I am sure there is a great deal in what he says. There is very little doubt that for a good player and a strong driver a very large number of the bunkers on an average golf-course are mere "eye-wash". He is not afraid of getting into them; they help him rather than hinder him by giving him something to aim by and a clue as to the distance.

For the rabbit on the other hand, almost every bunker is a real and imminent peril. If he is a sporting rabbit he likes a certain amount of peril, but he does not want to live in a vale of sand. "Take care of the tigers and let the rabbits look after themselves" is a good motto for golfing architects, and by "taking care" I mean taking care to be as unpleasant as is at all reasonably possible. If they would all do that there would be far less cause for grievance and rabbit soviets.

Emperors

(Continued from page 58)

"Higher up!" he answered with a mysterious smile. "Watch me tomorrow, and you will see how an affair such as this should be settled with the Archduke himself, in a dignified manner, as befits a gentleman."

Next day, the Archduke's family had luncheon in the restaurant of the hotel. After luncheon, all those who were acquainted with Josef, assembled in a little group just in front of the entrance to the restaurant. It was the Archduke's custom to shake hands with them and ask every one of them: "How are you, my dear So-and-so?" Then he would go for his accustomed after-luncheon walk with his family. Those of us who did not know him just stood around and watched.

Well, on that particular day something happened that had not happened before in the history of the world. Perhaps it will never happen again. For when the Archduke, after a long row of "how are you's", finally reached Salamon, the journalist replied:

"Badly, Your Highness, very badly."

Josef was astounded. Emperors, kings and archdukes are not accustomed to such answers. When a member of the noblesse asked anyone how he was there was but one possible answer, "Thank you, very well."

"Badly? Well, and what's your trouble?"

"I have no trouble, Your Highness."

"Then who has?"

"My room has, Your Highness."

"And what ails your room?"

"It's too expensive, Your Highness."

The moment that followed was usually described in the papers thus: "the Archduke smiled graciously." He shook hands with Salamon.

"That's all right, Salamon, we'll charge less for it in the future."

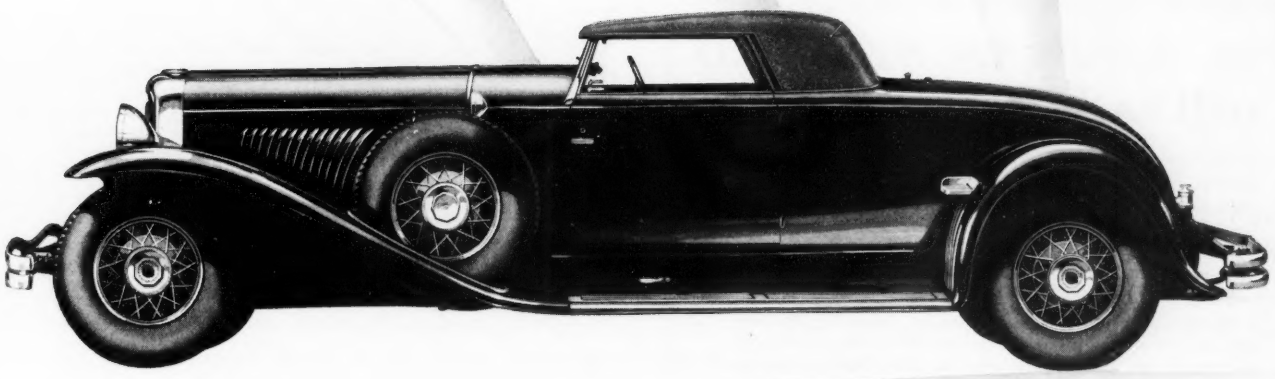
The reader has guessed by this time that there were no more bills. But there is something else to be said—which is, that when the Archduke departed Salamon turned to us:

"Friends, when I die, don't forget to mention in my obituary that I was the first Hungarian since the beginning of the world who, when asked by an Austrian archduke how he was, replied, badly."

He had a thick notebook into which he put down his thoughts (in the form of aphorisms) every evening. He published them later. That evening, he wrote this down:

"The greatest impertinence in the world—a poor newspaperman, in reply to a king's query: "How are you?", says: "Badly!"

This was his comment on the incident—and this is the true story of the incident that served as the background for this particular aphorism.



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It has always been a battle . . . the sea on one side, the Breton on the other.-:-Those little old-time frigates with their 90-foot keels . . . but the Holy Virgin of the Grand Porte brought them through.-:-That brave St. Malo ensign, blue with a white cross and scarlet quarterings . . . how it flew triumphant through the storm! -:- Jacques Cartier hoisted it . . . and found the St. Lawrence.-:- L'Agnelet ran it up . . . and the Spanish galleons crumpled.-:-Discoveries are done today, although privateers are gone, but the spirit of St. Malo still sails the Seven Seas in the 110 ships of the French Line, led by those three giants, the *"France"*, the *"Paris"* and the *"Ile De France"* that together form the Weekly Express Service between Paris and New York, calling at Plymouth for London. -:- When you've taken the 3-hour boat-train from Le Havre and seen Paris again . . . gay, sophisticated and forever adorable . . . wouldn't you like to run up to St. Malo and hear the bell "Noguette"?

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Silence Is Golden

(Continued from page 72)

There ensues a terrific struggle, worthy of the pen of Racine or Dryden, between Love and Honour. Love for Mammy of Mine draws the jazz singer towards the synagogue; but love for My Baby draws the cantor's son towards the theatre where she, as principal Star, is serving the deity no less acceptably with her legs than he with his voice.

Honour also calls from either side; for Honour demands that he should serve the God of his fathers at the synagogue, but it also demands that he should serve the jazz-voiced God of his adoption at the theatre. Some very eloquent captions appear at this point in the story. With the air of a Seventeenth-Century hero, the jazz singer protests that he must put his Career before even his Love. The nature of the dilemma has changed since Dryden's day. In the old dramas it was Love that had to be sacrificed to painful Duty. In the modern case the sacrifice is at the shrine of what William James has called "the bitch goddess, Success;" Love is to be abandoned for the stern pursuit of newspaper celebrity and money. The change is significant of the *weltanschauung*, if not of the youngest generation, at any rate of that which has passed and is still passing. The youngest generation seems to be as little interested in careers and money as in anything else, outside its own psychology. But this is by the way.

In the end the singer makes the best of both worlds—satisfies Mammy of Mine and even Poor Poppa by singing at the synagogue, and on the following evening scores a terrific success at the postponed First Night of My Baby's revue. The film concludes with a scene in the theatre, with Mammy of Mine in the stalls (poor Poppa is by this time safely dead and under ground) and the son, with My Baby in the background, warbling down at her from the stage the most nauseatingly luscious, the most penetratingly vulgar mammy-song it has ever been my lot to hear.

My flesh crept as the loud speaker poured out the sodden words, the greasy sagging melody. I felt ashamed of myself for listening to such things, for even being a member of the species to which such things are addressed. I comforted myself a little with the reflection that a species which has allowed all its instincts and emotions to degenerate and putrefy in such a way must be near either its violent conclusion or its no less violent transformation.

To what lengths this process of decay has gone was very strikingly demonstrated by the next item on the programme, which was the first of that series of music-hall turns, of which the dreadful jazz band had been the last. For no sooner had the Singer and Mammy of Mine and My Baby disappeared into the limbo of inter-cinematographic darkness, than a very large and classically profiled personage, dressed in the uniform of a Pierrot, appeared on the screen, opened his mouth very wide indeed and poured out in a terrific Italian tenor voice the famous soliloquy of *Pagliacco* from Leoncavallo's opera. Rum, Tum, Ti-Tum, Tum; Rum-ti-ti, Tum, Ti-Tum, Tum—it is the bawling-ground of every Southern tenor and a piece which, at most times, I would go out of my way to avoid hearing. But in comparison with the jazz-band's Hebrew melodies and the Jazz-Singer's jovialties and mammy-yearnings, Leoncavallo's throaty vulgarity seemed not only refined and sincere, but positively beautiful, exquisitely and sublimely noble. Yes, noble; for after all the composer, whatever his native second-rateness, had stood in some sort of organic relation, through a tradition of taste and of feelings, with the men who built the Parthenon and the mediaeval cathedrals, who painted the frescoes at Arezzo and Padua, who composed the *Magic Flute* and the *Choral Symphony*. Whereas the Hebrew melodists, the muffin-faced young Nordics with their saxophones and their Swanee whistles, the mammy-songsters, the vocal yearners for Dixie and My Baby are in no perceptible relation with any of the immemorial decencies of human life, but only with their own inner decay—the psychical putrefaction of those who have denied the God of life and have abandoned their souls, already weakened by the hereditary malady of Christian spirituality and scientific intellectualism, to the life-hating devil of the machine.

"Passing" Goulashes in Contract Bridge

(Continued from page 74)

Goulash bidding to employ the declaration of one no trump for informatory purposes when holding a powerful three-suited hand. This convention is much like an informatory double, compelling a take-out which enables you to find your partner's best suit.

To justify this forcing bid of one no trump your cards must be dominating enough to keep the situation in control should your partner's take-out come in your missing suit. The following hand illustrates how this convention could be used to good effect:

♠-K, J, 10, 6
♡-A, K, Q, 8, 6
◇-none
♣-A, K, J, 9

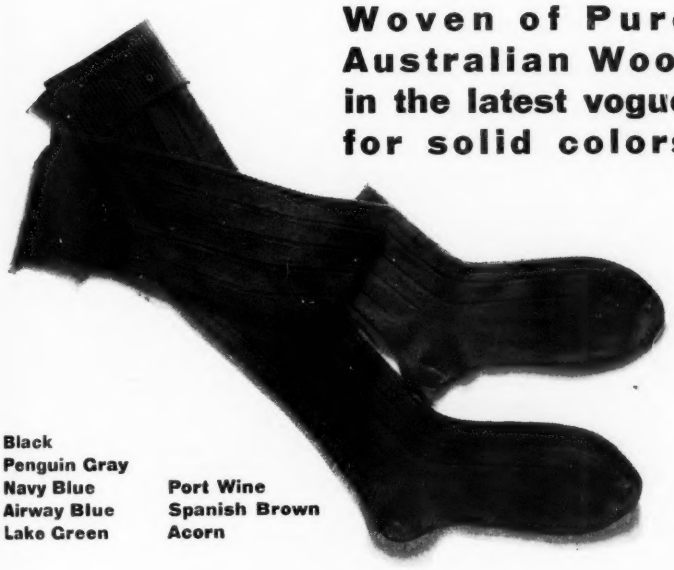
You have passed your partner four Spades to the Ace Queen and received four Spades from him. It is impossible to deduce what suit he might be holding, but a signal bid of one no trump will bring out this information. Should your partner respond with either hearts or clubs, you could carry on for a grand slam. If he takes out with diamonds, your cue is to rebid in no trumps, announcing that he has named your missing suit, and asking if he has length in a second.

When contemplating an assisting bid the player inexperienced in Passing Goulashes must be warned against assisting on cards which have been passed to him and are already included in his partner's bid. The question which confronts the assisting player is "How many supporting tricks have I in my own hand, over and above my partner's knowledge?"

ANSWER TO THE GOLFER'S PRAYER

GOLF STOCKINGS GUARANTEED NOT TO SHRINK

Woven of Pure Australian Wool in the latest vogue for solid colors



Black
Penguin Gray
Navy Blue — **Port Wine**
Airway Blue — **Spanish Brown**
Lake Green — **Acorn**

HERE are the pure all-wool golf stockings that can't shrink! Worn in the rain, they needn't be dried on stretchers. Sent to a regular laundry, they won't come back smaller. A specially developed process in their manufacture makes shrinking impossible • Kantshrink golf stockings are made of pure Australian wool. They are soft, luxurious and very absorbent. Light in weight, they are cool and comfortable on the feet • Kantshrink golf stockings are styled in the eight solid colors listed above. Each pair is knitted half an inch longer than usual at the top to give the comfort and convenience of extra length. And they are tremendously durable—they will wear beyond your fondest expectations • This hosiery has all the beauty, all the comfort and all the wearing qualities that you are used to finding only in imported golf stockings at three and four times the price of these • We furnish an iron-bound guarantee to replace every pair of Kantshrink golf stockings without question if they shrink. If your dealer can't supply you, write us his name, the number of pairs you want, the colors you wish and your size, and enclose a check for $3 for each pair. We will gladly send you the hosiery, postage prepaid. Sulloway Mills, Franklin, New Hampshire.

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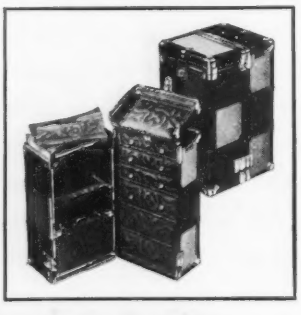
GOLF HOSE

As Well Pack Gowns in an Egg Crate...

It's almost *ghastly*, isn't it . . . the way untraveled people can trust a priceless Paris wardrobe to a flimsy, ancient trunk—the kind of heirloom your maid wouldn't travel with.

It's just beyond reason—particularly with the modish, staunchly built NEW Hartmann available almost everywhere. Light, convenient, uncommonly good-looking . . . Hartmann is the type of luggage you associate instantly with people who do things and go places. Offered in a whole new group of swagger models ranging in size from a hat box to virtually a modern apartment. Colors, fittings and finishes that you like — ever tastefully chosen. Price, $35 to $400.

At good shops and department stores.



The Hartmann DeLuxe Wardrobe Trunk, extra size. Finished in Ducord in 3 attractive color combinations—green and dark green, black and maroon, brown and tan. Beautifully finished interior, lined with very fine silk in modern pattern. Price, $235.

HARTMANN

Trunks

Hartmann Trunk Co., Racine, Wis.

THE SMARTEST WAY TO TRAVEL

Our London Letter on Men's Fashions

(Continued from page 80)

flannel trousers and the semi-country clothes that would be worn in the South of France or at Biarritz, at any time of the year, and at Deauville in summer, as well as for wear in summer with a lounge suit.

For that time of the year, July and August, when clothes at the sea-side are of the most informal and negligée variety, the average stoutly-made footgear is not in keeping with duck trousers, sweaters, bathing uppers, and so on, that men now wear at Antibes and the Lido in mid-summer. It is for this reason that the various types of sandals and espadrilles lately have come into fashion. They are extremely comfortable because of their soft construction and the fact that they can be worn without socks—another summer fashion of the day.

Both the sandal and the espadrille shown here come from Pinet in Paris. The sandal is of white kid with a woven toe cap and the espadrille is a luxurious edition of the espadrille with the plaited rope sole worn by the natives in the Basque countries. It is made of white canvas with a rubber sole, and tied with white laces. To make this sandal extremely smart, the edges of the *crêpe* rubber sole should be varnished black in the same manner as a yachting shoe.

Since no trunk, however big and well-arranged, has sufficient room for many shoes and hats, the problem of carrying a quantity of these can only be solved by luggage especially made to accommodate them. We, therefore, illustrate the combination shoe and hat trunk which contains three trays. The two lower trays will hold eight to ten pairs of shoes or six pairs of shoes and a pair of riding boots, and the top tray, several hats. This trunk is an excellent combination since it takes care of the two items of the wardrobe that are the most difficult to pack, so that they are not themselves spoiled and do not spoil the other things with which they come into contact.

Since the care of the shoes depends greatly on the cream that is used to keep the leather in condition and prolong its life, a man should always travel with his own creams and dressings. Second to this, the brushes are most important, for a dirty shoe brush, which may have been used on shoes of another colour, will completely spoil the surface of well-cared-for shoes. We suggest this small traveling shoe kit, from Vuitton, which contains brushes, jars for creams and dressings, and a space for chamois cloths and a bone—for the finest polish on a shoe is always obtained with a bone. A bone is used in this way: if, after the dressing has been applied and well rubbed in with a brush and a cloth, the surface of the shoe is gone over with the hard smooth side of a bone, the creases are smoothed out and the shoe takes on a patine which can be given in no other way, and which, when once well-worked-up, requires little time and trouble to preserve.

One other thing about shoes—each pair should have its own trees, and the instant the shoe is removed from the foot, while it is still "hot" the tree should be inserted to preserve its shape. The servant who lays out the clothes and arranges a man's bedroom should always leave the slippers, the shoes, the trees, and the shoe horn conveniently near a chair, to make it easy for a man to put the trees in his shoes whenever he cares to remove them.

Sex Appeal

(Continued from page 51)

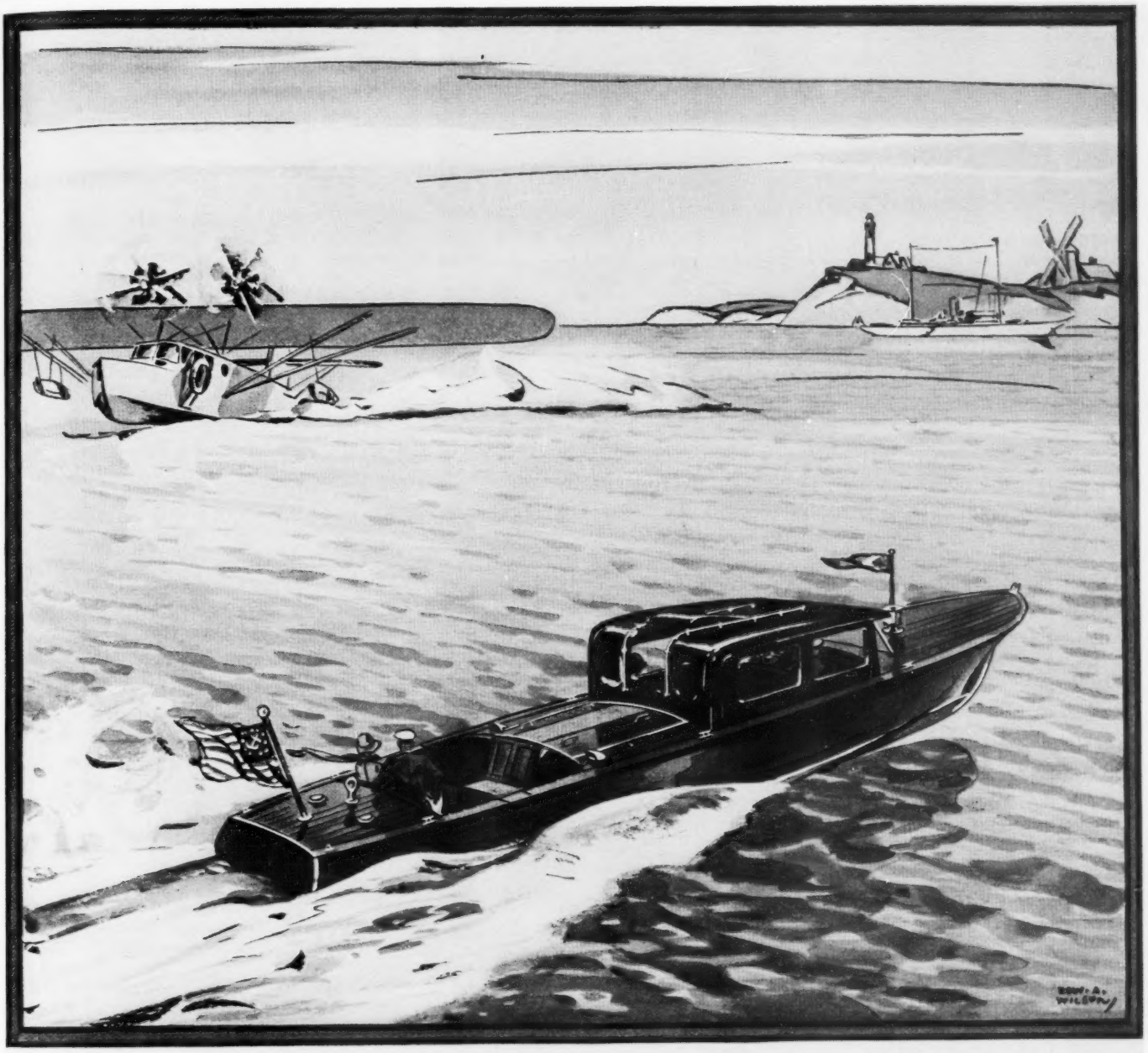
beauty. There have been thousands and thousands of women quite as good-looking as Diane de Poictiers or Mrs. Langtry or any of the famous ones. There are today thousands and thousands of superbly good-looking women. But how few lovely women!

And why? Because of the failure of their sex appeal. A good-looking woman becomes lovely when the fire of sex rouses pure and fine in her, and flickers through her face and touches the fire in our hearts. Then she becomes a lovely woman, then she is, in the living flesh, a lovely woman: not a mere photograph of one. And how lovely a lovely woman! But alas! how rare! How bitterly rare, in a world full of handsome girls and women!

Handsome, good-looking, but not lovely, not beautiful. Handsome and good-looking women are the women with good features and the right hair. But a lovely woman is an experience. It is a question of communicated fire. It is a question of sex appeal, in our poor, delapidated modern phraseology. Sex appeal!—applied to Diane de Poictiers!—or even, in the lovely hours, to one's wife! Why is it a libel and a slander in itself.

There is, of course, the other side of sex appeal—it can be the destruction of the one appealed to. When a woman starts using her sex appeal to her own advantage, it is usually a bad moment for some poor devil. But this side of sex appeal has been overworked lately, so it is not nearly as dangerous as it was. The sex-appealing courtesans who ruined so many men in Balzac's novels no longer find it smooth running. Men have grown canny. In fact, they are inclined to think they smell a rat the moment they feel the a-little-too-obvious touch of feminine sex appeal.

Which is a pity, for sex appeal is only a dirty name for a bit of life-flame. No man works so well and so successfully, as when some woman has kindled a little fire in his veins. No woman does her work at home with real joy unless she is in love—and of course, a woman may go on being quietly in love for fifty years, almost without knowing it. If only our civilisation had taught us how to let sex appeal flow properly and subtly, how to keep the fire of sex clear and alive, flickering or glowing or blazing in all its varying degrees of strength and communication, we might all of us have lived all our lives in love, which means kindled and full of zest, in all kinds of ways and for all kinds of things. Whereas, what a lot of dead ash there is in our lives at present!



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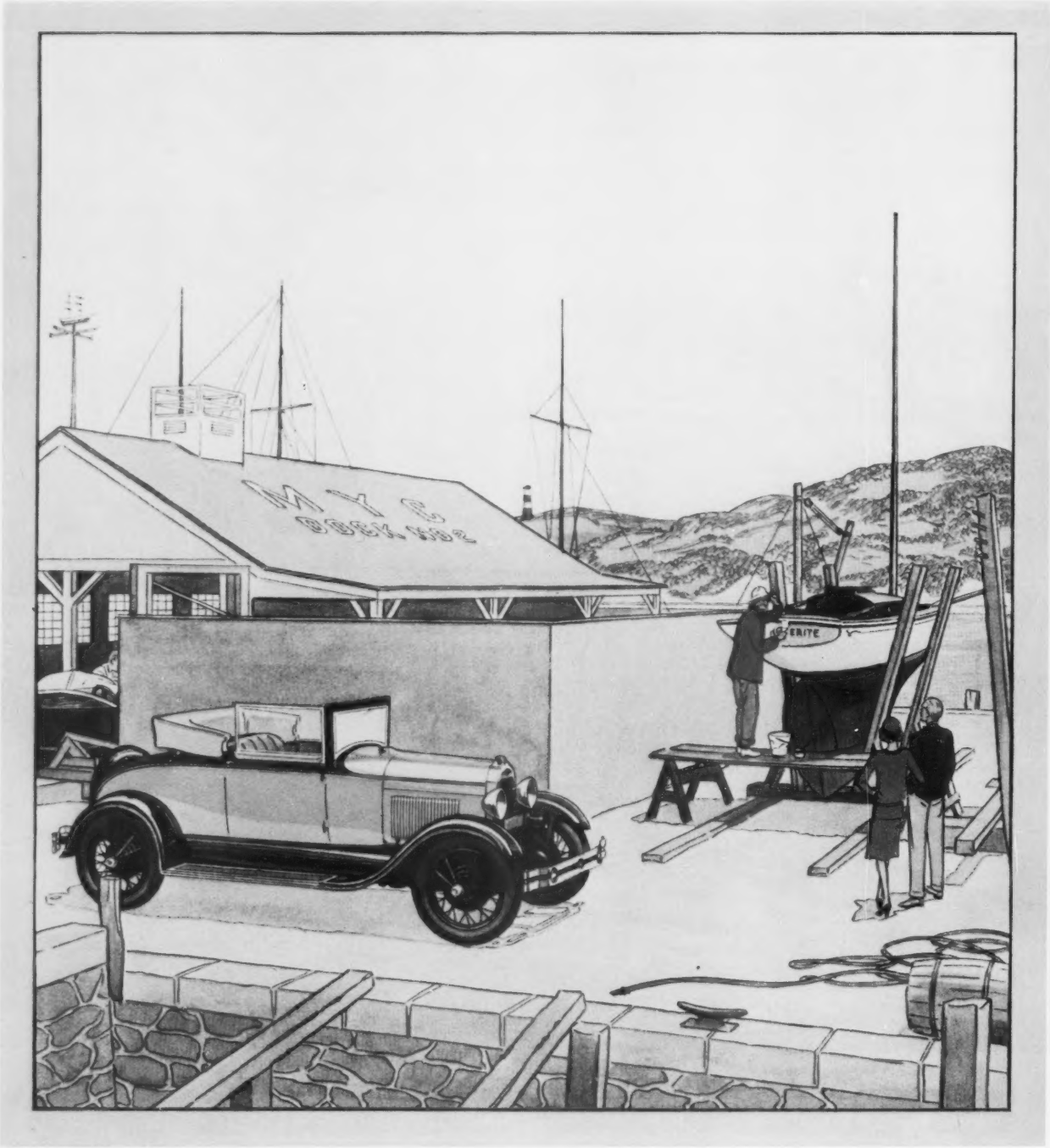

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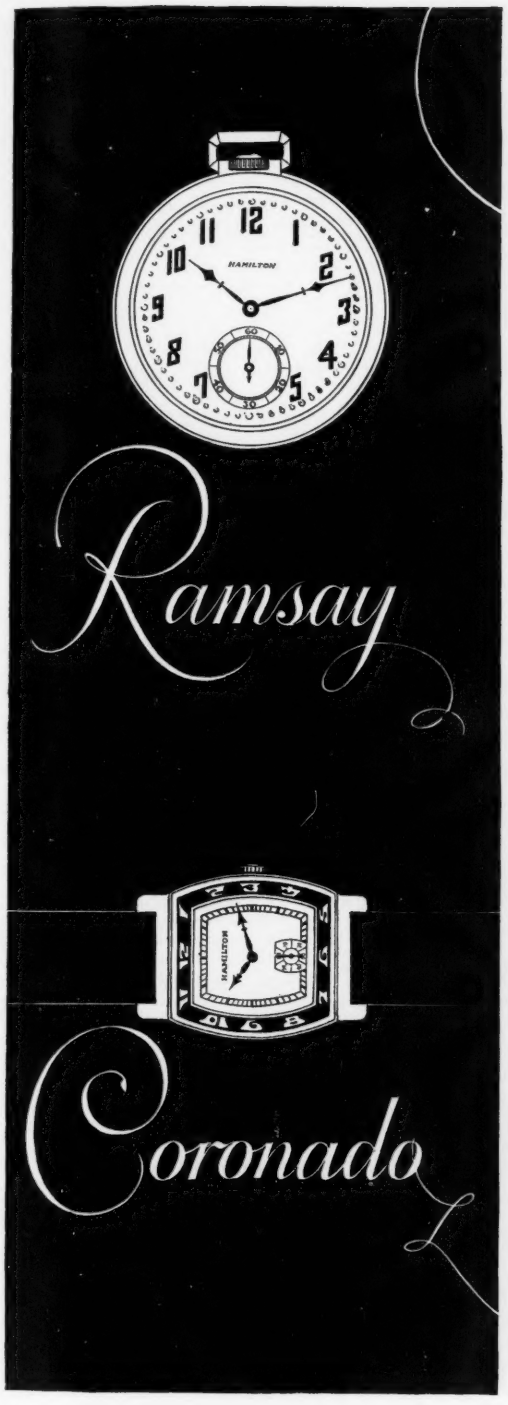

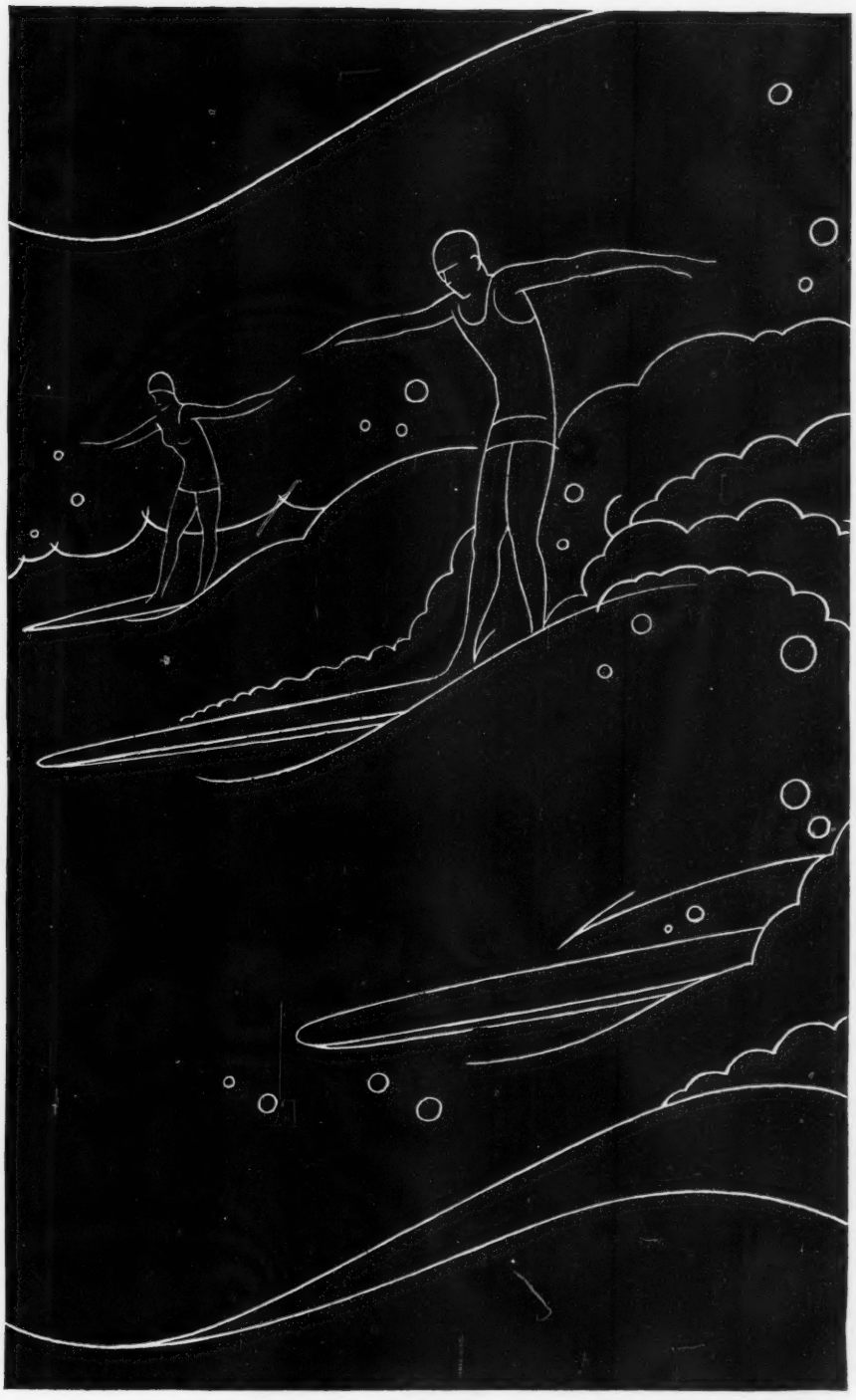

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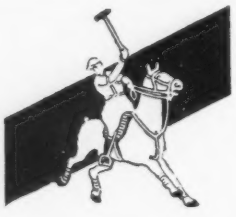

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Swords and Poses

(Continued from page 44)

that the end had come. She recognized her rôle as that of the faithless wife detected in her infidelity. She naturally reverted to the French novels that constituted her only manual of etiquette for such a situation: she screamed and averted her face in scarlet shame.

The consequences of this tactical error were fatal and immediate. The phenomenon of a woman, alone with a coatless young gentleman in the latter's apartment, screaming at the entrance of her authorized husband, makes but one explanation admissible to the minds of all right-thinking men, certainly to the mind of a Major of Hussars.

"You cur!" he roared and advanced toward Lajos.

"You cur!" echoed Chillagh, though in a somewhat modified tone. He, too, advanced, but tentatively.

The Major was seething with a just rage. That a Major of Hussars should be compelled, because of the presence of his sister, to confine the expression of an honourable masculine emotion to nothing more than "cur" seemed to him an unspeakable horror. The opulence of his reserve vocabulary was to go for naught. He felt that the entire Branch of Cavalry had suffered an ineradicable disgrace.

"Consider your face slapped, Sir!" he said with ferocity.

Lajos rose to the occasion. "Consider your nose punched, Sir!"

And turning viciously to Chillagh, he added, to be in the spirit of the thing, "And yours too, Sir!"

"I only regret that my brother-in-law has the first call on you," amended the Major. But his regret was a mere nicety as compared with Chillagh's regret.

"Our seconds will be here shortly, Sir!" the Major said.

"I shall await them, Sir!" said Lajos in a voice of chilled steel. Since there was nothing more to be said, no more juice to be drawn out of the situation, they departed, taking Juczy with them.

Events followed like detonations. Because of the gravity of the offense, there was no attempt at reconciliation and the agreed conditions were as severe as possible: pistols for Chillagh with an exchange of three shots at a distance of thirty yards, an advance of ten yards and firing at will allowed for both; for the Major heavy cavalry swords, no bandages, thrust permitted, contest to go on after blood till total disability.

"How is your marksmanship?" asked Zerghe, one of the artist's seconds. Lajos did not know; he had never had a pistol in his hand before. Zerghe took the announcement calmly. "I don't believe Chillagh is any better at it, so I refuse to worry on that account. If he kills you I shall put it down to sheer accident. But are you handy with swords? That is far more important." Lajos was not.

"Well, cheer up, old boy," said Zerghe. "After all, it doesn't matter. You wouldn't have a chance against the Major anyway. Nobody ever had. That old war-horse made short work even of Fogarass and he was a local champion. Simply forget about it."

But somehow Lajos found it difficult to fall into the prescribed mood. He was not afraid of death, he explained the next day ("We all have to go when our call comes"). He merely objected to the manner of the call and its imminence. But Zerghe had a plan to revive Lajos' spirits. He had prepared Lajos' obituary with a view to unveiling the grandeur of his posthumous fame-to-be. He began to read it off; it was a masterpiece:

"Rare is that generation whose noblest ornament is cut down on the threshold of his greatest genius in such tragic circumstances as was Lajos Horvath yesterday. Horvath, the Magyar Rembrandt, the brightest meteor in the firmament of art, has fulfilled his all too brief arc and flashed out, leaving behind him nothing but three hundred or so canvases, brilliant in their achievement but even more brilliant in that promise which is now, alas! never to be realized. Cut down in the bloom of his youth by remorseless steel, pierced through the heart with . . . "

(Continued on page 99)

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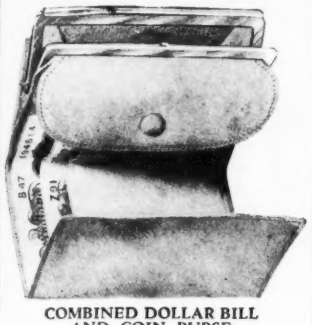

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Swords and Poses

(Continued from page 98)

"Stop!" shrieked Lajos. But Zerghe was seriously dismayed by this outrageous lack of sensibility on the part of his principal. An artist lives on applause, it is his bread. And Zerghe had given of his best in the cause of a man who, instead of beaming with gratitude, received his masterpiece with horror. Pinked in his pride as an artist, he left in a huff, leaving behind him a very sick man indeed.

Meanwhile, Chillagh was an even sicker man. Strangely enough, his mind did not dwell on the outrage committed against him yesterday; it dwelt instead on the outrage to be committed against him tomorrow. The Major even swore a solemn oath that he would not let his death go unrevenged. Oddly, this did not help Chillagh; he felt singularly indisposed to permit the Major to go to all that trouble. But what was he to do? To run away meant the certain loss of the social position he had so painfully built up. It meant moral death. But was not moral death preferable to physical death? An inward voice said: "Yes." An inward voice roared: "YES!"

The peremptory note in that voice admitted of no contradiction. He telephoned and reserved accommodations on the Paris-bound *Orient Express*. The flight meant an enforced absence for two or three years. Inconvenient as that was, it was infinitely more convenient than an absence just as enforced but extending into eternity. He rested very little confidence in the prospect of resurrection.

His preparations were completed when a sudden thought came to him. He sent at once for Zerghe and awaited his arrival in a state of palpitant suspense. When Zerghe appeared, however, Chillagh's reassembled dignity proved him the great man he was.

It was not Chillagh the outraged husband who had summoned him, he explained to Zerghe, it was Chillagh, the patron of art. In his rôle of the former, he firmly believed that Lajos Horvath, the individual, deserved obliteration; but in his rôle of the latter, he believed even more firmly that the life of that brilliant young artist, Lajos Horvath, must at all costs be preserved for the greater glory of Art and the State. As it happened, he had long had in mind the founding of a scholarship to enable a deserving young artist to attain his fullest development by studying in Paris for three years. Press of business had delayed him in the consummation of the project until this moment, but now, recognizing the peril that loomed so disastrously above the head of one of the foremost of the above-mentioned deserving young artists, he could delay action no longer. He had a draft made out and instantly available for that purpose, together with a reservation on the nine o'clock express for Paris. Since he was motivated solely by his interest in Art, he was naturally not desirous of any publicity in connection with this particular philanthropy. He did not ask for laurels; he was confident that a good deed must be its own reward. As for Zerghe, he promised him his undying gratitude and a cigarette case.

Zerghe's face expressed disgust. "I have a cigarette case," he informed Chillagh contemptuously.

"Of gold and studded with diamonds?" asked Chillagh, naturally curious.

"How many diamonds would you suppose?"

"Three . . . Four . . . Five!"

No, Zerghe did not possess a cigarette case of eighteen carat gold, studded with seven blue flawless diamonds, each weighing not less than a carat. He congratulated Chillagh on his nobility in suppressing his personal feelings in the interest of Culture and Civilization, took the draft and departed.

But when Lajos heard the tale and saw the draft, his rage was unbounded. He entitled Zerghe a Judas who, after introducing him to society, proposed to sell him out by despoiling him of his most precious possession: his honour. He advanced on him with threats of bodily injury. Zerghe fled, in his haste forgetting the draft. But the first fury of Lajos' anger was soon spent and his mind returned to the gloomy fact of the morrow. His eye fell on the obituary with which Zerghe had so thoughtfully anticipated the inevitable. As he read again its splendid and tragic superlatives, its rhythms of a splendid requiem for the departed great, his eyes filled with tears. It was really a shame for a man so exceptionally gifted to die so young. He looked at his watch and saw that it was nearly train-time. No time to lose!

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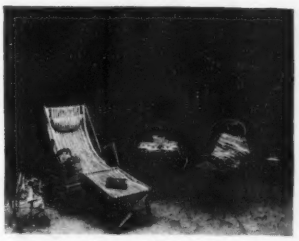

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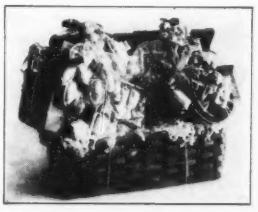

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Invitations

(Continued from page 37)

here I'm bored to extinction. I shall go and hunt up this loathesome Visnage and tell him that I'm going to run away with his wife!"

A week later, when Marceline once more took refuge in a full engagement book, Robert decided to carry out his plan. The next day he dressed himself formally, as one does for a duel, had himself announced to Visnage, and was received immediately. Marceline's perfume hung in the air, the furniture and the pictures were in frightful taste, the husband's gross face broke out in a smile, until he looked like an over-ripe pomegranate.

"Be seated, *Monsieur*. Why—just a second—*Monsieur* Tavernon? Aren't you Adolphe Larix's brother-in-law?"

"I am, *Monsieur*."

"But Larix is a friend of mine—a college chum! I haven't seen him since his marriage, but I remember that he married a *Mademoiselle* Tavernon."

With a curt gesture Robert rejected the offered chair, Visnage's outstretched hand, and any discussion of Larix. Just then there was a knock at the door. A maid peeped in and said:

"*Madame* would like *Monsieur* to come to her at once."

"When a lady gives her orders!" The big man excused himself. "One moment, *Monsieur*, if you don't mind."

Five minutes later August returned, with a turban, adorned with four rows of lighted candles, balanced on his head.

"Don't take me for a lunatic!" he said. "It's a turban for a masked ball the Garbottes are giving. We're trying on our costumes. I told the ladies you were here. *Madame* Garbotte—she's related to Larix through her cousin, the engineer who designs bridges and roads—asked me to fetch you. They want you to give us your opinion, as a painter—"

"*Monsieur*—" Robert interrupted. "One of the candles is setting the turban on fire—"

He put the candle out, thinking: "This creature knows I've come to tell him something disagreeable. He wants to put me off—but he shan't!"

The ladies came in. How was he to stick to his purpose before Marceline, so pretty in her costume of an April shower, with streamers of brilliants scattered in her hair, and her eyes full of love and pleading? Moreover, *Mme.* Garbotte began to chatter, and never stopped talking until Robert, beside himself, had gone, after accepting a glass of port!

So he had run away, and Marceline's husband hadn't even asked him the reason for his visit! Like all men who live disreputable lives Visnage asked as few questions as possible.

Two days later Marceline appeared at their weekly rendezvous, showing, by her languid air, that she was a little worried.

"What a wretched time you have!" she sighed. "How much you have to put up with, darling! That woman was badgering you so—I was jealous—"

"Don't be silly!"

"But it's settled, now. I've waited too long as it is. On Sunday I shall be yours!"

"Sunday?"

"Yes. You don't seem to be enthusiastic, Robert."

"Well, the only thing is, dearest—Sunday—that's the day of the ball. *Mme.* Garbotte has asked me, and I accepted, formally. There are family reasons—and then, it would be nice to be there together, with all the world around us. Monday, perhaps?"

"Monday—that's the day of the first night. They say it's to be dreadful. I don't want to miss that."

"I'll try to get a ticket for myself. I haven't been to the theatre for ages."

"I'll give you all the *entr'actes*, my dearest!"

"But, anyway—soon?"

"Oh, yes—yes—soon!"

And, the all important decision being thus put off to some very vague subsequent date—to a day so remote as to be unlikely ever to arrive—when neither he nor she should have anything more amusing to do, it seemed to them that they had never understood one another so well . . . !

If You Are Going to Antibes

(Continued from page 66)

fringe of watchers on the shore. Myself, being at once faithless and incorrigibly reportorial, somehow find time to note that among those watchers none is so lovely as Irene Castle, standing on a high rock like a blue and silver figurehead on some gallant galleon. Does she know, I wonder, that she can put on a little summer something and still make every other woman within range seem dowdy? Probably. Then why that furrow of discontent? Ah, yes, it is not she, but someone else, out on that surf board.

Someone is singing. Grace Moore, perhaps. No, that exquisite voice is momentarily stilled—a large body of prima donna, entirely surrounded by beautiful young men. No, this time the voice issues from the vast, virile bulk of Elsa Maxwell, which is crushing a nearby rock. In her fine, unabashed baritone, she is singing snatches of songs she doesn't quite know, but somehow always coming out on top.

"Here am I, with all my breeches burned—"

Thus her voice assaults the night. A bitter young woman whispers a running fire of musical criticism in my ear.

"That," she remarks sourly, "must have been the largest conflagration since the Chicago fire."

And so on, and so on. Have I given you any notion of what Antibes is like? Do you think you would find it pleasant? Or perhaps just a trifle exhausting?

Anyway, I must run now. I am taking the next train to Vermont.

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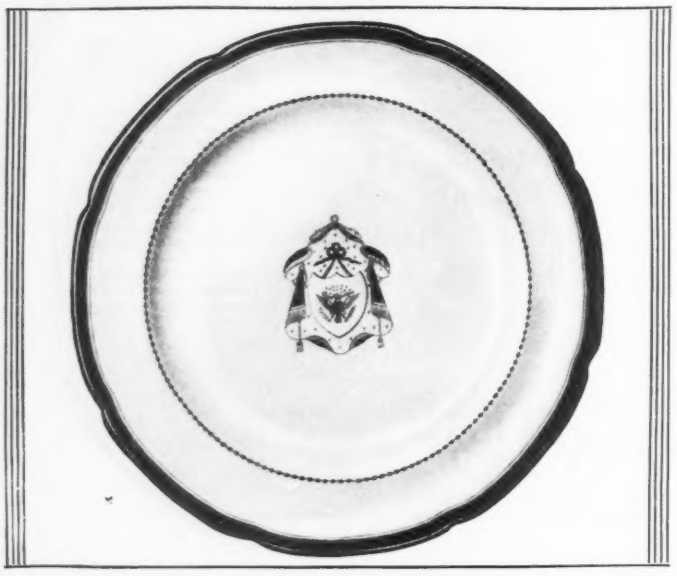

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The Adventure Racket

(Continued from page 36)

that are ineffably romantic to the sex-starved ladies who press around his lecture-platform for autographed copies of his books.

And at least it can be said for Mr. Halliburton that as far as I know he actually visits the places he says he does. I happened to be in Singapore some time after he had departed (they had swept up most of the confetti and taken in the bunting by then, and the natives had quieted down a little); and while there were mild doubts expressed there as to the genuineness of his headlong enthusiasm, no one questioned the fact that he had actually crossed Siam, spit from the top of Mount Olympus, or plunged satyr-like into the pool of the Taj Mahal. To be sure, in another section of this magazine a parody was once published of Mr. Halliburton that meant no offense, but that provoked among other correspondence a statement to *Vanity Fair* from a traveler that the Taj Mahal pool is only about six inches deep and covered with a thick green scum. I have never seen the Taj Mahal pool, and I do not know. I do know, however, that Mr. Halliburton deserves infinite credit for having discovered so early and so completely the secret of What the Public Wants.

It is with considerable hesitancy that I approach next a discussion of Mr. Eugene Wright, author of *The Great Horn Spoon*, another Bobbs-Merrill production. The fact that I happened to accompany Mr. Wright on his travels naturally makes this subject a difficult one; and it is only because this fact has already been printed in the *New York Telegram* by Mary Rennels (who received her information quite unknown to me from another source) that I feel at last, after nine months, I have been liberated from any further moral obligation to be silent. I do not mean to discriminate here against Mr. Wright, nor judge him too harshly; but I happen to have a first-hand knowledge of what actually happened during his own adventures, and I can tell precisely what is true in his book and what is false. It is to my very real regret that I never shipped also with Miss Joan Lowell, hunted elephants with Trader Horn, or swam the Panama Canal with Mr. Halliburton.

From a literary standpoint *The Great Horn Spoon* is a swift and lovely piece of work. Eugene Wright is an able and often very beautiful writer, gifted with real imagination, extraordinarily skilled in reproducing colour and enthusiasm in prose, and occasionally touching a lyric strain that shows real promise of genuine literary ability. It is unfortunate that for his first book he chose to tie himself so definitely to the tail of the Halliburton kite. This tag of Synthetic Youth is an unsavoury reputation to achieve; the additional fact that Mr. Wright has mixed fiction with fact so glibly may also militate against being trusted later.

It is no secret now that *The Great Horn Spoon* is almost two-thirds false. Mr. Wright left New York late in May, 1926, and spent the intervening months either working on board his ship or ill in Calcutta, until I joined him, by preconceived plan, in Singapore in early September. From there we went together through Borneo, spending about three months in the interior, and penetrating two-thirds of the way across the country into the land of the head-hunters; and we also took a trip of a month through the bandit country of Southern Persia. This much is true. Mr. Wright departs from the facts when he describes a visit to the Isle of Flores, when he claims to have been in Arabia or to have explored the Soomba Islands in a sampan. For example, Wright never saw a floating island of monkeys. He never killed a crocodile. He visited the head-hunters, to be sure; but he never saw a head in Borneo that was not attached very volubly to its owner, and the peaceful Dyaks never sent so much as a dart in his direction, fore or aft. Moreover, Mr. Wright also devotes considerable space in his book to his exciting adventures in Arabia, including his escape from a dreaded *shimal* in the Gulf, his capture by desert sheiks, and his rescue by a sloe-eyed maiden who loved him from afar. As a matter of fact, it would have required considerable ingenuity to accommodate these adventures within the actual period of his stay in Arabia. We left the Persian Gulf steamer at Muscat and went ashore to ask permission to make a trip up the Oman coast by native *dhow* (a trip which Mr. Wright subsequently describes in great detail); and when this permission was flatly refused, we left Arabia two hours later by the same boat.

And yet this description of his adventures moved such a hard-boiled travel-writer as Mr. Frederick O'Brien (who has written a similar collection of tales himself, and ought to know better) to squirt three columns of drivel in the *New York World* to the effect that *The Great Horn Spoon* was pulsing youth, warm blood, a surpassing curiosity, and he "envied Mr. Wright his experiences. It is a travel-book in a thousand." Well, so it is. So it is. The *Chicago Evening Post*, which apparently does not get around much, was instantly "convinced". Mr. W. E. Garrison is no doubt a sour misanthrope by now, residing in a monastery on one of the higher Himalayas, because he declared devoutly in the *Christian Century* that "if it does not make a tremendous appeal, I shall lose my faith in human nature." The staid *Boston Transcript* was so overwhelmed with girlish raptures over this "best of the travel books" that it only had enough breath left to pant for "more—more—more—" before it swooned away completely. The *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* was positively forced to leave the room.

And when your reviewers are all taken in so completely, what is the poor public going to do? How can we separate the sheep from the scapegoats? Is not the inevitable effect of such a hoax to make us suspect all travel books? For example, Martin Johnson's title *Lion* has already been nominated by a skeptical critic for the most perfect title of the year. I have seen doubts expressed in print concerning even that arch-showman, Col. T. E. Lawrence of Arabia. Katherine Mayo's *Mother India*

(Continued on page 104)

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Imagine the number of persons who recognize the hygienic and curative value of "Vichy Célestins" as a regulator of the digestive system.

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*From an article "Sinclair Lewis Looks at Advertising" published in Advertising & Selling. Referring to a recent Strong-Hewat advertisement he writes:

"I resent hearing a man—I have never heard of him but he is presented to me as a 'Colorful illustrator of men's fashions' observing that 'The keenest business men have colorful personalities which their clothes should mirror.' What the——! which colors should Henry Ford wear, and which Dwight Morrow?"

If you share Sinclair Lewis' opinions don't send the coupon below!

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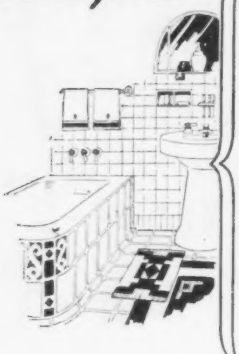

DASH about a tablespoonful of Absorbine, Jr. in a warm bath. Jump in. Tightened muscles gently relax. Tired tissues are invigorated. Red blood courses through the body. You glow with new animation. Out of the tub—a brisk rub-down with Absorbine, Jr. full strength.

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Send for Free Trial Bottle

W. F. YOUNG, INC., Springfield, Mass.

-and see what happens

The Adventure Racket

(Continued from page 102)

brought forth a storm of rebuttal from Indian scholars who were there on the spot, and who advanced the apparently unassailable argument that Miss Mayo's book was meticulously correct in most of the facts that it selected, but profoundly inaccurate in the generalizations that it drew from these selected facts. Small wonder that the public is slowly but surely adopting a skeptical attitude toward all books of travel. Personally I suspect that the Atlas is a hoax from beginning to end.

And who is to blame?

Frankly, I do not think the fault belongs with the travel-writers themselves. In all fairness, as Guy Holt of the John Day Company points out, the very quality of imagination that led them to adventure in the first place is the same quality that leads them also to embroider later on the truth. Eugene Wright, moreover, has boasted that he only wrote *The Great Horn Spoon* for the money he could make out of it, in order to cover the expenses of future expeditions; and since this money may enable him some day to write a book worthy of his very real stature as an artist, then surely he cannot be blamed this time if he was lucky enough to find a publisher sufficiently naïve to swallow his hoax. Miss Joan Lowell, moreover, has already made enough money out of her own venture to retire comfortably, buy a schooner, and actually go to sea sometime. What does it matter to her if the public has been hoodwinked again?

Nor do I blame the ghost-writers, that alert and inordinately skillful profession whose activities are increasing daily. Very often the substitute writer knows more about his subject than the man whose name is signed; he devotes his time to careful research, and produces an autobiography of the author at once flattering and accurate. Usually the ghost-writer regards his book as a synthesis of the stories he has read; if there is a famous explorer handy to tack these facts upon, and a publisher who will say the book is true, the ghost-writer is content to gather up his trailing shrouds, vanish from the scene with an eerie clanking of typewriter keys, and spend the rest of eternity haunting the royalties.

No. It is plainly the publishers who deserve the blame. I will grant that in the great majority of cases the publishers have not been conscious that the book which they were backing as a true document was a little less than all fact; but I do not think that this ignorance excuses them. Mr. George Shively of Bobbs-Merrill told me that Wright personally had assured them every word in his manuscript was absolute fact, and that the house of Bobbs-Merrill would rather sacrifice a right hand than publish a deliberate fabrication. (One more like Wright's, and the house of Bobbs-Merrill will be publishing books hereafter with its feet.) Mr. Shively is perfectly sincere, and his house is an old and established one; only I happen to think they are also at times the least bit gullible. Certainly their publicity department was artless enough to accept a satiric review of Mr. Wright's book in *Vanity Fair* on its face value, and quote it soberly in all their advertising.

"But what can we do?" asks Mr. Shively in genuine distress. "How can we tell when a book is a fake? The author gives us his word. He has a few photographs, but he says that most of his films had been destroyed. He has his seaman's papers. Now you break a nine months' silence to claim that his book is two-thirds fiction. I have yet to hear from the author in Africa regarding these charges. In the meantime, how can I know what is true and what is false? Surely a publisher cannot be expected to accompany his travel-writers on every expedition."

And I am afraid there is not very much comfort for Mr. Shively in this bitter dilemma. His is no easy problem, that is true; but it is one of the problems that belongs to every publisher, and so far most of them have managed to meet it somehow. Once or twice, to be sure, every house is bound to be taken for a fall; every so often even the best of men is made a sucker; but in the long run, by using every means in its power to investigate and corroborate the original statements of the author, the house should be able to check up on the facts, and decide whether its article is genuine or paste. I do not say that they should reject a travel-book because it is not all gospel; but I do think that if a house desires to avoid the stigma of being either a criminal conspirator or a gullible fool, it should be careful to publish as the truth only those books which it knows are the truth.

And in the meantime, until Mr. Shively and his fellow-publishers find some satisfactory litmus to test all future travel-books, I should suggest that St. Christopher should be removed from his pedestal as the Patron Saint of Travels, and in his place we should install good old St. Ananias.

Sport and Student Planes

(Continued from page 77)

has been supplanted by F.A.F., which, translated, means "flyaway at factory."

Two very popular types of training and sport planes will be the Whittelsey Avian and the American Moth, both domestic models of famous British designs. The Avian is listed at $4,995 and the Moth sells for approximately the same price.

In California much attention is being directed to the Thunderbird. With the OX-5 motor it sells for $2,775.

One of the earliest training planes and still one of the best is the Waco Model Ten. It is priced at $3,135.

Fairchild offers the "Twenty-one," a low wing monoplane fitted with an eighty h.p. "Genet" engine, for $4,250.

At the moment, the trend is toward less power, less weight and more efficient performance, that is, as far as training ships are concerned. The present Summer will unquestionably bring out additional models and it will likewise either prove or eliminate most of the already existing designs that are as yet untried. Beyond that, more definite predictions are impossible.

Reproduction from a color photograph of El Contento, the estate of Warren Wright, Golf, Illinois, by Wilfred O. Floing

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A science, a philosophy, an ideal

Most people have had an instinctive love of nature, even before the time when "the groves were God's first temples." But few seemed to realize that trees were actually living, breathing things and subject to disease and death. More particularly, no one ever dreamed that anything could be done to save them.

Then John Davey came into the world; and because he was an unusual lover of nature, he chose to acquire training in horticulture.

Before his time trees were more or less generally the victims of neglect and often of abuse. John Davey conceived a great idea; he studied the sciences to provide a basis for his theories, and then worked out a systematic method of treating trees to save them. This was nearly a half century ago.

Only occasionally is a man permitted to give the world a new idea. John Davey did more than this. He created a philosophy, built around his new science and based on the essential principle that the tree is a living, breathing organism.

To him this whole thing became a great ideal. Under his forceful and devoted leadership there was developed a system of principles in practice and conduct, of business and professional ethics.

No man can continue in the Davey Organization, although John Davey has been dead six years, unless he remains true to the science, the philosophy and the ideals of the founder. You can trust Davey Tree Surgeons. They will do only those things that ought to be done in your interest.

Among prominent persons and institutions served by Davey Tree Surgeons are the following:

HON. EVANS WOOLLEN
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Father of Tree Surgery
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Send for local representative to examine your trees without cost or obligation

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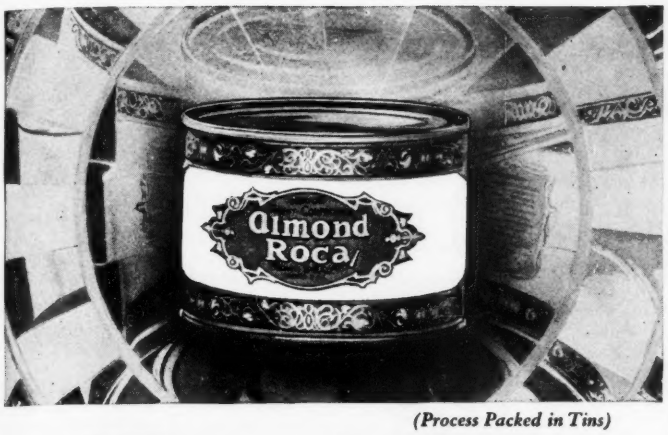
There Is No Other Tire Like It

The new *Dual*-Balloon principle *alone* has been successful in combining greater mileage with regular balloon low-pressure—and with this low-pressure there is the extra advantage of the longer wearing, non-skid tread which will carry you through season after season of safety and assurance. ~ ~ In this day of speedy stop-and-go traffic a more effective and permanent non-skid is essential. The tire that will not wear prematurely "bald" holds every assurance of security for many seasons to come. ~ ~ On all roads you want trouble-free travel, without the annoyance of a moment's attention to the tires, without the tension of tire worry—the new experience of never having a puncture or a moment's delay because of your rubber. ~ ~ Whatever particular feature you most desire you can take in full measure from the *Dual*-Balloon. The General Tire and Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.

"The Valley View"—Painted by Walter Kliest for The General Tire and Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio

The New GENERAL DUAL-BALLOON 8

—goes a long way to make friends



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They tell us it is wonderful!

THE PACKAGE is different (tin) — the pack is different (vacuum) — the candy is different (an original creation). The only relationship between Almond Roca and other candies is — it's a candy. "Wonderful — simply wonderful!" — the expression used by thousands in their written expressions to us of Almond Roca. So — Wonderful! — it must be. If you buy a package and think otherwise, you can have your money back. "One fifty" is the purchase price. If no near-at-hand dealer happens to have Almond Roca, we will ship direct, prepaid. • • • Brown & Haley, *Confectioners to the Elect,* Tacoma, Wn.

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America's Finest Confection

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Write for name of nearest dealer

THE Thompson SHOE
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ESTABLISHED 1880

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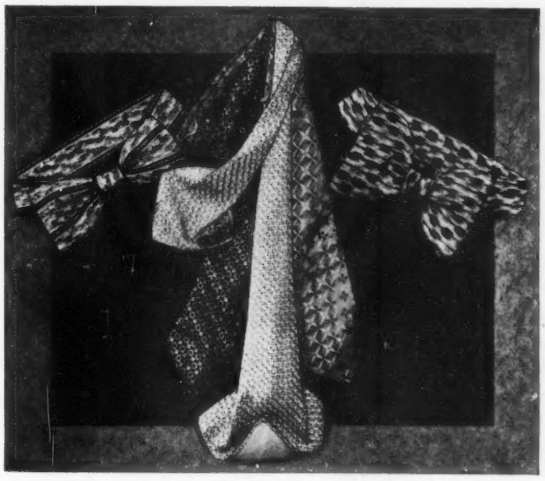

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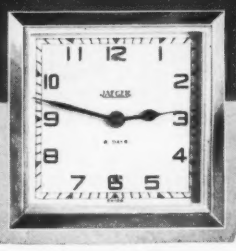

Select a Jaeger 8 Day Swiss American Watch and you add merit and distinction to your automobile.

Can be obtained direct, or from Jaeger Service Agents, for cars not regularly equipped.

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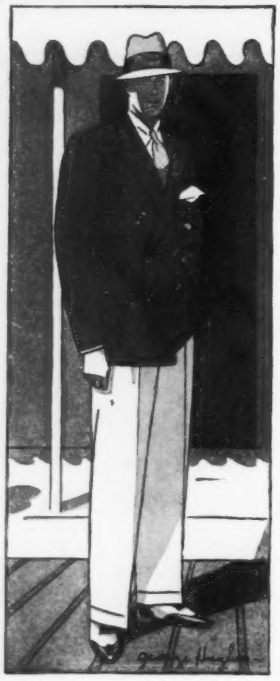

The famous Piccadilly Circus raw-edge hat is shown.

Well-Dressed Men

and the correct hats for the season

THE warmer days bring a reaction from the rigid formality of winter headwear. The better-dressed men enthusiastically favor the ever-popular *Piccadilly Circus* for informal wear, or for week-ends in the country. Its small, saucy, raw-edge brim imparts an air of jaunty insouciance that so befits the smart seashore or country-resorts. A companion hat to the *Piccadilly Circus* is the *Piccadilly Piper*. Its only difference is its narrow binding around the brim. The new shades for the season are as varied and beautiful as nature itself.

CAMEL'S HAIR

The *Camel's Hair Flanul Felt* is a hat for a sportsman. It has a rich feel and a texture similar to fine camel's hair . . . worn correctly with the polo-coat or in the country.

FRENCH WEIGHT

Feathery and frolicsome, combining comfort and smartness is the *French Weight Flanul Felt*. It is as light as a whiff of Spring air and every bit as refreshing.

The advance hat for the Fall Season is the *Kent*. An American masters' conception of a genuine British Homberg. It will be a companion hat for the *Tyrolian Homberg*, inspired by the headwear of the Alps. The *Kent* is one of the finest hats for town or business wear that we can recommend. It has a medium brim with a bound edge, and full crown. Its claim to fame lies in the fact that it is a highly conservative hat with a subtle touch of savoir-faire that stamps it as one of the most distinctive hats for the Fall season.

KENT

Flanul Felt is made of fine quality hatter's fur —a pliable soft construction. $7.50 to $20. The Hodshon Company, Fifth Avenue, New York. *Manufacturers of Sunfast Hats and Flanul Felt Hats.* Unit of Cavanagh-Dobbs.

Flanul Felts

B. ALTMAN & CO., FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

and exclusive shops throughout the country

Hello Yourself, Sherwood!

(Continued from page 67)

Looking to the Future

AN EDITORIAL

You people in this town are very quaint. Your editor is very fond of you. He likes to make notes about you for his books.

People in a small town are sometimes real characters.

You say very funny things. You are good copy.

Already your editor has gotten a lot of stories about the people in this town, and he will write them, and publish them in some big magazines up north. Won't you be proud?

And later he will run them here in his newspaper so you can all see them.

You people of this town should get behind your newspaper. Your editor is behind you. Now if the newspaper could only get behind the editor, and we all crouched down, what a swell game of leap-frog we could have together.

Discord

A STORY

It was dark. He was coming home alone. The man was coming home alone.

He came to the door of his home, 67 South Hickory Street, and he took out his key. Such a time. He could not find the lock. That is, he could not find *which* lock. There were between one hundred and seventy-five and two hundred locks on that door. You know how it was. Besides, he had the wrong key anyway.

He knocked at the door.

He said: "Oh, Ethel dear."

His wife, Mrs. Stoops, opened the door. "Llewellyn!"

Years of bitterness welled up within her. Years of struggle. Years of pain. No, tears of pain. Tears of pain and bitterness. Why had he stayed so late? Where had he been? "Where have you been?" "Nowheres, m'dear." "Oh, yeah?"

Years of desertion. That time he was playing the swell blonde, for example. Sometimes he didn't come home for a week at a time. Said he was working at the office. "I've been working late at the office, dear, and I won't get home tonight." Sure, sure. A likely story. She thought of that, too.

"Let me in, dearest."

He had been drinking. She could smell his breath. Suddenly she hated him. Her fist swings out. She hits him.

Then they go inside.

God knows, God knows.

THIRD WEEK OF JULY

More Improvements

AN EDITORIAL

Several people have complained about the name of the town here, which is called Carrion. "Do you like the name?" they asked.

I said no. "No, I don't." "Neither do I."

I have decided to change the name.

I have decided that from now on we will simply call the town Sherwood Riddell. This is shorter, and easier to say, and in addition it makes it much easier for my friends to address my letters. They just have to put a ditto. It saves ink. Ink costs money.

I also think it might be nice if we moved the town over to the other side of that big hill. As it is, I don't get the morning sun at all.

Sunshine is the greatest medicine in the world.

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR

67 South Hickory Street,
Carrion, Va.

Editor Republican-Democrat,
Carrion, Va.

Dear Sir: I seen your little story deporting to describe my affair with my wife which never took place, and wherein I got my black eye, also contusions which you did not so much as mention in your esteemed paper, and I would beg leave to state that the entire story is false and has made a hell of a lot of trouble, and you damned old snoop why can't you mind your own business. Respectfully,

T. LLEWELLYN STOOPS

AN EDITOR'S THOUGHTS

Hot diggety!

I have been going ahead fine with those Small Town Notes I have been writing. Most of them have appeared already in VANITY FAIR *and elsewhere, and I just heard they are going to put them into a book.*

Me. A book. Can you imagine?

In the meantime I shall publish them here in my paper. They are making quite a sensation. I have published a couple more about the town judge, and the local doctor, and I have a swell story about Miss Sarah Bleepley, the town milliner, which I am collecting notes on right now. I go out at night with my notebook, and take a walk around and make these notes about things, about people.

You can find out lots of interesting things in a small town.

COURT NEWS

Divorce proceedings were filed today by Mrs. Llewellyn Stoops against her husband, Llewellyn Stoops, of 67 South Hickory Street, in this city. Mrs. Stoops charged her husband with infidelity and cited a story which was published in the local newspaper here, describing Mr. Stoops' affair with a swell blonde. Mr. Stoops had nothing to say which could be printed.

Sarah Bleepley's Lovers

A STORY

She was only the town milliner.

She was plain, nay, ugly. Her hair was stringy. Her shoes sagged at the heels. She had no appeal for men.

But men came. Night after night men came to visit her house. There was a different man almost every night. There was the town banker last Thursday. Yesterday there was the minister.

What do they see in Sarah? neighbours asked.

Her dining-room window is on a level with the street. Once she forgot to lower the shade. She was sitting in the lap of the local grocer, in her chemise, with her arms around his neck. He was kissing her.

(Continued on page 108)

quick
vivid
electric

SHORT STORIES *from* VANITY FAIR

❁

collected in book form with a foreword by Frank Crowninshield

❁

The newest thing in fiction is the short short story.

Here is a collection of 41 masterpieces of this new form . . . by Molnár, Hungarian . . . by Morand, Maurois, Duvernois, Frenchmen . . . by Burke, Kerr, Howard, Englishmen . . . by Schnitzler, German . . . by Anderson, Benchley, Tully, Americans . . . and other distinguished writers . . . a compact library of genius.

The stories are sometimes amusing, sometimes macabre, always modern, always sophisticated . . . they will give you a thrill whether you read for plot, or character, or style.

They have been collected from the pages of Vanity Fair . . . among the first to popularize this type of fiction in America . . . and have never appeared anywhere else.

410 pages

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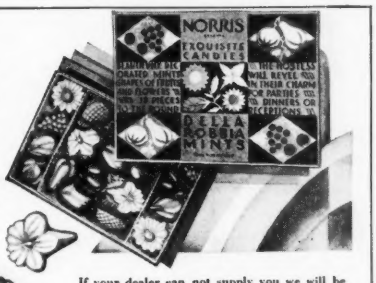
Table Delicacies

DELLA ROBBIA MINTS



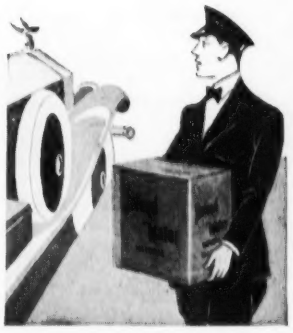
Cream mints fashioned in the shapes of fruits and flowers—exquisitely hand tinted—a continental confection that has captured the fancy of American hostesses.

For parties, dinners and receptions. 38 individual pieces to the pound. Della Robbia Mints are so new that many American stores have not yet received their stock.

If your dealer can not supply you we will be glad to mail you a lovely pound package direct-$1.00 the pound - $1.25 West of the Rockies. Address

NORRIS
ATLANTA, GA.

A carton of 6 half gals. of POLAND WATER (the handy package) should be placed in your car on trips to your country place and elsewhere



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At leading stores—or write, naming dealer. Geo. A. Hormel & Co. Austin, Minn.

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For Friday menus and lighter, tastier meals in hot weather, Protose is a most welcome change. It has all the good qualities of meat. It looks like meat, tastes and smells like it. Yet it is purely vegetable. You can serve it any way meat is served. Roasted, broiled, stewed, fried or cold from the can. Protose sandwiches and salads are delicious, too. Served with Savita, you have a delicacy that will tempt the palate of every member of your family. Featured this month by all Health Food Centers. Write for "Healthful Living", a 60-page illustrated booklet describing with recipes the Battle Creek Diet System.

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for Everybody
THE BATTLE CREEK FOOD CO.
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Dine tonight at Café Riche . .

RIGHT AT HOME!

Memories—of Paris, Cannes, Venice—memories—of enchanted foods, fairy-flavored, served in old-world grandeur; adroit creations of the grandest Continental master chefs! You can bring back those charming hours—at home tonight! Just use the *flavor* the world's most famous chefs have relied on all these centuries—the magic juice of the grape. Cooking sherry!

And demand Guasti Cooking Sherry! It's the same fine old sherry that has made the name Guasti famous for years. Simply salt has been added, to take it out of the beverage class—yet *just enough* to season foods for the average taste.

Then there are the other new Guasti triumphs—Guasti Wine Jellies in six captivating varieties: Port, Sherry, Burgundy, Sauterne, Muscatel and Tokay. If your dealer cannot supply you, write the nearest address given below.

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NEW YORK , CHICAGO , ROCHESTER , LOS ANGELES

Hello Yourself, Sherwood!

(Continued from page 106)

Is this the Sarah we know? people asked. They wondered what her secret was.

"Sarah, I love you," said the grocer. He had forgotten his wife, his children, his home. She had charmed him like a Lorelei. "I love you not for your charm, not for your beauty, God knows. I love you because—"

People stood on tiptoe.

Then he noticed that the shade was up, and he pulled it down. No one knows why the town grocer loves the milliner. It is just life.

Shooting on Main Street

NEWS

A dramatic shooting occurred today in the office of the *Carrion (Va.) Republican-Democrat*, when an unknown person or persons fired the contents of a double-barreled shotgun through a window at the person of the Editor, Sherwood Riddell. Fortunately the editor was not hurt, having ducked behind a copy-boy in the nick of time.

It is not known what prompted this mysterious assault.

Those under suspicion include the town grocer, the town banker, the minister, the fire department, the local Y. M. C. A., the Carrion Band, and Mr. Stoops.

Inasmuch as the town judge and the entire police force are also under suspicion, there will be no investigation.

FOURTH WEEK OF JULY

FROM THE PAPER

Your editor wishes to announce that his new book, *Goodbye Towns*, will be published tomorrow. A copy will be presented to the Public Library by an anonymous donor.

The book is a collection of the stories which have been published in this newspaper, and will also contain several new stories which have never appeared previously in print. There will also be some amusing photographs of the local fauna.

The book will probably be over the heads of you farmers, but you might like to look at the pictures.

TOWN MEETING

There will be a mass meeting of all citizens tomorrow in the Village Square, T. L. Stoops announced. The subject of this meeting is not known.

Public Library Notes

BY A CORRESPONDENT

Our Library has just been presented with an autographed copy of a new book. The title of this book is *Goodbye Towns* by Sherwood Riddell. Sherwood Riddell is also the Editor of the local paper here. The book was in great demand at once.

A Humorous Incident

NEWS

One of the most amusing parties in some weeks was held yesterday, when the editor of the local newspaper, a Mr. Sherwood Riddell, was tendered a surprise farewell by the entire township of Carrion. Mr. Riddell was dressed very simply in a becoming suit of tar and feathers. After the celebration he was escorted to the edge of town on a rail, amid the best wishes of all his former friends and associates, for a speedy journey.

As a parting gift Mr. Riddell was presented with a copy of his book and a one-way ticket to New York.

A good time was had by all.

FROM THE PAPER

FOR SALE: One slightly used newspaper. Can be remodeled to suit. Former owner will sacrifice same at low price, owing to unforeseen complications which have arisen. Address Sherwood Riddell, New York. *Advt.*

HELLO TOWNS, by Sherwood Anderson *(Horace Liveright)*.

IN LESS WORDS

In his *A Preface to Morals* Walter Lippmann has exercised to its fullest advantage his wise and humble humanism. In the quest for a workable code of "truths" for the modern man he has not disdained to begin with the most elementary concepts of morality, to consider them with the utmost seriousness, to weigh their final validity and utility for his purposes, and to construct by implication a *coda* that carries the more weight by the humility with which it is arrived at. Mr. Lippmann's just and perceptive mind has never produced a work more profitable, and indeed necessary, to the twentieth-century man.

A PREFACE TO MORALS, by Walter Lippmann *(Macmillan)*.

TO ME, IT SEEMS

In my parody entitled *Rockabye Joan* in last month's issue of *Vanity Fair*, I was so careless as to include an unfortunate paragraph referring to Heywood Broun, which seemed to indicate that he had not read *The Cradle of the Deep*. I do not need to point out that I am perfectly aware Mr. Broun read this book and judged it fairly; and that my comment was neither serious nor, to be frank, very intelligent criticism. The remark was all in the spirit of good clean fun, and pretty darned dumb.

Yet I am glad it happened; for in tendering Mr. Broun herewith my sincere apologies if my thoughtlessness caused him any embarrassment, I can sieze this opportunity to say something which I have long been wanting to say. For it seems to me that Mr. Broun's position in American writing has become a more and more important one. His column in *The Telegram* has developed him tremendously in the past year; whereas on *The World* he was entertaining, provocative, varied, always readable, now he has mellowed and matured and broadened his viewpoint until his daily comments are profoundly valuable and wise. I hope they will be preserved between the covers of a book; for they represent almost the only sane contemporary newspaper criticism of what I must call the American scene.

There are two articulate voices today in the wilderness of American hypocrisy; and I should rather read Broun than Mencken.

Genuine Solid Leather

New Idea in Toilet Kits

HERE'S the handiest, best-looking toilet case you ever saw. A simple solid-leather box, *minus* the tricky loops and gadgets and cubby holes which waste time and patience. You just toss toilet articles in. No packing at all . . . everything *fits*. Made of choice, thick solid leather in natural russet color. Sewed with heavy waxed saddle thread, with corners backstitched by hand and guaranteed not to rip. Special imported clasp. Sent postpaid. If you do not like it, we cheerfully refund your money! Hamley & Company, Saddle Makers, 230 Court Street, Pendleton, Oregon, U.S.A.

Medium	*(8½ x 3⅞ x 1⅛)	$ 6.00
Large	*(9½ x 4½ x 2¼)	7.50
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** Inside measurements. Name or initials embossed on lid, 25c extra.*

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arms, legs, bust or entire body with

DR. WALTER'S *Rubber Garments*

MY garments have been worn by men and women for 25 years. They are invaluable to those suffering from rheumatism.

***Man's Reducing Belt with coutil back,* $9.00**
***All Rubber*.....$14.00**
This belt is an excellent support as well as a reducer.

PRETTY ANKLES and CALVES $3.75 *Per Pair*

DR. WALTER'S Special extra strong Ankle Bands of live Para Rubber will support and shape the ankle and calf while reducing them. They fit like a glove. Can be worn under any kind of hose. You can note the difference in shape of ankle at once. Can be worn at night and reduce while you sleep, or during the day deriving the extra benefit of the support. Relieves rheumatism and varicose veins. *Send Ankle and Calf measure.*

Dr. Walter's reducing rubber is known the world over for its 25 years of success and reliability.

Write for Dr. Walter's Special Ankle Bands for $3.75. Pay by check or money order (no cash) or pay postman.

Form-Fitting Hip and Thigh Reducer in cream colored rubber. Send waist and hip measure....**$12.00**
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Send for my booklet

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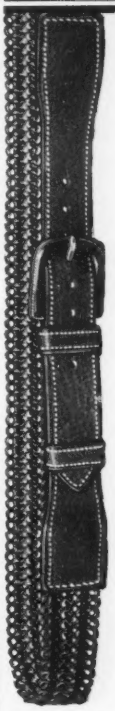

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The Rumidor Bomb occupies a position of prominence in the Exhibition of Contemporary American Design at the Metropolitan Museum of Art . . . a noteworthy tribute to Rumidor.

Rumidor, this new and different humidor, adds to the natural mellowness of your smokes and keeps them always fresh and full-flavored by the evaporation of genuine 12 year old rum. Rum is the ideal preservative for cigarettes, cigars and tobacco.

The Bomb is but one of many handsome Rumidors of silver plate. There are also Rumidors of plain or hammered metals — sterling silver, chromium, bronze, copper — or leather trimmed. At the better shops $3.50 to $115. Illustrated booklet on request.

If you can not buy Rumidors or Refills locally.

Rumidor Corp., 501 5th Ave., N. Y. C. VF-3
$1.00 enclosed for 4 refills.
$3.50 enclosed for copper cigarette Rumidor.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....
Local Tobacconist.....

Mary Rogers

(Continued from page 59)

brain, brought about by irregular living, exposure, aberration of the mind" had caused his death. Guilt of the murder was not suggested, even by those who believed the young man had killed himself.

These are the facts of the murder. The fiction, in Poe's story of the Parisian *grisette*, *Marie Rogêt*, is widely known—how he translates everything to Paris; calls Nassau Street, *Rue Pavée Sainte Andrée;* the cigar shop, *M. Le Blanc's perfumery;* re-names Daniel Payne as *St. Eustache*, and Cromeline as *M. Beauvais*, and puts the solution in the hands of his detective, *Dupin*.

This Parisian master of reasoning and detection argues learnedly to show: (1st) that the body was really Mary's —and not, as a newspaper had suggested, that of an unknown; (2nd) that the idea of murder by a gang was wrong; and that the doctor was a fool; (3rd) that the murder took place on land, after which the body was dragged into a boat (as suggested by the *Herald*), rowed out into the stream and thrown overboard. The murderer then hurried to a wharf on the New York side, leaped ashore (as shown in the illustration accompanying this article) and let the boat drift away. (4th) That the things found at Weehawken were a "plant." (5th) That the murderer was a former lover, the man with whom she had eloped on her earlier disappearance, and that he was a naval officer.

Poe trifles with facts a little—as he had a perfect right to do. That he does so to any great extent, I cannot assert, not having access to all the newspapers which he read. Mr. Charles E. Pearce, an English writer, who has discussed this case, failed to find, in the newspapers available to him, the account of the discovery of the alleged scene of the crime at Weehawken, or of Payne's suicide. He thought, therefore, that Poe had possibly invented these, and that Inspector Byrnes, in one of his articles, had swallowed Poe's invention as truth.

Mr. Allan Nevins, in his edition of Philip Hone's *Diary*, says (upon what authority I do not know) that the crime was not murder, but manslaughter, the result of an illegal operation, and that a former lover (not Payne) was guilty. Both Poe and Mr. Nevins disbelieve the surgeon who performed the autopsy.

Mary Rogers's ghost appeared in a New York Court, as late as 1901, when, in the case *Appleton vs. New York Life Insurance Co.*, it was testified that Mr. Anderson had believed himself haunted by the spirit of his pretty clerk, who imparted to him the names of her murderers. It was, however, "a spiritual secret."

Poe's solution would be more impressive to me if he had not added a foot-note, when the story appeared in book-form in '45. He said that two confessions (made between '42 and '45) had confirmed his (or *Dupin's*) conclusions. I am suspicious of nearly all "confessions," whether believed in by Poe, or any other romancer. If somebody can dig these confessions out of the newspaper files, however, he shall have my thanks, and a letter to my oculist. A dog on a string, and a stick, will perhaps be more useful to him than a completely plausible solution of the murder.

Small Town Notes

(Continued from page 48)

life is pretty second class, eh?" the lawyer said.

"Yes."

"I wonder why it has to be so."

"It just is."

"I am that way myself a lot."

"So am I."

"I am always doing things of which I am ashamed."

"Me too."

"It isn't things people call bad."

"I know."

"It's just things I do, thoughts I have. They are so second-class."

"There's a lot of shoddiness about."

"A heap of it."

A sudden outburst of intimate talk, getting nowhere, Ralph said. He said he and the lawyer, the man I do not know, went out of the office and walked about.

He said the sky had got quite clear and that the stars had come out.

Ralph walked with the lawyer down to his house. It was on a street that crossed a bridge and there were dark houses everywhere along the street. Then the lawyer walked part way back, toward the centre of town, with Ralph.

They got to the bridge, Ralph said, and stood there a long while, saying nothing. He said it was nice there. There were bushes growing along a creek that went under the bridge and the creek made a pleasant sound.

Both men stood listening to the sound made by the creek, they smelled flowers growing on bushes.

They felt the night damp and the sky over their heads.

"We didn't talk anymore," Ralph said. I will have to leave it to the reader to figure out what he was trying to convey.

What he said was that he wanted to talk all night to that man—a man he did not know very well, and that the man wanted to keep on talking to him.

About feelings, perhaps.

They couldn't.

"Good night," the man said.

"Good night," Ralph Richardson said.

He, Ralph Richardson, said he went on home. His wife was in bed asleep. There was a dim light burning in another room.

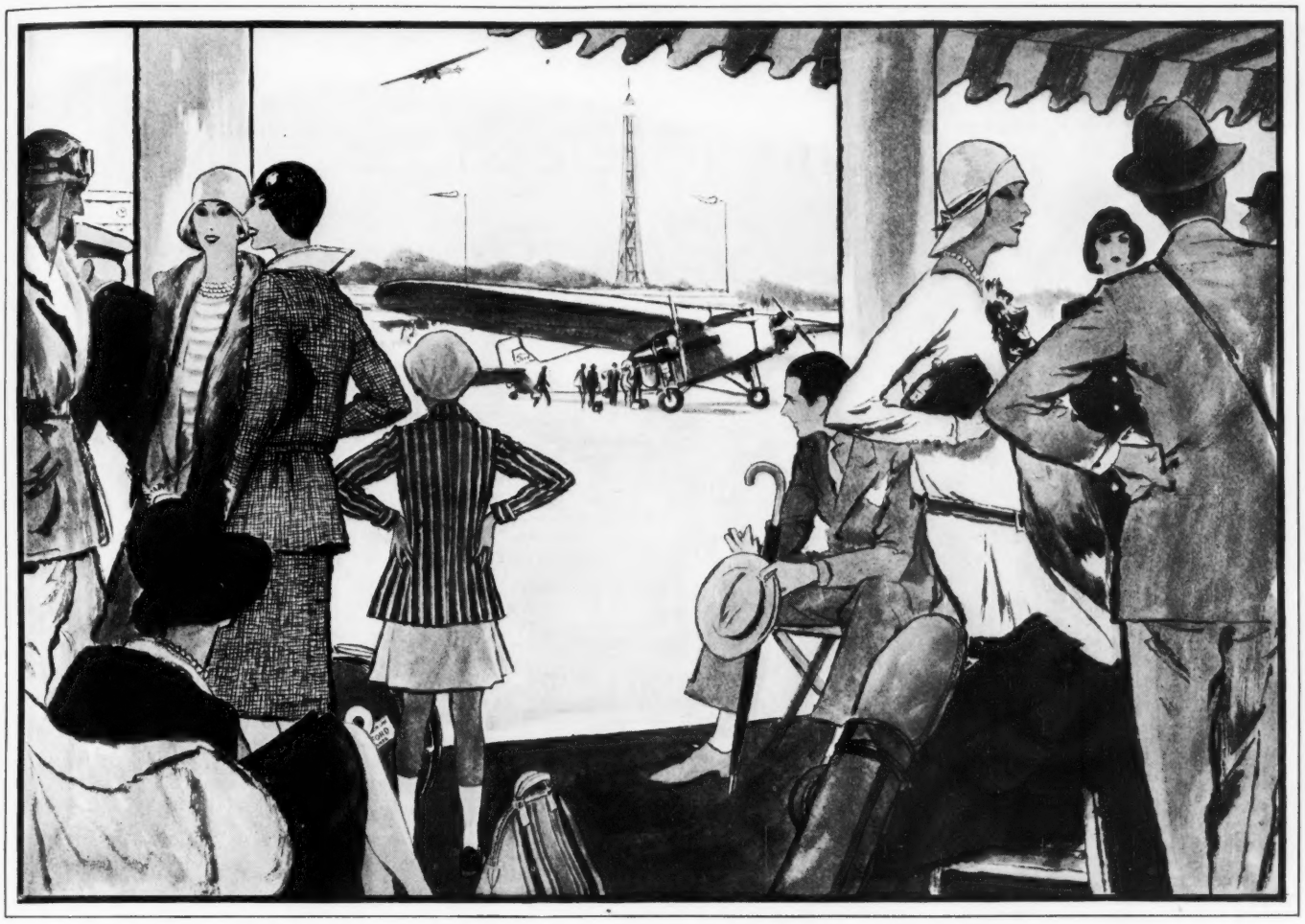
He undressed quietly, he said, without awakening his wife.

Then he went in to where she was. He tried to tell me something, how oddly aware he was.

Just of the room, the bed, his wife, things in the room.

"I was ashamed," he said.

He thought it was queer, he said, that, at times, even things in a room, chairs, tables and such things, the walls of a room, what a man knew was outside the room, in the darkness outside, were like other people in the way they made a man ashamed of himself.



WHEN WOMEN FLY

WHOSE sympathetic counsel did the Wright brothers seek when studying the first principles of flight? Whose but their sister's! . . . After Moisant won distinction in France, when France was leading the world in aerial pioneering, his pilot sister, too, added distinction to his name. . . . How many men are today the equal of Ruth Law at the top of her fame? . . . And when we speak of the brilliant flying of Eddie Stinson, isn't it only just to add that when Katherine Stinson was flying she was not only probably the most skilful of all woman pilots, but also at least the peer of most of the great men pilots?

Women do fly . . . and fly well! Their share in aviation is already a positive one. Their contributions are of real value and their inspiration has been a factor in spurring men on to greater achievements in the conquest of the sky.

While man concerns himself with problems of engineering, and takes an artisan's pleasure in the mechanics of aviation and the organization of transport services, woman is swept aloft by the poetry of flight!

The spirit of modern woman is a free spirit that looks to the adventure of the skies with unreasoning exaltation. The spectacular drama and glamorous thrill of flight has caught her imagination. She may well picture herself as a Winged Victory or a dazzling Peri leaping into the empyrean while the world of fact sinks below in its clouds of dust and smog. See the part she takes in hazardous exploits . . . endurance tests, stunt flying and aerial acrobatics, perilous flights and reckless adventuring! Or go sometime to such an airport as Cleveland's, where a hundred thousand people may be gathered to watch the colorful pageant of the sky . . . and note the vivid part she takes there in the life of the port!

Figures are not available to establish the proportion of women air-travelers compared to men; but a fair estimate of trans-Channel traffic from Croydon to Le Bourget puts the number at fifty per cent of men travelers. At the Ford Airport, and wherever Ford trimotored all-metal planes fly in regular passenger service, women are insistent passengers, and, after their first flight, thrilled enthusiasts.

It is these unknown women . . . tourists, business women, sightseers even . . . who by their confident and delighted acceptance of aviation as passengers prove more surely than statistics that the world is adjusting itself to this new form of transportation.

For man no longer flies alone!

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With the growing appreciation of true convenience in all the appointments of the home, there is coming a realization of the genuine comfort and satisfaction that *enough telephones*, properly located, will bring to any household.

A telephone on the enclosed porch, for instance, is an ingenious touch . . . especially for summer, when so much time is spent there and in the garden. No need to run in the house or upstairs. The telephone is literally at your elbow during all the outdoor months—and the indoor months too.

Library, living-room, kitchen, guestroom, bed chambers—each should be provided with the comfort and service of a telephone. Every residence presents its particular opportunities for greater telephone convenience. The Business Office of your local Bell company will be glad to help you "custom fit" this modern idea to your own home. Just telephone them today.

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